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THE GATE OF THE ROCKY MOUNTAINS: THE THREE SISTERS AT CANMORE

Vide p. 277.

ON THE CARS AND OFF.

BEING THE JOURNAL OF A PILGRIMAGE ALONG THE QUEEN'S HIGHWAY TO THE EAST, FROM HALIFAX IN NOVA SCOTIA TO VICTORIA IN VANCOUVER'S ISLAND. + + + + +

BY

DOUGLAS SLADEN.

AUTHOR OF

"THE JAPS AT HOME," ETC.

With Nineteen Collotype Plates, and Eighty-seven Illustrations in the Text.

HAMILTON, ONTARIO,
CANADA.

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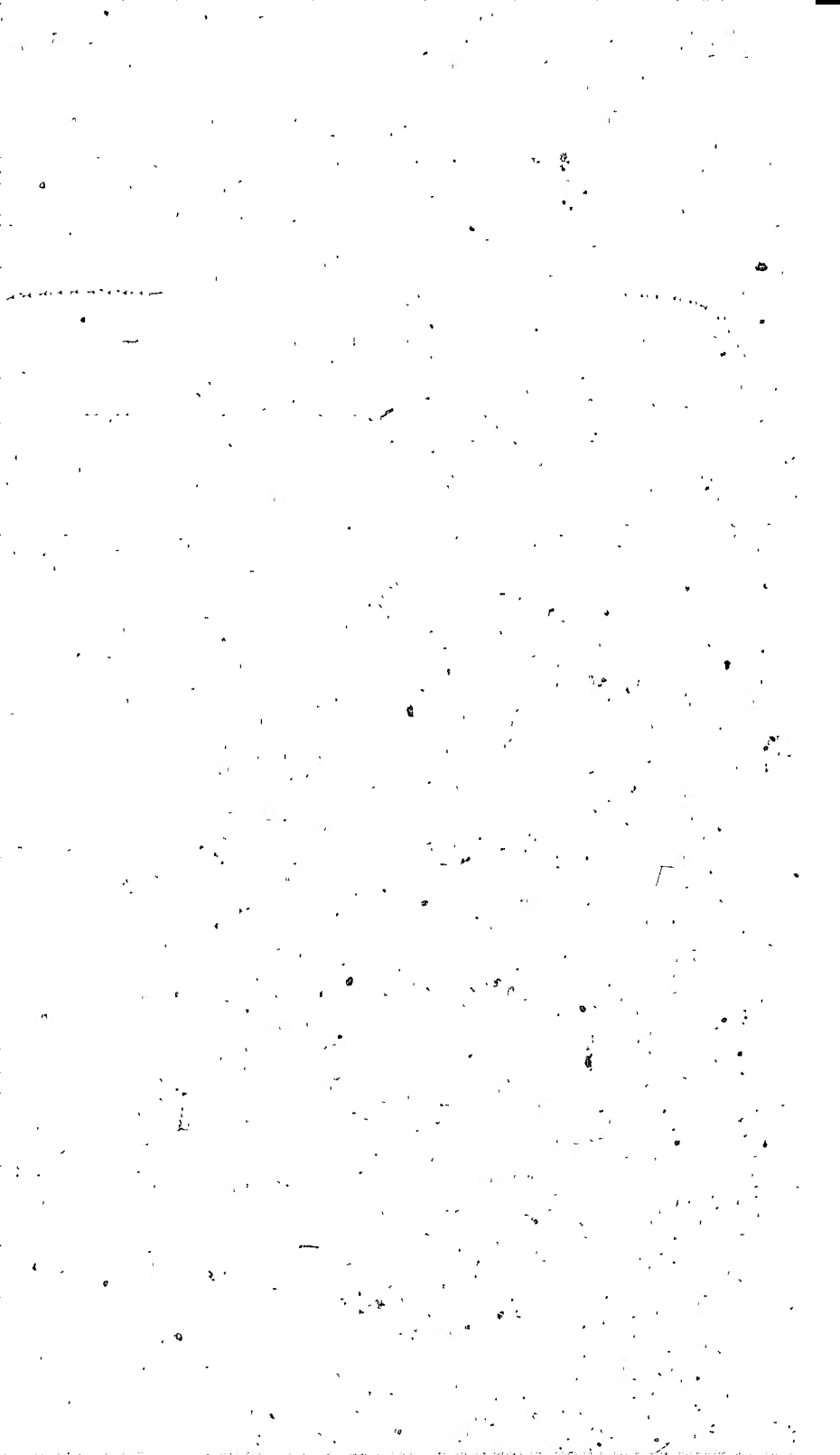
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Dedicated to the
LORD DUFFERIN,

WHOSE NAME IS

A HOUSEHOLD-WORD IN CANADA.



NOTE.

THE letter in which Lord Dufferin did me the honour of accepting the dedication, will be of such interest to all who love Canada; that, with his permission, I publish it.—D. S.

"CLANDEBOYE,

"Co. DOWN,

"Sept. 27, 1894.

"MY DEAR MR. SLADEN,—

"I gladly acquiesce in your proposal to dedicate to me your forthcoming book, 'On the Cars and Off,' not only on account of the honour thus conferred upon me, but more especially as adding another link, however slight, to the ties by which my affections are indissolubly bound up with Canada and its people. Though many years have passed since I quitted Quebec, I have never ceased to take the deepest interest in those who accepted in so indulgent a spirit my poor attempts to do them loyal service. Since then the Dominion has gathered fresh strength and majesty. Her great North-West has

been traversed by railways, and its prairies decorated by prosperous settlements, which ere long will have grown into populous cities. The voyage between Liverpool and Montreal has been reduced to half the number of days it required in my time, and Toronto has become, I am informed, one of the most beautiful cities on the Continent, whilst Quebec still sits upon her rock in all her pristine loveliness. In endeavouring to make our countrymen better acquainted with the glories and beauties of 'this Canada of ours,' you are rendering an equal service to the two kindred communities that are joined in hand and heart across the Atlantic, and in united loyalty to a common throne.

"Believe me, yours sincerely,

"DUFFERIN AND AVA."

TO THE READER.

THIS does not pretend to be a historical, or statistical, or, in any way, an authoritative book. It is simply designed to show the British and American reader what a beautiful, romantic, easy and interesting country Canada is to visit, and how full of promise is her future.

Of all the lands beyond the seas which I have visited, there is none which appealed to me as Canada appealed. Putting aside the East Indies, with their glorious wealth of tropical vegetation, and their glorious wealth of imaginative architecture, on account of their deadly fevers and reptiles, and Italy on account of its malaria, I say without hesitation that there is no such exquisite place to live in as Canada.

From one end to the other, the scenery of mountain or prairie, forest, lake, and river, is magnificent. From one end to the other there is shooting and fishing that cannot be surpassed. Canada is Scotland on the scale of a continent, and with the summer and autumn climate of an earthly Paradise. In winter it is, in its frozen East, a land of sunshine and blue skies, and the cold never passes the battlemented rampart of the Rocky Mountains. Beyond this in the *low* months of the year there is rain, but to compensate, the Gulf Stream and soft Chinook winds make the air like the air of New Zealand.

Over Australia, which is delightful in so many ways, Canada has three or four advantages, apart from its magnificent shooting and fishing. It has neither extreme heat,

nor, except in one small district, any venomous reptile ; it has a history with noble historical monuments ; and almost any part of it is within a few days', if not one day's, post of New-York, one of the world's great literary centres.

Canada is proud of its authors ; newspapers do their best to foster native literature ; and the frequency with which contributions by Canadians appear in the best American periodicals proves that they can hold their own in the open market.

Canada is historically the most interesting country in the New World, both for its ancient buildings, at Quebec and elsewhere, and for the romantic story of the knightly Frenchmen who settled it, and fought such a stout fight with the English for its possession.

Of Canadian authors I must say nothing here ; I could not mention those I have space for, without injustice to the rest. I must merely express my thanks to the friends who helped me to see what I wanted in Canada ; these were in Montreal, above all others, Mr. and Mrs. Robert Reid, Mr. and Mrs. George Washington Stephens, Mr. W. D. Lighthall, Sir William Van Horne, Mr. Wm. McLennan, author of those exquisite dialect stories in *Harper's*, Mr. John Reade, the poet, Mr. J. P. Edwards, and the editors of the *Gazette*, *Star*, and *Witness* ; in Nova Scotia, Mr. Longley, the brilliant Attorney-General of the Colony, who was particularly kind and hospitable to me, the poets Charles Roberts and Bliss Carman, and Mr. Hall ; in New Brunswick, Mr. L. Allan Jack, and Mr. James Hannay, the historian of Acadia ; in Quebec, Dr. George Stewart, and [the writings of] Mr. Le Moine ; in Kingston, the poetess Miss Agnes Maule Machar ; in Toronto, Professor Goldwin Smith, Colonel George Taylor Denison, and the editors of the *World* and *Saturday Night* ; in Winnipeg, Mr. Arthur Eden ; in Banff, Dr. Brett ; in Donald, Mr. Griffiths ; at the Glacier,

Mr. Marpole ; at Vancouver, Mr. Harry Abbott, Mayor Oppenheimer, Dr. Lefevre, Mr. D. A. Brown, Mr. and Mrs. Major, and Mr. O'Brien ; and in London, Mr. Archer Baker, who has been of the utmost assistance to me.

I have also to thank Mr. Wm. Notman of Montreal, the finest landscape photographer in the world, for permission to reproduce the many photographs of his, which illustrate this book. I asked his son for details of the famous trip he made through the mountains, with a private car fitted up as a photographer's studio, when he was taking these magnificent views ; but it has not reached me in time to be included in the book.

And above all I have to thank my friends, Mr. Horace Cox, of the *Queen* (in whose pages so many of these chapters appeared), and his son, Mr. Percy Cox, for their sympathy and help at every turn.

I fear that, writing to entertain the oft-bored English reader, I may not always have made it clear how thoroughly I love both Canada and the Canadians. If I have hurt any one's feelings, they will know that I have done it, not in malice, but to amuse. If you wish to interest people, you must only be serious incidentally.

DOUGLAS SLADEN.

AUTHORS' CLUB,
LONDON.

GOD SAVE CANADA.

Imperium in Imperio.

To the Air of "God save the Queen."

Beneath our Northern skies
Behold a nation rise
Born of two foes ;
Destined, as Earth grows old,
Glory and power to hold,
As do those rivals bold,
LILY and ROSE.

God reared the lonely child,
Bred in the frost and wild,
For some great end ;
Forest and waste untracked,
Snow-deep and cataract,
Passes with glaciers packed,
Made her their friend.

Exiles for England's sake
Loved she, and bade them take
Half she possessed ;
And, when the foeman came
Brandishing sword and flame,
Hurled him with wounds and shame
Back from her breast.

God save our Canada,
Long live our Canada,
Loyal, though free !
Steering her own stout helm,
No storm shall overwhelm
" A REALM WITHIN A REALM "
THAT RULES THE SEA.

DOUGLAS SLADEN.

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ON THE CARS AND OFF.

CHAPTER I.

NOVA SCOTIA: THE LAND OF EVANGELINE.

WHAT a change from the floating hotel on the Fall River to the taut sea bull-dog *Halifax*, trading from Boston to Halifax! The change is from luxury to sturdiness; in fact, from the American to the Canadian. Not that the *Halifax* is not as luxurious as an ocean-going boat of her size need be—she has a delightful saloon—but that she is essentially an ocean-going boat, which all the winter through has to face the wildest weather in the world. She is the model of a ship for such a line, built of steel, with tremendously powerful engines, and not an inch of unnecessary top-hamper; and in moments of danger the face of the genial Canadian who commands her takes a grim, undaunted expression, which makes him look like one of Nelson's captains, in the great pictures of England's sea-fights at Greenwich Hospital. R.N. is written in every line of Captain Hill's face.

A fair passage brings us to Halifax, and as we glide between the formidable batteries which guard this noble harbour our eyes gladden at the sight of the beautiful white ensign, which guards the commerce of England in Earth's many waters, floating over the stern of the Queen's ships, and the Union Jack shining over the summit of the citadel. British soil again. Uncle Sam, like St. Michael, is good to strangers; but it is better to stand in one's own country, in whatever continent the particular bit of one's country may be. Britain is not two small islands, but an empire—Canadian, Australian, and what not—thrice the size of the United States.

But to return to Halifax. It was in June, the leaves' and lovers' month, that we made our entry into Canada at the eastern point, the beautiful and romantic peninsula of Nova Scotia. The staunch steel steamer went its fourteen knots past the sparsely inhabited coast, and the once important Shelburne, to Halifax. The sea was rough, and black semi-submerged reefs showed their teeth all the way. There are few more dangerous coasts in the world, apart from the frequency of fogs and gales. Halifax is a veritable harbour of refuge, protected by its narrow mouth alike from storm and foe. There is no bar, and inside there are ten square miles of deep water; and, as in Sydney Harbour, large ships can lie alongside of the wharves.

Halifax is a beautiful place, *a rus in urbe*, a city full of turf and trees, clustered round the citadel as a

medæval town grew under the shelter of its castle. It has its citadel for a heart, and the arms of the sea to embrace it. It has a charmingly laid-out public park, yet more charming because it is not laid out at all, but simply faithfully preserved Nature; and delightful villas embowered in the woody banks of "The Arm." The city is enlivened, moreover, with naval and military pomp. Stately men-of-war ride in the harbour, while dashing, sunburned British officers and well set-up, scarlet-tunicked Tommy Atkinses capture the feminine hearts of their respective grades in society; for Halifax is as particular about its society as an English garrison town. We spent a day in Halifax to drive through its pleasant streets, admire its court-house and one or two other fine old mansions, go over the seat of the Provincial Legislature and Supreme Court, and wander reverently round its old church, full of monuments to young scions of noble English families, who died in what was then a distant and perilous service. The English founders of Canada were literally men of the best blood in England; and though the Provincial Government is anything but enthusiastic in the matter of patriotism, Haligonians remind me with intense pride that the Knight of Kars, and Sir Provo Wallis, and Stairs, the companion of Stanley, were Nova Scotians; as was the founder of the Cunard Line.

I was struck with the happy combination of public institutions in the Province Building—viz., the

Houses of Parliament, the General Post-office, and the leading museum. There is, however, plenty of room for them all, for the Council contains but seventeen members and the Assembly thirty-eight.

As we left Halifax by train for Windsor we were enraptured by the beauty of the environs. The magnificently wooded "Arm" was succeeded by a bewildering tangle of lake and forest and hill, rivalling Norway.

Windsor is a flourishing town of four thousand inhabitants, without anything apparently for so many to live on. But one learns that the real industry of the place is ship-owning, in which only two ports of Canada exceed it. One can hardly find a village on the Bay of Fundy that is not building its barque or schooner of staunch Nova Scotia spruce, much cheaper and easier to work than oak, though it does not last as long. And when these are not owned in St. John, they are owned in Windsor for the most part.

At Windsor we were, of course, a good deal taken up with the venerable University, which celebrated its centenary a few years ago. King's College, as it is called, is a veritable bit of old Oxford, looking exactly like one side of an Oxford quadrangle sheathed in wood, and having its Oxford encœnia, its Oxford scale of degrees, its Oxford suite of gowns. Behind the college are its woods, a grove of spruce and pine, with here a delightful glade such as that of "The Three Elms," and there a clear pool fringed with bulrushes, and glowing with fleur-de-lys or

golden water-lily, according to the season. In front, separated only by a line of quaint colonial elms, with their trunks feathered with leaves like the legs of Cochin China fowls, are deep aromatic meadows. What meadows Windsor has! Not Grand Pré itself only, but Grand Pré, Windsor, and all the places round are one vast dyked meadow. The meadow-vestured limestone hills above the dykes

are quaintness itself—
for they are full of deep
“pots,” as they are
called in Yorkshire,
down one of which a
stream disappears like
the famous Mállam
River. These meadows,



PROFESSOR C. G. D. ROBERTS

hill and dyke alike, are glowing with ox-eyes, self-heal, and St. John's wort, with here and there an orchid, or an archipelago of reed-fringed pools full of the purple Fleur-de-lys Iris—the Purple Flag. And what berries!—wood and meadow alike carpeted with wild strawberries, and every little thicketed hollow a tangle of wild raspberries, blue-

berries, pigeonberries, and mitchella. Over this earthly Paradise we wandered with the poets, Bliss Carman and Charles Roberts, the University Professor of Literature, bathed in sunshine all day and sleeping at night in the quaint old college, where we had large, airy rooms, and lived on the fat of the land for a sovereign a week.

O! Fortunati nimium sua si bona norint, the people who live in this delicious country. No wonder that Roberts's nature-poems are so lovely. Charles Roberts, "the Canadian Laureate"—Nova Scotia's link with the great world—lives in a pretty house in the croft behind the college. His muscular exploits have instilled in the undergraduates a genuine regard for poetry, which has resulted in a more literary atmosphere than I ever remember finding in an university. Roberts is a well-knit man, a little below middle height, with large brown eyes, spectaclled from overwork, in general appearance reminding one strongly of Rudyard Kipling. He is devoted to literature, hospitality, and sport. He feels his seclusion from the great world, but living in the Arcadia of North America has given his poetry a certain aroma that one gets nowhere else in English verse. Professor Roberts, whose work has a great vogue in the American magazines, spreads Nature in her romantic Nova Scotian garb before us like an open book. He is not mystical like Mr. Carman, the other nature-poet of the Maritime Provinces.

I had almost forgotten the Avon, that red daughter of Fundy, by whose broad bosom Roberts and I watched the building of a ship—a spruce schooner of seven hundred tons—that was being put together by the hand labour of a handful of men. The Avon at low tide is a valley of red sand and mud, but at the turn the mighty tides of Fundy roll up like a bush fire, and make a river as great as the Thames at London Bridge. As we sailed down it to the basin of Minas to pay our respects to mighty Blomidon, we found a ship building at every little town, some as large as two thousand tons.

Nor must I leave Windsor without mentioning the dear old country house, embowered in trees, where Judge Haliburton, himself a King's College graduate, and the only Canadian novelist who has a world-wide reputation, wrote "Sam Slick," and the queer old beetling block-house fort, that was standing when the Acadians sailed away to their southern exile.

From Windsor we did not fail to go once, twice, thrice, to Grand Pré—the inconspicuous Acadian village, made hallowed ground by the genius of Longfellow, though his fellow Bostonian, Parkman, has shown that he was rather ignorant and exaggerated in his sympathies. Parkman has proved that the British Government had been most long-suffering with the Acadians. King George might well have said: "Forty years long have I been grieved of this generation; for they have erred in their hearts and have not known my ways." The

English Government had done its best to make them contented. Though a conquered people, their religion, their property, and much freedom had been secured to them; and no doubt this simple, kindly, industrious people would have been delighted to live placidly under the, for once, paternal sway of the Georges. But the arch-schemer, La Loutre, who was the secret agent of France, corresponding to the Russian agents in the Balkan peninsula, did not intend them to become placid subjects of King George. He meant them always to be ready to rise in revolt when any invading force from France appeared in Nova Scotia; and to do this he had to keep the international sore open—an end for which he was ready to use the most approved Land-League methods. The Indians, and Acadians disguised as Indians, cut off lonely English settlers; well-disposed Acadians were boycotted; supplies were either denied to their English masters, or sold at fabulous prices, and furnished, if need were, for nothing to the enemies of the English; and New England was kept in constant dread of the French making Nova Scotia a basis for a descent upon their shores. New England was even more anxious than Old England that these treasonable practices should be put an end to, and accordingly the Acadians were told they would absolutely have to take the oath to behave themselves loyally and sincerely to England, which they had been evading through forty years of the greatest kindness ever shown to a conquered people.

Unwilling, or unable, to believe that the Government was actually in earnest this time, they were at length removed, with all the humanity possible (families being taken to the same places, and where feasible in the same ships), by a body of troops, with few exceptions, from New England. That there was much real suffering is without doubt. These good souls were as fond of their holdings as an Irish peasant, and had been rebellious, not from inclination, but because they were body and soul in the control of the Church, which was a mere machine in the hands of the Abbé La Loutre. Their sacrifices and sufferings gave Longfellow genuine material, which he worked up with the art of an advocate, who picks out every point for his client and against his adversary, and would be embarrassed by extenuating circumstances. Nathless, *Evangeline* is a lovely poem, and will hold men's hearts and illuminate Grand Pré as long as English is the language of this continent. Dear old Longfellow!

And now for Grand Pré. What is Grand Pré? A deep aromatic meadow dyked in from the basin of Minas and its tributary rivers, and rising on the land side to a gently swelling horseshoe hill, on the declivities of which stand what remains of a village. One can still trace not a few cellars, more or less filled in with loose stones by the present owners, in the hopes of winning a yard and a half more for cultivation. These sites are generally marked by thickets of glorious wild raspberries, and are found,

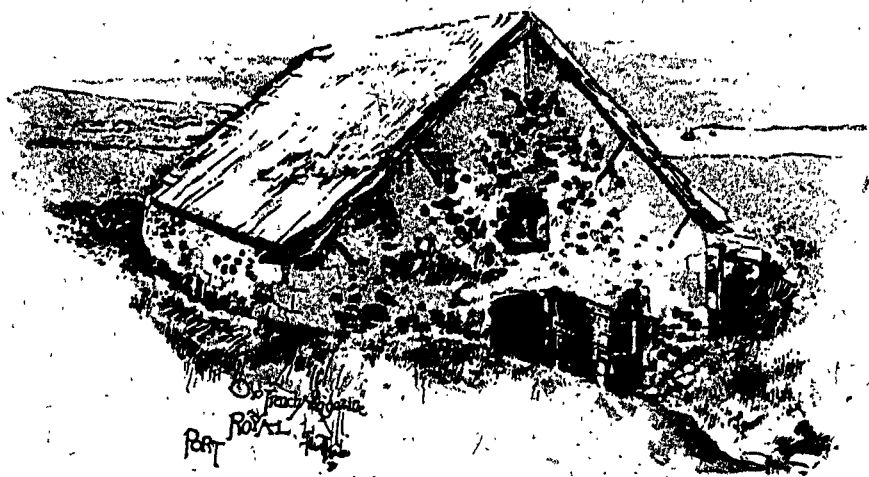
as a rule, near the lines of stunted willows planted by the Acadians, and cut down in vain by their conquerors. The vitality of willows is astonishing: the closer they are polled, the thicker they grow. Here and there are pathetic little touches. By one cellar or foundation a footworn threshold-stone is still *in situ*, and round it cinnamon roses, once in its garden, run wild. Down in the river meadow is a well, and at the hill-foot the *débris* of a forge. From the bottom of this well the other day were dredged a number of articles, some of which in all probability were flung into it by Colonel Winslow's New Englanders when they were rendering the village uninhabitable for stragglers, who had disobeyed the summons to come in. Two well-bucket chains, three or four hatchet heads of an old-fashioned pattern, a queer clasp knife, a knife and fork, undoubtedly old French, a bucket handle or two, and the like, are the principal relics; and they are preserved, as they should be, at the house of the gentleman who is now "The wealthiest farmer in Grand Pré." The well is fondly called "Evangeline's Well."

Grand Pré is delightfully pretty. The meadow itself, like all Acadian meadows, is deep with hay grass, aromatic with clover, and glowing with wild flowers; above all marguerites, evening primroses, and St. John's wort as large as its garden cousin the rose of Sharon; and there are not a few purple Canterbury bells. Round the edges of the railway,

the roads, the cellars—round the edges of everything—are thickets of exquisite wild roses of an unusually deep crimson. I gathered a hatful, to press as relics of a place which Longfellow had made me yearn to visit. Dotted about the hills are picturesque farmsteads embowered in orchards; and when one climbs the hill the prospect is magnificent. At one's feet, according to the tide, is broad red sand or broad red sea—a veritable Red Sea; and across the basin on opposite sides are the stately promontories of Blomidon, looking like a couching lion, and Cheverie, standing out as bold and clear as the ramparts of Quebec. In the blue haze of the distance are the Five Islands and the fine bluff of Partridge Island, with Parrsboro' on its elbow, and nearer home the winding estuary of the far-famed Gaspereau, and that little bay where rode the little fleet of King's ships while Winslow and his New Englanders went through the disagreeable task of carrying out a political necessity against sheep misled by their shepherd.

When I was there, Nova Scotia rejoiced in the funniest of legal fictions—the Scott Act, prohibiting the sale of spirituous liquors. It was openly disregarded. In the larger towns hotels sold liquor as if the Act did not exist, and in the smaller ones it was merely a case of finding out whether the milkman, or the milliner, or the fancy stationer, would oblige you. Nova Scotia differs to this extent from Vermont, where in prohibitionist towns every

shop is said to sell spirituous liquors. At Annapolis I did have to pay twenty-five cents for a biscuit, and got a bottle of beer thrown in; but it was quite unusual to go through this farce. I inquired of Professor Roberts how they managed things so comfortably. "Oh, juries won't convict, so it's no good prosecuting." At Windsor the farce was at its height.



The Windsor and Annapolis Railway runs through some of the most famous scenery in Canada, for after passing Halifax, with its citadel and its park effects, and Windsor, with its meadowy hills, and Evangeline's Grand Pré, one comes to the valley of the Gaspereau, the Annapolis Valley, and Annapolis itself, every one of them halting-places to the pilgrim in quest of the picturesque. The direction of the line is admirably chosen, following the water where the water scenery is best, then running right down the

central ridge of the Annapolis Valley, and returning to the water in the outskirts of Annapolis.

It makes a very pleasant feature in a day at Grand Pré to skirt the cellar-strewn fields, which were the site of the old French village, and make one's way to the very English-looking little town of Wolfville, with its important Baptist university—the Acadia Collège.

Wolfville gardens are full of old English cottage flowers—tall larkspurs, Canterbury bells, and homely creeping roses.

Not far from Wolfville is the famous valley of the Gaspereau, with its clear mountain stream threading it amid tangles of goose-grass, lady's slipper, golden-rod, crimson yarrow, evening primroses, and glorious clusters of crimson and crimsoned wild roses, which, like the thickets of wild raspberries, make all Acadia picturesque by their bright patches of colour. The gently swelling sides of the valley are admirably adapted for fond lovers to help fair ladies in a descent, which does not absorb too much of their attention, as are the planks which span the tributaries of the river.

The whole valley is ideal for picnics, and, to an American, singularly beautiful, with its aging homesteads and its rich orchard-studded slopes. To an Englishman, except in so far as it reminds him of what he has left behind, it is less impressive; for just such a valley he will often see in Kent or Sussex, and there the orchards are richer and

diversified with hop-gardens, the homesteads are more ancient and much finer, and exquisite church towers, dating back to far beyond the Reformation, will overhang a river at intervals of a mile or two.

And the same applies to the Annapolis Valley; To the American, charmed by a richly cultivated landscape, it is almost the nearest approach to scenery such as he rhapsodises over from the window of the railway carriage as he flies from Dover to London by the Continental Express. The Englishman prefers the wild grandeur of forest and water between Halifax and Mount Uniacke.

However, as one approaches Annapolis, the view is made more interesting by some fine old Loyalist houses. Annapolis, or as it is called by its inhabitants, Annapolis Royal, in proud remembrance that it is the original Port Royal of the Ordre de Bon Temps, Lescarbot, Charnisay, and others, who have filled the poetry of Canada with an old-world romance, is the oldest town on the continent north of Florida—a quaint old town, with dear old wooden colonial houses overgrown with creepers. It amply makes up in picturesqueness for the tamer scenery of the rich valleys, which are its avenues from Halifax, with its queer old wooden quays, such as one reads of in Dickens's London novels, lying between a fine pool above and a lordly sea-basin below, at the foot of forested hills which send down tributary rivers; and with its capelike point occupied by the quaint Fort, pictured over and over again for the antique

block-house and archway, above which floated the lilies of France when Louis Quatorze was king.

The oldest part of the city is across the river. Three or four miles from the present Granville rose the original forts of De Monts and Poutrincourt, immortal for the genius of Champlain and the wit of



the merry Lescarbot. From the fifteen gentlemen of the colony Champlain organised the most famous dining club that has ever been on New World soil. "He organised them," says Hannay, the historian of Acadia, "into a society which he called the Ordre de Bon Temps. Each guest in his turn became steward and caterer for the day, during which he wore the collar of the order and a napkin, and

carried a staff. At dinner he marshalled the way to the table at the head of the procession of the guests. After supper he resigned the insignia of the office to his successor, with the ceremony of drinking to him in a cup of wine. It became the point of honour with each guest, as his day of service came, to have the table well supplied with game, either by his own exertions or by purchase from the Indians; and, in consequence, they fared sumptuously during the whole winter, so that Lescarbot was enabled to reply with truth to some Parisian epicures, who made sport of their coarse fare, that they lived as luxuriously as they could have done in the street Aux Ours in Paris, and at much less cost. It is painful, however, to be obliged to record that, although bread and game were so abundant, the wine of those festive Frenchmen fell short, so that before spring they were reduced from three quarts a man daily to the inconsiderable allowance of a pint." A quaint old place is Granville, with its fast-decaying wooden wharves, once lined with shipping from the East and West Indies, in the good old days when Salem, Massachusetts, was a great seaport, and Nathaniel Hawthorne its Collector. Annapolis then did a brisk trade in what the Germans call "colonial wares"—sugar and spice, and all that's nice; and even now a considerable register of wooden shipping hails from this port, though for the most part employed on other routes.

Granville is a happy hunting-ground of past-

masters of merchant vessels—bluff sea captains with blue eyes and purple faces, who have braved Atlantic hurricanes their half-century apiece in stout barques built of spruce on the Bay of Fundy. They rather affect modern brick villas, with no trade-mark beyond hard oil-paintings or woolwork portraits of the ships they have commanded, and perhaps a top-heavy model of a schooner, put together by some sailor with a jack-knife to beguile a voyage round the world.

No wonder the French chose Granville for their abiding city in the New World—nestling between lofty hills and the beautiful Annapolis basin, a stretch of water nearly twenty miles long, land-locked from sea-storms. Of the original Port Royal, founded in 1606, hardly a stone remains, though there is a fine old fort on the Annapolis side, with its turf ramparts abandoned to wild flowers, but its block-house of massive masonry still intact. It was in this very block-house, with its steep-pitched roof, that the citizens of 1781 were locked up while the town was being looted by two American war-ships, which had taken it by surprise. Old as it is, Annapolis has unsubdued wilds within a drive of it, where the beaver still builds and the trout fishing is in virgin plenty.

There are a good many Indians in the vicinity—I forget whether Melicetes or Micmacs—clothed and civilised as the Hurons round Quebec. They are famous for the magnificent birch-barks they manufacture; especially their sea-going canoes, staunch

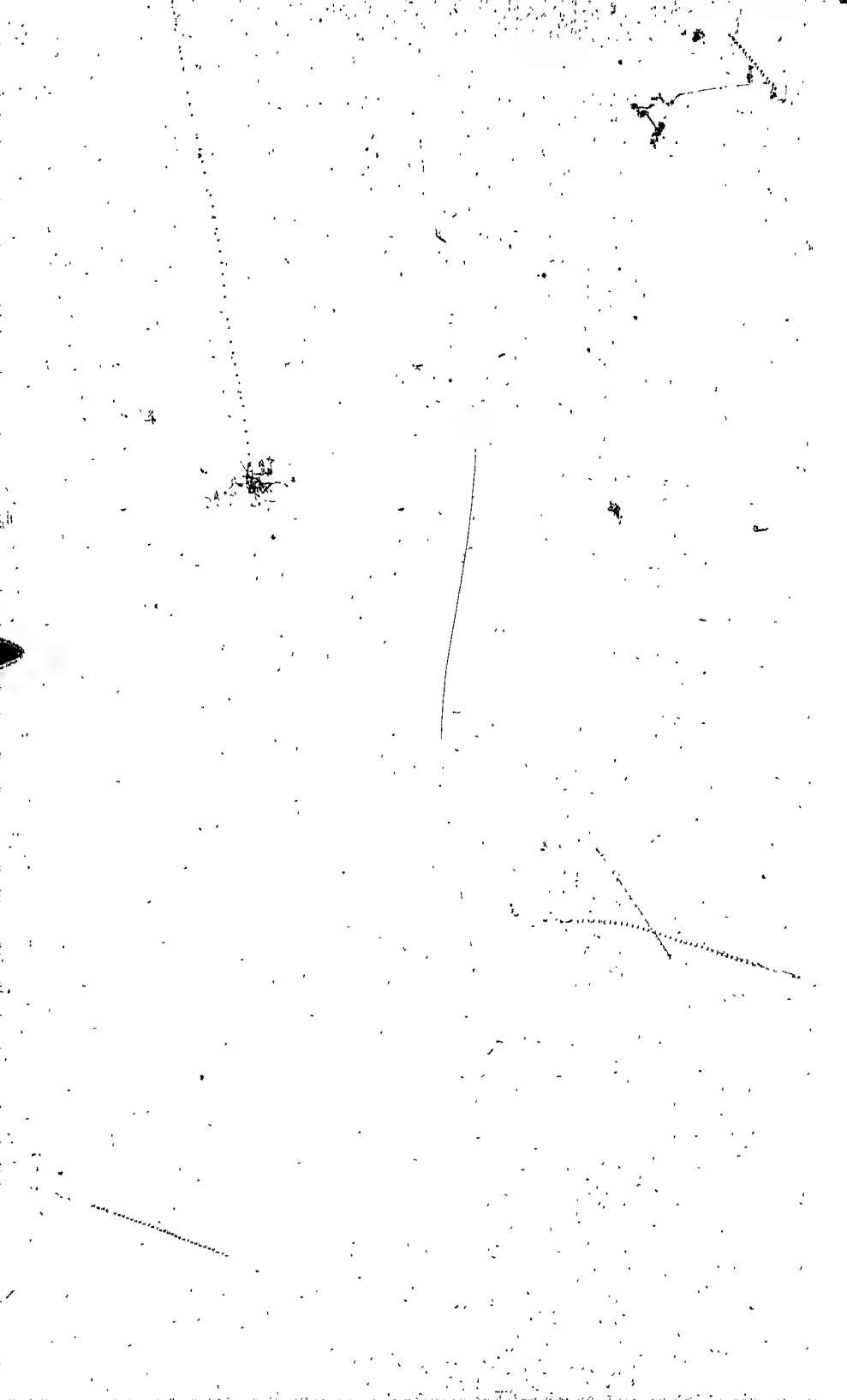
enough to navigate the great basin and coast along the shores of Fundy.

We passed a good many of them fishing as we journeyed across the bay, in the smart white steamer *City of Monticello*, from the original French settlement to that of the American Loyalists, who left the United States in 1783, rather than live under an alien flag. I mean of course the stately rock-founded city of St. John.



FOREST AND FELL. THE HEAD OF THE EMERALD LAKE NEAR FIELD, B.C.

Vide p. 281.



CHAPTER II.

NEW BRUNSWICK: THE LAND OF THE LOYALISTS.

THE day that we crossed the Bay of Fundy, two of our most rooted preconceptions were upset—we were pursued by a wall, and saw a waterfall turn round and run up. We were on the sea when a white wall, many feet in height, flew after us faster than our swift little steamer. It turned out to be one of the sudden fogs of Fundy, which roll up in this way. The other phenomenon we saw when Mr. Bliss Carman, the delightful Canadian poet who has just taken literary England by storm with his Shelley-like poeticality of vision, drove us out just before dinner to see the falls of the noble river from which St. John takes its name. These are, in a way, the most remarkable in the world. Through a gorge with angry black cliffs the river at low tide hurls itself in a mighty waterfall into the harbour, while the incoming tide when it gets sufficiently high pours back over the wall of rock into the river; and at certain states of the tide there is no fall at all, but a smooth river safely navigable by boats and rafts,—the fact being that there is a mere wall of rock running across the bed of the river in a closely shut-in gorge.

When the phenomenon was explained to me by Mr. Carman, and I saw the mad swirl as the huge volume of water poured over the cliff at the turn of the tide, I said I thought it was very high-spirited of the citizens to preserve this wonder of the world when a dollar's worth of dynamite would blow up the barrier and make everything plain sailing. Then he expounded the origin and use of this *lusus naturæ*. A volcanic upheaval elevated a strip of the New Brunswick coast, leaving the fertile country behind, lying round the stately river with its tributaries and lakes, about the best land in Canada, below sea-level; and if it were not for the double waterfall, the ravening tides of Fundy would turn the garden of New Brunswick into another Zuyder Zee.

Few things in Canada impressed me more than St. John, a city of spires, built upon a lofty acropolis, dominating one of the world's great harbours.

As we steamed up to the Market Slip below King Street, Mr. Carman reminded me that it was at the head of this estuary that La Tour built the famous fort from which he defied the superior authority of Charnisay, the representative of the most Christian king in Acadia, who lorded it at Port Royal. In the slow days of the seventeenth-century sailing ships the authority of the King of France was more or less shadowy on the other side of the stormy Atlantic, and La Tour was so eager in his struggle for independence against Charnisay

that he did not hesitate to call in the aid of the English in Massachusetts.

For a long time La Tour maintained himself against the superior authority and power of Charnisay, and one attack on the fort at the mouth of the St. John, during his absence, was beaten off by his beautiful and spirited wife. But the second time he was away the attack was more successful; and Madame La Tour surrendered, only to find the terms of surrender scornfully repudiated when the invaders had taken possession. Charnisay hung every man in the garrison, and only spared Madame La Tour when he had subjected her to the ignominy of witnessing the executions with a halter round her neck and wearing fetters. One at least of the best Canadian historical poems deals with this subject.

After this there were various small settlements on the St. John of the English from the eastern colonies. But they are lost sight of in the surpassing interest of that grey morning in the May of 1783 when the five thousand Loyalists, men of the best blood and brains in America—judges, lawyers, clergymen, doctors, and the principal merchants and landowners—came to pioneer in the wilderness rather than forswear their allegiance to Great Britain. In one day the city of five thousand people was founded and was christened Parrtown, a name which was almost immediately changed to St. John; and about the same time what is now New Brunswick, and had

previously been included in Acadia, was erected into a separate colony.

The United Empire Loyalists, as they are called, have thriven exceedingly, and to-day St. John is the fifth town in Canada for population, and the first for the tonnage of its shipping. For this latter it has the special advantage of being one of the two great seaports in Eastern Canada open to navigation all the year round.

Truly impressive is it to land at St. John. It rises up so quickly from the water's edge; and no town in Canada has statelier streets. These are due to a blessing in disguise, the great fire of June 1877, in which nearly a couple of thousand buildings were burnt; and though the city felt the rebuilding severely from the financial point of view, there is no doubt that the streets gained immensely in regularity and magnificence.

The city is piled up on the rocks very much after the manner of Torquay, and but for the prevalence of summer fogs it would be very hot in that season.

Mr. Carman, who made himself our host while we were in New Brunswick, only let us remain a few days in St. John; it was glorious summer weather, and he was so anxious for us to be ascending the St. John River to Frederickton. "The St. John has been called the Rhine of America," he said laughingly, "but without any particular reason except that it is a fine river." There were certainly magnificent stretches of water in it, like the Grand Bay,

nine miles broad, and the Long Reach, twenty miles long and three to five miles broad, lying between high shores of softly rounded hills, some richly cultivated and some yet forest.

Puffing up the eighty-four miles from Indiantown, the suburb of St. John above the falls, to Frederickton in the comfortable *David Weston* was our first experience of the delightful Canadian river trips Mr. Carman had told us about, where the traffic is not too great for the captain and passengers to form themselves into one large picnic party. "If you've nobody else to talk to, or want any information or even a shot at a shell-duck, you will always be welcome in the wheel-house," he said.

In the glorious Canadian summer without a cloud on the sky, with the weather just as warm as one can comfortably bear it, a river trip in a moderate-sized steamer is about as delightful a thing as one can imagine. There is plenty of incident in it. Mr. Carman had warned us that every now and then ~~the river~~ would be so choked with log-rafts that we might just as well be in the Polar Seas; or the steamer be stopped off a mud-bank to wait for a slow little scow containing an old woman, dressed in the fashion of a generation back and armed with some preposterous bundles, who would at once be recognised and treated as a personage by the captain.

All along the course of the mighty river Mr. Carman pointed us out little places which have

recorded themselves in the Provincial history. Maugerville, he told us, was the first English-speaking settlement in New Brunswick, colonised from Andover in Massachusetts as far back as 1763, and the village of Maugerville was almost the only part of what is now Canada that took the side of the rebels in the War of Independence. And the old Fort of Oronocto had stood a notable siege from the Indians. But for the most part the river was like, either a broad Devonshire estuary with tiny hamlets and decaying piers dotting its banks at intervals, or like the long arm of Sydney Harbour known as the Paramatta River, with its broad stretches of shimmery water, its lush marshes, its trees, rising as it were right out of the water; though here they are silvery alders instead of shining mangroves.

Towards the end of a long day we reached Frederickton, and stepped off the sunny upper deck where we had feasted all day on the Canadian kindness to strangers, which we perhaps enjoyed to a special degree, as nearly every one on board had known Mr. Carman from his childhood.

CHAPTER III.

FLOWERY FREDERICKTON.

CLATTER, clatter! a pair of beautiful, turbulent young chestnuts, the pride of the heart of mine host of the "Queen," dash down the slope to our door. We scramble on board, and whirl through the dignified streets of the century-old cathedral town which is New Brunswick's capital, outward-bound for the Indian encampment, which occupies the site of the old French village. First we pass the handsome little Gothic cathedral, standing on a mossy lawn, shrouded in stately elms, on the bank of the great St. John, looking for all the world like the Thames at Kew, with its broad sweep of silver water, and its environment of quaint old houses and English-looking turf and trees. We speed by the Houses of Parliament, the home not only of the Upper and Lower Houses of the Province, but the Supreme Court, which, without its rather attenuated cupola, would be a pleasing and imposing building, and soon are abreast of the fine old English mansion, which is the seat of the Governors of the Province. Then, at last, we are in the open country. It is up hill and down dale, and our horses will brook

no pulling up; but this is exactly the mood of the editor of *Progress*, who holds the reins, and we descend the hills, in the only enjoyable way in which hills can be descended, at full steam, with sufficient way on to take us half-way up the opposite hill. In Canada, the home of hospitality, editors expect themselves to "drive round" every interesting stranger who comes to the town. So they are apt to be good whips. Our particular editor has a deft turn of the wrist, which whisks us safely round the corner and over the bridge at a breakneck pace, and the air is the pure ozone which breathes after rain, and the road runs through a forest of flowers, till we feel as if we had been drinking champagne.

A forest of flowers! Such flowers! Acres of golden-rod, the firework of the fields, looking like those rockets which turn into palm trees of golden fire. The golden-rod is rivalled by the fire-weed, of a colour that has no parallel, except in the inferior raspberry ice-cream, which poisons children by Sunday schools at a time. Marguerites, of course, there are, known locally by their less poetical natural history name of ox-eye, snowing the meadows; and a rich red clover, with an intoxicating scent; and glowing velvety-purple spikes, called here wild pea; and self-heal, and buttercups, and the tall evening primroses, with their sentimental shade of yellow.

The soil grows poorer, and the flowers thinner, but there is one among them which gladdens our British



hearts with a thrill of home, the little lilac bluebell, known in England as the harebell, and north of the Tweed as the Bluebell of Scotland. Was the seed of it brought by the brave bonneted boys of the 42nd Highlanders, who had

Gone to fight the French
For King George upon his throne,

and never came back home again, but settled on the banks of the winding Nashwaak ?

Now that I have visited the scenes in the New World, where the "Lions" and the "Lilies" fought out the old feud that the blood of Crecy and Poitiers and Agincourt could not quench, this ballad has new pathos for me.

But the soil is not too poor for the mullein to grow tall, with its stately yellow spike; and here and there is the yellow Canadian marguerite, looking something like the old country's corn marigold, with a great soft brown eye set in it.

Soon we come to a little dell with a clear, gurgling brooklet deep down under over-arching trees. As soon as this brook escapes the shade of the trees it is bordered by grand bulrushes with unusually heavy cat's-tails; and here and there a late purple iris—the *purple flag*, or *fleur-de-lys*, which some of our American cousins are anxious to have adopted as the national flower, out of compliment to France, as they say; forgetting that the France of the *fleur-de-lys* was that old feudal France, whose haughty Princes of the Lilies would have regarded the entire

American nation with the contemptuous pity they felt for the weavers of Flanders, or for their own villains.

By the brook, too, grows the tall red valerian, regarded as a most potent remedy for various ailments once by men, and even yet by cats.

But we have no more time at present for flowers; we must hurry on to our Indian village, which we find some ten miles off, round a little wooden church devoted to these reclaimed Melicetes. Little knots are standing about, and a flag is floating half-mast high. Evidently some considerable personage is dead. We learn that the old chief, Francis Toomah, is lying in the church awaiting interment. After our kind-hearted guide has given a coin to each of the queer little papooses, I steal in, and am confronted by a pathetic sight, not without its touches of grotesqueness. The dead chief's coffin is wrapped in a coarse kind of black lining tied round it with ropes, and from one corner of the coffin, drip, drip, drip on the floor, splashes a ghastly fluid—dissolving blood. On one end stands an old pewter candlestick, with a stump of a dip guttering on its spike; and round the chapel hang six withered boughs of willow—the old Shakspearian willow—in mourning for the departed chief of a race of departed glory. The church itself has a pretty, fresh, white altar, with flowers. But through the flowers comes a fetid smell. To earth quickly with this poor dead shell of a dying species.

The sun is shining brightly now. Out into it, and hasten down the broad, sparkling St. John, which has been our companion, with its sheen and whisper, all through this delicious drive. We cross on a ferry-boat driven by the oldest of old-world contrivances—a horizontal horse treadmill. The horse stands in a hole, and as he struggles forward to get out of it, the wheel recedes from under his feet and drives the shallow paddles. The two animals in this boat are patient enough to be managed by a negro boy and a little child. The big boy, with true negro laziness, collects the fares and the little child steers, and eventually we are over. The negro directs us to turn off by the school-house. We ask him how we are to know it. He says it looks just like a dirty school-house. And we feel that we understand him.

We are not very certain of our way—but we do not care. It is so lovely. First it lies through a wood, like a bit of the New Forest—chequered light and shade on mossy turf. Then we pass by the dirty school-house (a Daniel! a Daniel!) into a perfect wilderness of wild flowers, where, to our delight, we see for the first time the glorious Canada lilies—like strayed revellers of tiger lilies, orange spotted with crimson, with their upright stems and graceful hanging bells reminding one of the columbine, the belfry of the fairies. These are down in the meadows that once were the bed of the river; and a boat, lying among them high and dry

a hundred yards from the water, reminds us that the haughty St. John reconquers its ancient realm from time to time.

Now we climb again beside the railway and find the hedge here snowy with elder-flowers, there glowing with the cones of the sumach—one can call them nothing but red hot.

We lose our way a few times, of course; and come in two hours behind time. What of that? Our lungs are full of ozone, and our eyes have feasted on flowers; and as we crawl at the pace the law enjoins under horrible penalties over the curious half-mile long wooden bridge which links Frederickton to St. Mary's, we feel as if we had made a good meal of our day.

We had begun it well, floating, with a sensation of swimming, in a birch canoe propelled by a New Brunswicker six feet three in his stockings—Bliss Carman, the poet. Mr. Carman loves his canoe as King William the Conqueror loved his red deer, and dips his paddle with the hand of an artist and the satisfaction of a poet. What a dream it was to glide up the picturesque Nashwaak—our canocist towering in the stern, with fair hair bared to wind and sun, now poling, now paddling with swift, deft stroke, now running us into some little natural cove to pluck a frond of the exquisite Canadian polypody or the sagittaria, that queer plant whose leaves are arrowheads, with barbs like Dundreary whiskers!

We cannot go up far, because the river is choked

with King Gibson's huge rafts of deals. But it is a novelty to land on one of them and walk up the river, leaping from raft to raft. And we stopped before we leaped once too often.

Professor Roberts, the poet, was New Brunswick bred as well as Mr. Carman; and they had for a head master Mr. G. R. Parkin, who is known all over the world as the exponent of Imperial Federation.

At Frederickton Bliss Carman took us to his home, and we learned the secret of some of the pathos which is so marked a note in his poetry. For his father, a brilliant lawyer who rose to be Attorney-General of the Province, died young, leaving Mr. Carman under the necessity of fighting the world for a living; and the ideal little home at Frederickton has often to stand empty.

The poet, who comes from the original Loyalist settlers on both sides, is by his mother descended from Jonathan Bliss, their foremost man, a leading lawyer in the Thirteen Colonies before he became an *émigré*, and afterwards the first Attorney-General of the New Colony and Chief Justice.

The home his father left him at Frederickton is a dear old wooden cottage—cottage in the Colonies does not imply size, but style of architecture—with a wealth of creepers, and a garden run wild. When we were there the principal feature of the garden was an *emeritus* birch-bark canoe, which had carried him many a mile in voyages—half exploration, half picnic—up the mysterious and enchanting backwaters

of the great river. Now alas! her stitches—she was a real Melicete canoe, sewn together with sinews—yawned, and she stood sorely in need of caulking with the resinous preparation they use. The house was entirely unoccupied; I doubt if it was even securely locked; the *prisca virtus* prevailing in that smiling land—if anywhere in the world.

From Frederickton we took the train to Edmundston, passing the grand Falls of St. John and the lovely valley of the Aroostook.

Edmundston might have been in Japan, a queer little wooden village with a lovely mountain river which had to fight its way through the logs and sawdust. Perhaps it was a regimen of spruce-wood sawdust which made the trout so extraordinarily fine. The front of the hotel was built on piles, which gave it quite a picturesque and Jappy appearance. However, we saw very little of it, for we arrived there late one night and went on early next morning by the most novel little railway to Rivière du Loup on the St. Lawrence in the province of Quebec. The Temiscouata Railway was a light line running through the forest; it had a very pleasant little saloon carriage, half first-class and half second, and ran for the most part through a forest which would have been very primæval, if it had not had all the finest trees lumbered out of it. Here for the first time we came across the shack or log-hut of the Canadian settler, built of roughly trimmed tree trunks, with the interstices plugged up with clay.

Any inhabitants who were not away in the forest turned out *en masse* to see that still novel spectacle, a train.

The forest when we passed it was ablaze with fire-weed, the tall magenta-coloured phlox referred to above, and a couple of varieties of golden-rod.

A good part of the journey was taken up with hugging the shores of Lake Temiscouata, thirty miles long of dark water surrounded by pine forests, and hiding in its vast depths the lordliest lake-trout of America. Lake Temiscouata has its history too: the brilliant episode, in a bitter winter, of the gallant regiment of New Brunswickers, who afterwards became the 104th regiment of the British army.

We arrived at Rivière du Loup in time for lunch, which in these primitive parts is a dinner washed down by tea. This was perhaps our first introduction to the Canadian country hotel, where the tables and table-cloths look as if they were one flesh and washed together. They are more attractive to flies than a country grocery; the cruet and the sugar basin never leave the table, relays being added to the top when the flies and dust have been picked over pretty carefully. "Where the flies suck there lurk I!" Tea is included in the price of every meal; consequently very little else is drunk except by the fastidious English globe-trotter. Breakfast is bacon and eggs, dinner is underdone joints, and supper is chops and steaks. Passengers and the train hands sit down together; the former are considered intruders

and made to know their place. Dead flies are the least objectionable part of these hotels.

After this luncheon-tea-dinner we went out to see the really magnificent Falls of Rivière du Loup. The rain came down in a perfect waterfall, and we had to take refuge in a large shed which commanded a view of the cataract while it afforded seclusion. Quite a romantic situation, if we had not been married for ten years. A lull in the shower let us regain the village. In a street ever so long, without any features except the poor little French-Canadian style of the houses, we took refuge in a cobbler's shop, where the shoes were clumsier than sabots. When we bought some brown laces as an excuse for taking refuge, the cobbler detected us, and could hardly be persuaded to sell them, though we really wanted them. He considered it a reflection on his hospitality. His family was on the usual French-Canadian scale, and asphyxiation possessed no terrors for him.

So after a while we braved the elements again, and climbed the brow of the hill to indulge our enthusiasm at having spread out at our feet the glorious water-way up which Cartier and his blue-eyed Bretons passed more than three hundred years ago, to winter below the Acropolis of Quebec, and carry the Cross and the Lilies to the summit of Mount Royal.

CHAPTER IV.

QUEBEC: THE CAPITAL OF NEW FRANCE.

HE must be strangely constituted whose heart does not beat a trifle quicker when, turning a sharp corner on the mighty St. Lawrence, he suddenly beholds looming up before him the Rock of Quebec, with its fantastic pile of steeples and ramparts ~~bristling with old-fashioned cannon, which belched forth fire and death often enough in the~~ mighty controversy that preceded the birth of this great nineteenth century; and towering above, gleaming like a great diamond in the sun, the frowning Cape Diamond, crowned with the King's Bastion; and, high over all, the banner of England—an old shot-rent Union Jack.

An Englishman is apt to be affected; for to him Quebec brings back so much—the brilliant conquest of Canada, the proud day when England won an empire as large as the United States, and the banner of St. George's waved from Oglethorpe's colony of Georgia to Rupert's Land and Hudson's Bay. And a Frenchman hardly less so; for the New France of Acadia and Canada was the only real colony the French ever had, and is sown so thickly with gallant

old ruins of French grandeur and bones, once animated with the finest spirits of France. The friends of the Exiled House will remember, moreover, that New France knew no flag but the Fleur-de-lys till the Union Jack flew from Cape Diamond.

To the English-speaking race Quebec is the city



CITADEL AT QUEBEC.

where Montcalm and Montgomery were defeated, wiping out the stigma with their gallant deaths. I never go to Quebec without visiting the citadel and the Heights of Abraham. Maître Abraham was the king's pilot of the St. Lawrence. His full name was Abraham Martin, and it occurs as early as 1621 in the parish registers of Quebec, when his son Eustache was christened by Father Denis, a

Franciscan. He was the owner of nine children, and of the whole plateau, from the city walls, to Sillery Woods, and from the St. Lawrence to the heights overhanging the St. Charles, called after him Côte d'Abraham.

Things are much changed since Maître Abraham's time, or, indeed, for the matter of that, since the fatal September day when Montcalm rode back along the Grande Allée to die at the Ursulines' Convent. In those days there was no lofty granite citadel crowning Cape Diamond; no Martello tower on the Côte d'Abraham; no gentle declivity leading up from Wolfe's Cove, which had heights almost as inaccessible as the citadel rock. Every schoolboy knows the story of the battle,—how Wolfe, dropping down to the landing under cover of the darkness, beguiled the tedium by repeating to the midshipman who was steering the man-of-war's boat which bore him the whole of Gray's "Elegy," concluding with the remark, "I would rather have written that poem than take Quebec"; how a storming party overcame the sentries on the heights and made the *entrée* for the rest; how the sailors, by superhuman exertions, dragged a field-piece or two up the cliffs; how when day broke Montcalm saw Wolfe, a man whom he knew to be daring and skilful beyond the ordinary, in a position commanding the city, and marched to dislodge him ere he could entrench himself too impregably; how before the sunset Wolfe, in the pride of his youth, but thirty-three

years old, was lying dead in his glory, Montcalm, a dying man in the House of the Good Sisters of St. Ursula, and the Lilies of France prostrated, never to rise again in the New World !

Wolfe had been wounded twice before he had been killed ; Montcalm was wounded twice before he left the field, and, just as he was entering the St. Louis gate, received his mortal wound through the groin. He died in the Convent of the Ursulines, and in its chapel is his tomb, ornamented, by an English Governor-General, with a white marble tablet. His skull has been exhumed, and is, rather sacrilegiously in my opinion, exhibited by the good Sisters.

Montcalm's château is still standing, though both the wings have been rebuilt. It now constitutes three houses, and the centre is still the original building. The only noticeable features, however, are the queer old brass door-knocker, a lion's head, some old French fireplaces, and the enormous cellars, in which during Wolfe's terrible cannonading the inhabitants took refuge.

Montgomery fell in a ravine close to the spot where the landslide took place last year. Fell is perhaps rather a misleading word to use, because he did not, as formerly supposed, miss his footing, but was shot down while attempting to scale a barricade across a sort of ravine, which was not so steep as the face of the rock.

To Americans Quebec is no longer what it was. Half its picturesqueness vanished with the destruc-

tion of its gates, and the other half with the withdrawal of the kilts and redcoats, who so enlivened the grim old rock with their uniforms and their festivities. The destruction of the gates was an act of vandalism. America has lost her principal architectural curiosities, and the subsequent increase in the business of Quebec has not in any way warranted it. Quebec, however, presents naturally and artificially one of the world's most picturesque *coups d'œil*.

We went from the terrace to the post-office, which still bears the device of the Chien d'Or, with the defiant motto in old French, "I am the dog that gnaws the bone." A romantic bit of Quebec this. Here stood the Chien d'Or—"that famous legendary haunted house," Le Moine, the historian of Quebec, calls it—the first ever built of stone in the city. This was the mansion, historic for the quarrel of the Intendant Bigot and the merchant Philibert, which inspired Kirby with his romance.

In 1871, when it was destroyed to make room for the present post-office, its corner-stone was unearthed, adorned with a leaden plate bearing an inscription showing that it was erected in 1735. Over the front door was engraved a dog gnawing at a large fleshy bone, which he had got under and between his forefeet, with an inscription in French, of which the following is a translation: "I am the dog who gnaws the bone within, without losing a single morsel; the time will come when I will bite him that has bitten

me." Marmette, Soulard, and others, besides Kirby, have founded romances on this weird old mansion



and its queer lintel; and at the little Chien d'Or Restaurant opposite, Captain Horatio Nelson, of H.M.S. *Albemarle*, attempted to elope with beautiful Mary Simpson, the barmaid—the landlord's niece.

He fully meant to have married her and settled in Canada, if Davison had not prevented him, with who shall say what result upon the wars of 1776 or 1812?

Just below are the famous "Breakneck" steps leading down to "Our Lady of Victories." We went down the zigzags of Mountain Hill Street, about the wickedest hill up which a horse ever drew a load within the boundaries of a city.

Surely if any place ever richly deserved its *ascenseur*, as the French call it, it is Quebec, and its elevator shaft is almost as steep as if it were in a house.

A little to the other side of the Chien d'Or are the Place d'Armes and the Dufferin Terrace. The feature of the Place d'Armes now is the noble white Court-house, in the old French style of architecture; but formerly it was dominated by the stately buildings of the Recollet friars on the land side, and the Château of St. Louis, the residence of the Governors of Quebec, on the other. Both have perished by fire, and given way, one to the Anglican Cathedral and the other to Dufferin Terrace. At the end of Dufferin Terrace has just been erected the magnificent new Hôtel Frontenac, which I have not seen.

Just below it, at one end, Champlain was buried, though his grave is as secret as that of Moses.

Under the crags of the mountain-side at the back of the main street we passed along "Dog-lane," a narrow alley, quaint and dirty, and blocked up with overhanging houses and hanging-out clothes, which

might have been a street in the Ghetto at Rome or a Chinese rookery in Hong-Kong. Then we climbed to the Upper Town again, to ramble along the rampart; for Quebec has still its walls, bristling with "long twenty-fours." It is here at the lower end of the rock that the great University of Laval, the leading Catholic University of America, stands—the vast block of buildings whose little dome makes such a picturesque landmark as one comes up the river. The cathedral and palace of the Cardinal-Archbishop adjoin it. The University was developed in 1852, out of the old seminary founded by the famous Bishop Laval in 1663. It is happily described thus by Mr. Dawson:—

"The University building now stands out in the forefront of the Upper Town, conspicuous for magnitude, solidity, and stiffness. Within, it is furnished lavishly with all the appliances of modern teaching: a splendid library of 77,000 volumes and costly apparatus, convenient lecture-rooms, and spacious halls. The main building is 297 feet long, and five stories high. A wing 265 feet long was added in 1880. It is fire-proof, and it is surmounted by a dome, from which magnificent views may be had over the country in all directions. Without, it is utterly bare of ornament, and rigid as its founder. The hall of entrance is of noble proportions. On each flat a corridor runs down the centre 8 feet wide and 265 feet long."

Laval is a superb institution, and has a few valu-

able pictures; but the building is modern, and had not the same interest for me as the fine old wooden mansion overlooking the ramparts in Rampart Street, which was the château of the great Montcalm. The ramparts are delightful in many places. Here the old cannon and the sweeping view of the river are the attraction. Between the St. John Gate, with its interesting market, and the stately St. Louis Gate they are broad enough for a grassy lover's walk shaded with trees. There, under its shadow, is the smooth turf of the lawn-tennis club, where French ladies, exquisite women, are desperately English within a stone's throw of the Garrison Club—a case of Rome capturing Greece twice over, to invert the Horatian saw of *Græcia Capta*. The St. Louis Gate—new, but the most effective bit of Gothic in America—spans the Grande Allée, the historical road down which Montcalm rode from the Heights of Abraham on that September morning fatal to France.

I shall never forget my first impressions. We had had our view of the famous falls at *Rivière du Loup* spoiled by the incessant downpour, and under the same depressing circumstances had dragged in the slow “Intercolonial” train past St. Anne de la Pocatière and St. Roch and St. Jean Port Joli and Three Salmons and St. Peter and St. Thomas and St. Charles, and all the rest of the little towns which patronise little saints on the shores of the great river, when all of a sudden the evening sun shone out

just as we were entering Levis. Overhead the clouds were black and thundery, but the horizon was a radiance of lurid fire.

On the brow of the precipice stood out in bold relief the outline of the discrowned capital of the New World, like a warrior lying in state, with the black night filling the lofty cathedral above him, and the glow of torches round his bier. The citadel on the brow of the precipice suggested his head, and the rigid Laval University on the toe of the rock his upturned feet. I did not then recognise how typical these two landmarks were of English and French power—the sword and the keys.

The next day was gloriously fine; and how gloriously fine July days can be in Eastern Canada, where one gets the dry, champagne Australian heat, and the dark blue Australian skies, and a breeze from mountain or river! We were staying on the old Place d'Armes, which has glittered with the pomp of generations of knightly Frenchmen. From my bedroom window I could see the broad bay of the St. Lawrence, at the head of which Quebec stands, with the beautiful Isle of Orleans in its midst, and the Laurentides beyond, rising abruptly out of the plain like the tombs of the Troad. Not a stone's throw from my door once rose the Château of St. Louis, from which New France was governed; and just beyond is Dufferin Terrace, the magnificent promenade along the face of the precipice, which leads to the towering citadel, and seems to me

conceived and named with unique appropriateness. With the exception of Wolfe, no Englishman who ever went to Canada lives in the hearts of the people like Lord Dufferin. We were in Canada the best part of two years, and never passed a day without hearing some kindly tribute to his memory. Each town treasures up the words in which, with a felicity entirely his own, he summed up or picked out its outward and visible graces and true claims to greatness. No Governor-General ever enjoyed such a popularity, and exercised such a restraining or inspiring influence. Lord Derby, with his shrewd *bonhomie*, used constantly to complain that Lord Dufferin was such an impossible man to follow—he always said and did the right thing. And Lord Derby was right; Lord Dufferin's Viceroyalty accumulated in Canada a perennial fund of loyalty to England.

No fitter monument could have been chosen to bear his name than Dufferin Terrace, which is to the citadel of Quebec what the Propylæa was to the Acropolis of Athens—the avenue to the crowning glory of city and country.

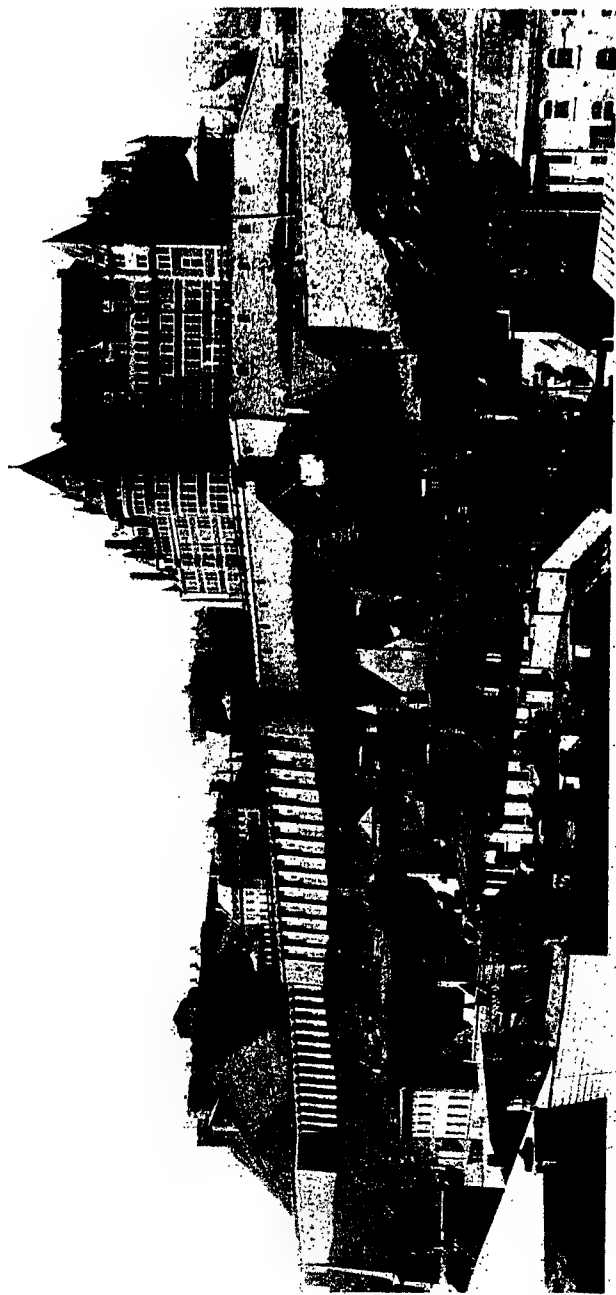
Quebec—the first port on the great river St. Lawrence, the highway which is to make Chicago and Toronto, Buffalo and Port Arthur seaports when a little dredging has been done—is the gate of Canada; and its citadel will be for ever associated in the minds of patriotic Canadians (and what Canadian is not patriotic?) with Wolfe and the

conquest of Canada. As one steams across the lordly bay in which the Isle of Orleans is situated, almost before the citadel one notices the noble sweep of Dufferin Terrace. As a great writer once remarked, "It is the first noticeable thing in Canada"; and he added with much felicity "It connects the old order with the new."

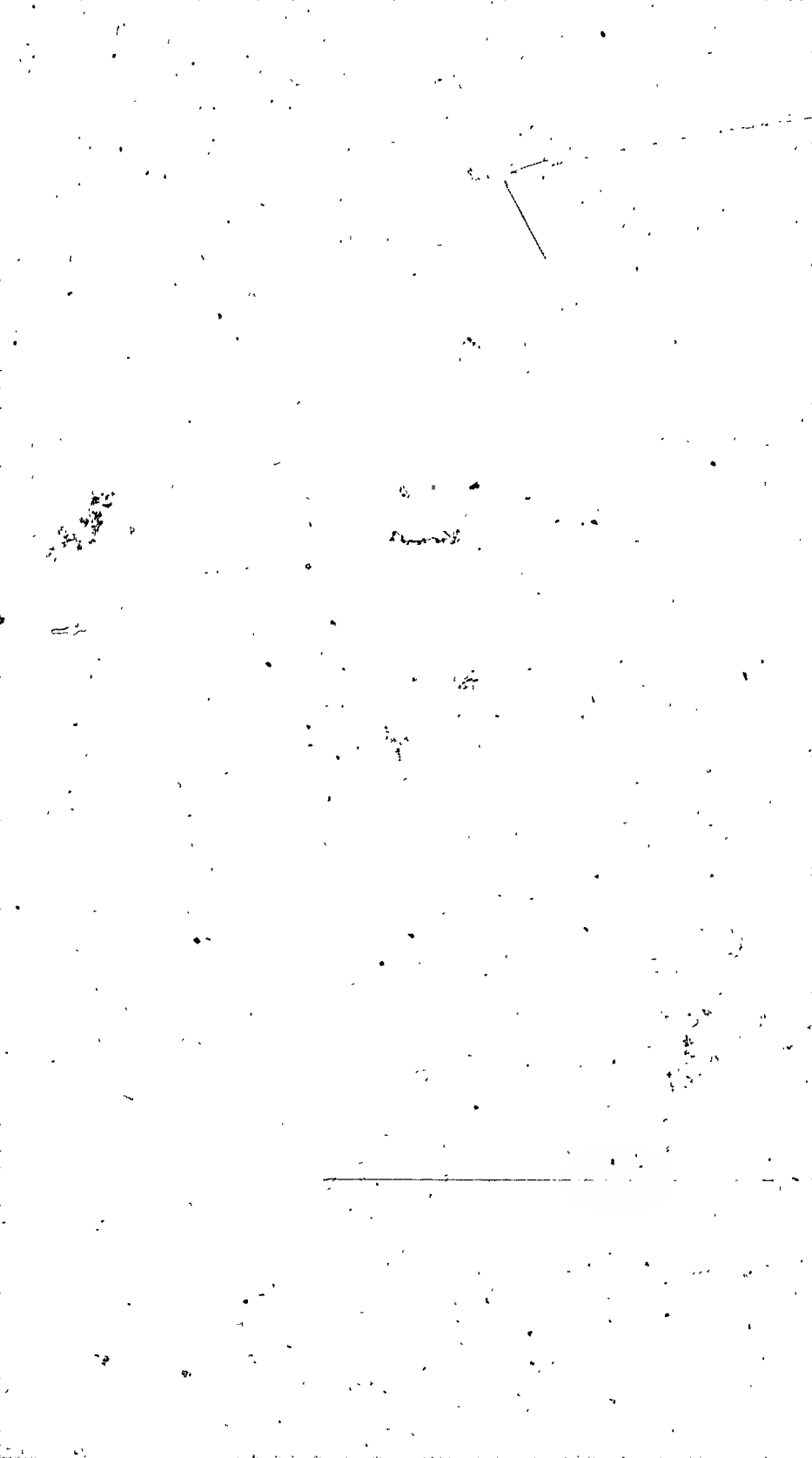
It was the happiest idea to make the ancient capital of one of our most important colonies a monument to Lord Dufferin, because if all our colonies had had Lord Dufferins for Governors the United States would still have been part of the Empire.

This promenade, before the landslip temporarily wrecked it, bade fair to be a joy for ever, standing as it did two hundred feet above the river—a broad sweep of planking as smooth as the deck of a man-of-war, a quarter of a mile long, and commanding such a view.

I shall not easily forget that first morning on Dufferin Terrace. First of all *l'ascenseur*, a queer elevator, working on a very steep inclined plane, carried us down to the quaint old fisher town clustered round "Notre Dame Des Victoires," the tiny church which commemorates to patriotic and superstitious Canucks the repulse of Sir William Phipps in 1690 and the storm-scattering of Walker's fleet in 1711. It was called "Notre Dame de Victoire" from 1690 to 1711. The church stands in a dear little seventeenth-century square, the quaintest bit but one in the New World; and nearer in is the



QUEBEC: DUFFERIN TERRACE, THE CITADEL, AND THE HOTEL FRONTENAC.



Champlain market-place, where the time-honoured quack with his vegetable medicines, and the Indian corn-doctor with his long hair, who used to drive about drawn by four white horses, still excite the profoundest faith, conducting their professions in the midst of a medley of dried tobacco leaves, maple-sugar cakes, black puddings, blocks of frozen milk in winter, rubbishy haberdashery and sabots, which the habitants, in their coarse blue home-made serges of old Breton fashions, come to sell or buy.

This old-fashioned Lower Town is most interesting with its queer stores, where the hardy sailors of the St. Lawrence buy their fishing and boating outfits. The old mansard-roofed houses on the slope of the rock, swallowed up in the landslip, were, of course, occupied by the poor Irish. They regard Providence with much less awe than the rent-collector. Their houses are the quaintest in Quebec, backing on the rock still many of them, and inhabited in spite of the terrific warning of the landslip, when vast masses of it came down like an avalanche and overwhelmed houses and people alike. There is a ghastly photograph on sale in Quebec of rows of dead children laid out for the coroner, telling with peaceful little faces how instantaneous was their destruction.

From this the lower road would have taken us to Wolfe's Cove, but we wished to be on the terrace for the noonday gun-fire; so we reascended, in time to see a stately Allan liner cross the dancing waves of the bay, and run under the citadel, which, being a

Royal mail steamer, she duly saluted with cannon. It made a fine spectacle, the great steamer swinging with the tide as she anchored, a white puff coming from her side, and beyond her the transpontine suburb of Levis, perched on the side of the hill, crowned with the three great forts.

In the morning the terrace seems principally occupied by old men with telescopes, and tourists. The young men and maidens wait for the evening, when the band plays and shades are friendly.

The new St. Louis Gate is an exceedingly handsome one; and when it has stood as long as the one it replaced, its terraced top and château turret, and guard-house will make it picturesque enough to be a worthy entrance to the picturesque old ramparts, with their facing of hoary stone banked with turf, trodden into devious paths by the feet of moonlight lovers. In the shadow outside the St. Louis Gate some fine tennis courts intrude the nineteenth century; and on opposite sides of the road, just beyond, rise the stately Parliament House of the Province of Quebec, and a beautiful grey stone building in the old turreted French style, the Drill Hall.

This bit of rampart runs right down to the St. John's Gate, bringing one to the market, where the inhabitants sell birch-bark pottles of fruit in summer, and come in every variety of strange frost-wrap in the winter.

Not so very far from this gate, along the St. Foye Road, is the monument to Levis and Murray, the

French and British generals on the battle-field, which saw, as the British sullenly retreated, the last ray of success that gilded the French arms.

The fortress called the Citadel towers right over Dufferin Terrace, and the little Governor's garden, with its monument, so honourable to the chivalrousness of England, erected by Governor-General Lord Dalhousie to the joint memory of Wolfe and Montcalm. The Citadel stands on Cape Diamond, three hundred and fifty feet above the river; and if its heavy granite ramparts were made the basis of a modern earthwork, the fortress would be immensely strong, as it could fire its shot point blank on to the decks of an attacking fleet that tried to run the gauntlet, and would have to be attacked from a great distance to train the fleet guns high enough.

The last evening before we left we ascended the apex of the Citadel to take our leave of Quebec and study once more the battle-field on which France bade good-bye to the New World. There were the turf outworks of the French fortress that held out against Wolfe's bombardment so long, and beyond them the Martello towers, erected by the victorious English, and the column built over the ruins of the monument that marked the place where Wolfe died with the shouts of victory in his ears.

Beyond the woody point of Sillery the river was lost to the gaze; so we instinctively turned to the left to look over the broad, surging river to Levis, whence Wolfe tore Quebec to pieces with his cannonade—

and the great bay formed by the historical island of Orleans, with the spires of the good St. Anne glistening in the sunlight, and the distant blue Laurentides rising out of the plain beyond. Distant mountain and sea-like expanse of river; stately shipping; crumbling ramparts bristling with the cannon of a bygone day; Norman houses with steep-pitched roofs and dormer windows; fantastic buildings piled at all sorts of elevations up the rock, historic and romantic alike for exploration and battle; and the glittering Canadian summer and winter, have conspired to make Quebec one of the unique places of the world—a promontory in one's memory.

I purposely left the Citadel to the last. The keep, still used as a fortress, but with a sadly reduced garrison and an insignificant armament, is a little disappointing. The keenest pleasure I could get out of it was to go at dusk to ramble in the deep moat under the lofty ramparts, based in rich clusters of toad flax, whose intense orange and yellow glimmered even by night. Here, cut off from all sights of to-day, one could meditate on the romantic history of the New-World Troy. And sometimes the glamour would be heightened by the apparition on the ramparts of the captive bear, or the imprisoned bison, kept by the officers, poor relics of the primævality so rapidly forsaking America. The effect of the bison especially—a fierce young bull—as he stood with his leonine head silhouetted against the twilight, growling ominously, was weird, even pathetic.

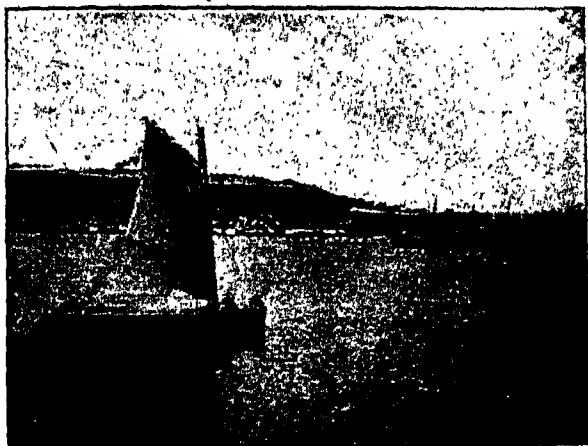
CHAPTER V.

THE BATTLE OF QUEBEC.

AS some people are born without the noble rage to enjoy a battle I shall give the Battle of Quebec, one of the most picturesque in history, a chapter to itself—a quantity to be neglected at pleasure.

It was fought upon the Plains (or Heights) of Abraham, so called after Master Abraham the Scot, nominated King's pilot of the St. Lawrence in 1646, whose full name, Abraham Martin, occurs both on the parish and the prison registers. They now contain the magnificent Houses of Parliament and Drill Hall, a big asylum or jail, and a flourishing suburb of the city. In those days the plains were open from the walls of the Citadel to Cap Rouge, and slightly wooded, especially on their precipitous river face, approachable only by a path which could not then take two men abreast, though it has since grown into a high road of a sort. Montcalm, who was a good general, leaving fifteen hundred men to guard this flank besides the garrison in the Citadel, encamped his main body at Beauport, where the slope begins to lead from the river St. Charles

to the city, the only point where an attack could be successful if the defenders were on the alert. Whenever the city was threatened he could thus force on a battle. Wolfe, who had a fleet to co-operate with him, and expected to be joined by Amherst's army of twelve thousand men, and Sir William Johnson's Indians, had entrenched himself on the Isle of Orleans; and on the Quebec bank of



QUEBEC FROM POINT LEVIS.

[Notman.]

the St. Lawrence, separated from Montcalm by the river Montmorency, which here throws itself over the famous falls; and on the south bank at what is now called Lévis.

He had waited in vain for both Amherst and Johnson; and his attempt to force the French lines at the Montmorency had been disastrously repulsed.

"On Sept. 9th," says Lord Mahon, "he wrote as if anxious to prepare the public mind of England

for his failure or retreat." He was prostrated with a fever, and suffering agony from an internal disease. His concluding words were, "My constitution is entirely ruined, without the consolation of having done any considerable service to the State, or without any prospect of it."

Four days after this he tried a final *coup*, with the genius and audacity of a Nelson, and won for his country in the early hours of an autumn morning an empire that is almost as large as Europe. Leaving Admiral Saunders from the Isle of Orleans to feint an attack upon the city from below, and Admiral Holmes to feint another attack three leagues above the city, Wolfe dropped quietly down on the tide, to avoid the noise of the rowing, to a little bay two miles above Quebec, since known as Wolfe's Cove.

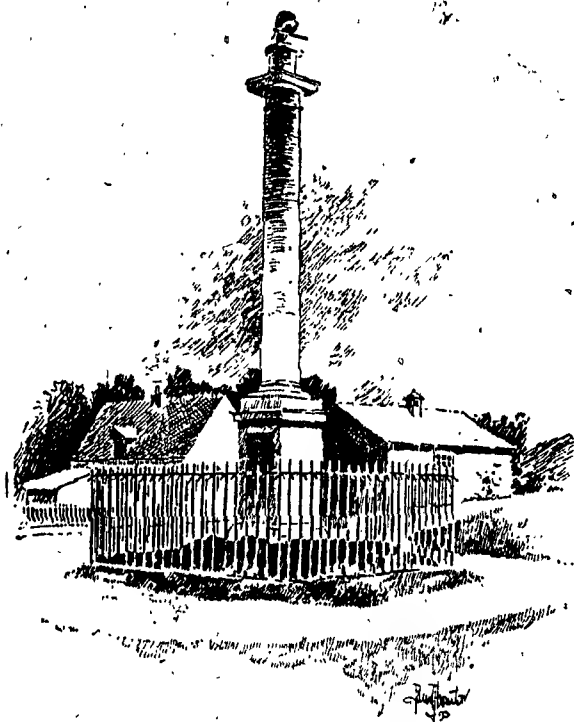
He had only *bateaux* enough for half his force, about sixteen hundred men, but he landed these; and the boats, as soon as the alarm was raised and all motive for stealth had passed, hastened back with all possible speed for the remainder. As the path up from the cove to the Plains of Abraham above would only take Indian file, the men scrambled up the almost precipitous face of the heights, hanging on to the bushes and trees, and left the path to the sailors who were dragging up the single gun.

The French guard of one hundred and fifty men heard them, fired, received their return fire, and

fled in a panic, though they could have rewritten the history of the New World by behaving with ordinary courage. Once on the heights, Wolfe ordered his men with the utmost skill, so as to hold the ground till the remainder of his force could come up. Montcalm would not credit the alarm till he had seen for himself, but rode off at once to see. "Oui, je les vois, où ils ne doivent pas être," he confessed; but he added, to cheer his army, "Je vais les écraser" (to smash them up). He knew his peril. The British, inferior in number, were steadier troops. Though galled by his skirmishers, they reserved their fire, as Wolfe ordered, till within forty paces, and then pouring it in with deadly effect, the English with the bayonet, and the Highlanders with the claymore, were on the French before they could recover, and the battle was over. Pitt, the elder, had but recently brought out his Highland Regiment scheme. The wild yells of Fraser's clansmen have passed into history by the ghastly impression of ferocity which they made upon the French. Wolfe was thrice shot, and the third wound brought him down. Conveyed dying to the rear, he gazed with lifted head till his sight failed, and he fell back speechless and motionless. Suddenly a bystander called out, "See how they run!" "Who run?" he cried, raising himself on his elbow. "The enemy; they give way in all directions." "Then God be praised; I shall die happy."

A column inscribed, "Here died Wolfe, victorious, September the 13th, 1759," marks the place on the battle-field where he fell.

Four or five days afterwards the Sire de Ramezay,



GENERAL WOLFE'S MONUMENT.

less jealous of the honour of France than Montcalm, surrendered the city, which the English could not have taken had he held out a few weeks, the winter fell so early that year. The poor, shot-riddled, diseased body of the thirty-three-year-old general was carried back to his native Kent to rest in

Greenwich church. Regarding the Canada of to-day, one might well apply to him that epitaph of Wren, "Lector, si monumentum requiris, circumspice."

His opponent, the gallant Marquis of Montcalm, died amid confusion so dire that history was long in doubt whether he dragged his sorely wounded body as far as his own mansion on the ramparts or died on the way to the Château of St. Louis. Men are still alive, or recently dead, who have heard eye-witnesses relate how they saw the trail made by his blood down the Grande Allée (now St. Louis Street).

The story of Montcalm has been most eloquently told by the historian of Quebec, Mr. J. M. Le Moine,* himself of French-Canadian extraction, to a mixed audience of the descendants of the conquerors and the conquered at the local historical society. One can almost see from his description the St. Louis Gate, which leads to the Plains of Abraham, open to admit the stricken commander, held on to his great black charger by two tall grenadiers, pale with the loss of blood which was streaming from his wounds, but facing his end with the composure of the Grand Seigneur.

Women had heard the cry that Wolfe was at the gate—the roar of artillery—the incessant roll of musketry, and were craning their necks anxiously out of the quaint overhanging windows of the Grande Allée.

* Author of many delightful, picturesque, and most invaluable books about Quebec and its vicinity.

"Oh, mon Dieu, mon Dieu ! le Marquis est tué !" they cried.

His courtly breeding triumphed for a moment over the pain of his wounds, as he strove to reassure them. "Ce n'est rien, ce n'est rien ; ne vous affligez pas pour moi, mes bonnes amies !"

Now we know that he was taken into the ancient Convent of the Ursulines, because he lacked the strength to proceed to his own mansion or the Château of St. Louis. There he sent for the King's Lieutenant in charge of the Quebec garrison—that Sire de Ramezay, whose old mansion still stands in the busiest street of Montreal—and the colonel of the Rousillon Regiment.

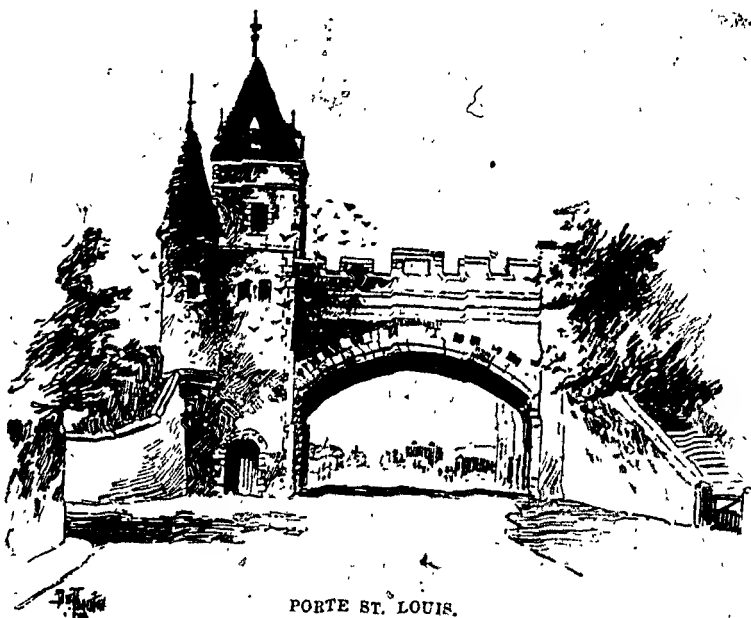
"Gentlemen, to your keeping I commend the honour of France. Endeavour to secure the retreat of my army to-night beyond Cap Rouge. As for myself, I shall pass the night with God, and prepare for death."

Right in the heart of Quebec there still exists the Ursuline Convent, founded in 1659 by Madame de la Peltrie, in answer to an earnest appeal from the Jesuits that something should be done for the female children of the Indians. It is a quaint old building—buildings age so quickly in the New World.

Hither, at nine o'clock in that September evening of 1759, his remains were followed by De Ramezay and the officers of the garrison, with a military escort. He was buried most appropriately in a spot

in the chapel floor where a bomb had fallen through the roof and torn up the flags.

"A few citizens had gathered in," said Mr. Le Moine, "and amongst the rest one led by the hand his little daughter, who, looking into the grave, saw and remembered, more than three-fourths of a century later, the rough wooden box, which was all the ruined city could afford to enclose the remains of her defender."



PORTE ST. LOUIS.

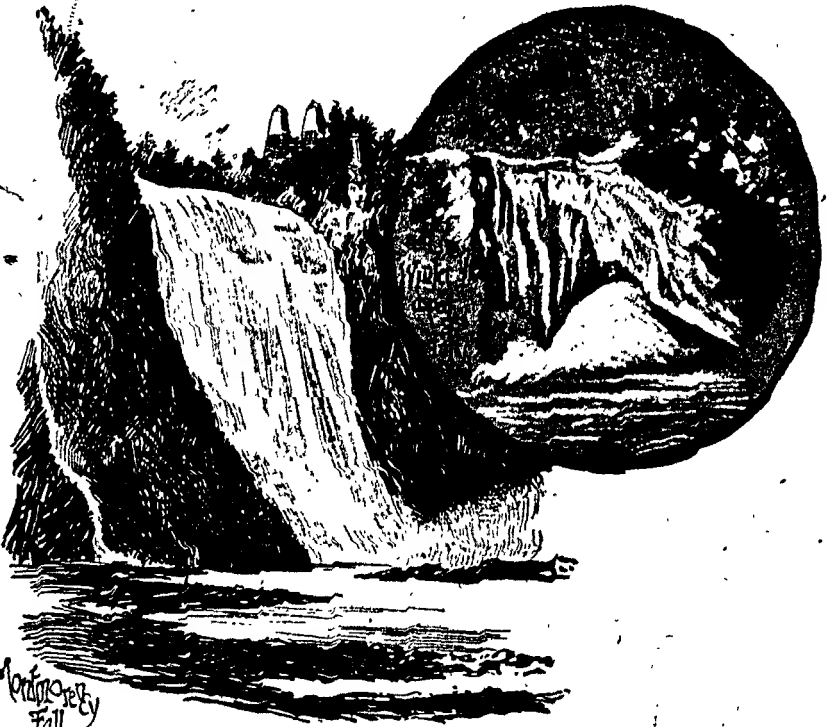
CHAPTER VI.

BELOW QUEBEC.

THERE are seventy thousand people in Quebec, mostly cabmen. The centre of attraction to them all seemed to be exactly opposite the front door of the dear old house at 3, St. Louis Street, which rivals the hotels in its attraction for strangers. There was a splendid diversity in their utterances when they were unfolding the glories of the environs of Quebec, but a strange unanimity in manifolding their prices. Quebec deals in two kinds of cabs: the four-wheeler of effete civilisation being represented by a kind of waggonette, such as they use in Melbourne; and the hansom by the *calèche* (pronounced *caldsh*), which was the modish vehicle of the seventeenth-century France perpetuated in Canada. The *calèche*, more than anything else in the world, resembles an enormously high jinriksha, drawn by a horse instead of a man; it has really no place for the driver, who balances himself over your feet. Being on leather springs it is very easy travelling, and you feel as if you were acting in a burlesque all the time.

One fine day we hired a *calèche* to go to the famous

Montmorency Falls, which are a hundred feet higher than Niagara, though the river is so inconsiderable that in very dry weather they threaten to share the fate of the Australian waterfall at Govett's Leap, which



never reaches the bottom at all, but somewhere in mid-air dissipates itself into spray for the sport of the winds. In the winter, however, there is a good fall till the water gets frozen into the finest and most dangerous toboggan slide in the world. One winter an enterprising caterer scooped a fairy palace

or grotto at the bottom of the ice, and drove a roaring trade in licensed victuals.

On the way we took in the Indian village of Lorette—painfully civilised. The chief of the Hurons, a tribe so powerful once as almost to amount to our idea of a nation, lives in a cottage, in seedy European clothes like a retired gardener's,



and only puts on his native dress on great occasions, such as a Good Templar's picnic, or when he has to go through the fiction of transacting tribal business. But he makes a very good living by selling shilling birch-bark canoes, and shilling deer-skin knife cases embroidered with beads, and mocassins up to a couple of dollars. His wife on ordinary days looks like a charwoman; but she rises to great occasions by wearing an old chimney-pot hat, with a long,

broad sash of the brightest Mrs. Gladstone blue tied round it in the most approved funeral fashion. She looks very fine in that. An enterprising Irish surveyor has married the chief's comely daughter, with a view to the reversion of the Huron crown and revenues, the chief owning a considerable amount of land in the village. These Indians here are very devout, worthy people, regular attendants at the little chapel which they have used for nearly two hundred years. The power of the tribe was stamped out long, long ago by their hereditary enemies, the fierce Iroquois. Near the village are the famous Falls of Lorette, of which the most picturesque part is the fierce, deep cascade below, tearing through the rocks that bind it in, like the famous Strid in Wharfedale, and over-awed by precipitous wooded heights.

As you drive back into town convinced by experience that going down a hill in a *calèche* doesn't necessarily mean breaking your neck, you will dismount for a minute or two to walk reverently over the ruins of the old Duchesnay manor house, Montcalm's headquarters all through that terrible summer of 1759, and the simple home of De Salaberry, who saved Canada for the British by his victory in 1813 at Chateauguay.

As one nears home one passes by a very historical spot, where three hundred and fifty years ago, in 1535, Jaques Cartier landed and wintered. A monument marks the spot where he erected the

first cross that stood in the northern part of this continent. Not far off the city surveyor of Quebec, three hundred years, later unearthed the stout oak timbers of the *Petite Hermine*, a ship of sixty tons, which Cartier beached and left here. And only a little farther is the entrenched camp, twelve acres in extent and surrounded by a ditch and an earth-work twenty feet high, in which Montcalm's army sheltered themselves from the cannonading of Wolfe's fleet. The field is circular, hence called the "Ring-field."

I stood on the spot, classical with the memories of Cartier and Montcalm, late one summer afternoon. I had intended to diverge to the lonely valley that contains the exquisite ruins of the Château of the Intendant Bigot. Many a dark deed it probably saw in its day, for Bigot's cruelties and profligacy are historical. I regret that in a lazy mood I made up my mind that it was too late, and that I would make another expedition of it, which expedition, of course, I never did make. So, instead of wandering among the roofless ruins of Château Bigot, we drove through the picturesque Lower Town, with its narrow streets scooped out of the rock-side, its tall stone houses with their steep-pitched roofs and dormer windows, and its ancient market-place.

I went once again to the Montmorency Falls on a picnic, which I am not likely to forget. The Press Association of Ontario were being entertained by the Municipality and Press of Quebec, the former

presumably playing paymaster. I do not know where I came in, except that I happened to be staying in Quebec, and that Canadian hospitality to strangers knows no bounds. We left Quebec on a bright summer morning for a trip down the harbour, and went first to inspect the port, more especially the Princess Louise basin, erected at such a cost. All went swimmingly till we nearly had to swim for it, from being run into by one of the quaint wooden ferry-boats, two or three stories high, used on the St. Lawrence like other American rivers. If our boat had been seriously damaged, there would have been a run on the Quebec morgue, for the whole of the French journalists of the city, each talking his loudest, made a bolt to the hold at the heels of the captain; and captain, engineers, and journalists must have gone to the bottom like sardines in a box if the boat had sunk, for it took them about five minutes to extricate themselves from the inspection. The Englishmen above took things in their level-headed way, reflecting that, if there were a hole in the steamer's bottom, it would do them less good to inspect it than to be on deck with a life-belt handy; and the French mayor's beautiful young wife and the other ladies sat still and showed the most difficult kind of pluck. The Press came up without having been able to lay their fingers on a hole in the ship's bottom, but with an air of disappointment and distrust which cast a distinct gloom over the expedition, until an idea of genius

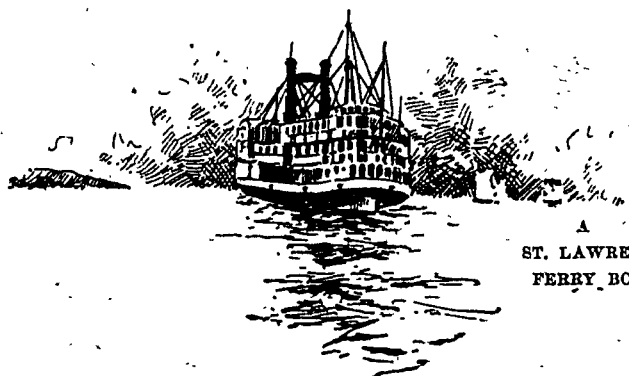
struck the representative of *La Minerve* that the Press of Ontario would not be properly treated unless they were taken over the graving dock of St. Joseph's, where the *Polynesian* was having a little hole of twenty-four feet square in her bows—a memento of her meeting with the *Cynthia*—plated over. We fell into the trap blithely; and while we were inspecting the *Polynesian*, the wily Minerva got the chief surveyor of the dockyard to inspect our little steamer. The contusion was found, and pronounced insignificant, and Minerva whispered the news; and we re-embarked and voyaged with conspicuous volubility and lightheartedness along the orchard-crowded shores of the Isle of Orleans to our destination, Ste. Anne de Beaupré, the Lourdes of New France. I was reminded strangely of the great Abbey of Einsiedeln, which Meinrad of Hohenzollern founded in the wild hills behind Zurich a thousand years ago, reverently visited ten centuries afterwards by the greatest of all his race, the founder of the new German Empire, though a Protestant. The village consists of very little beyond the great cathedral and a few boarding-houses opposite, which are run in connection with the shrine in the naïve way in which the Catholic Church in Canada combines commerce and salvation. The shrine of the good St. Anne, like the shrine of the famous Black Virgin of Einsiedeln, is blockaded with offerings of crutches, wooden legs, spectacles, and other props to infirm humanity superseded

by her intercessions. There are pictures too, less notable as works of art than for their Zola-like realism or flights of the imagination. Shipwrecks, fires, murders, pestilences, yield to the sanctity of the good St. Anne. As far as I can make out, she had tried her hand on everything except explosions in mines and railway collisions. The pilgrims seemed expected to buy something, and you could buy nearly anything, from a rosary or a cheap image of the Saint down to a photograph of the Falls or a penholder blessed by being sold under the sacred roof. The piety of the devotees affected me; there were all sorts, from wealthy and elegant leaders of Quebec society to women from the forest, in homespun, all kneeling the floor in a gentle passion of piety. Whenever I looked from the ramparts of Quebec down the great river to the twin spires of this cathedral, glittering like gold with their roofing of rusty tin, I used to think of these transfigured women; and then it seemed to me that the secret of the extraordinary vitality and influence of the Catholic Church might be that it can dispense to its children a peace of God which passes the understanding of the indifferent. The whole valley of the St. Lawrence glitters with such steeples.

From St. Anne's we were the first passengers who ever travelled by the Quebec, Montmorency, and Charlevoix Railroad, just finished. We felt a little "previous" when we found that the only rolling stock provided were the "platforms" used for

carrying rails and sleepers, with wooden forms nailed on to them to prevent you from slipping off, as there is no kind of rail or side to these platform trucks. The forms were not even planed; and I may mention that it was raining heavily. The ladies screamed, and thought they were coming off every time the engine driver put the brake on. We made two or three stoppages; one to inspect the famous Falls at Montmorency, which that day had quite a respectable little river falling over the precipice of two hundred and sixty-five feet high, showing the aptness of the habitants' name for the fall, La Vache, with its masses of milk-white foam. Montmorency has a further interest, for on opposite sides of this river, typified in the broken bridge which has a road of mossy turf leaping into space from each of its lofty banks, Wolfe and Montcalm watched each other like crouching cats before Wolfe made his decisive spring on the Heights of Abraham. We stopped, too, at the works which supply the entire city of Quebec with electric light generated by the falls. Here the management committed a grave error of judgment: they had a mass of interesting scientific apparatus to show us, but unfortunately decided to give us food first and information afterwards. About seventy-five per cent. of the picnickers never got to the science stage at all, preferring to pop off champagne corks till the train started. But I dare say they wrote up the company's efforts just as enthusiastically. Montmorency Falls are no less than nine miles from

Quebec, but the electric light is so good that one wonders why they do not use the current to work the elevator which connects the Upper and Lower



A
ST. LAWRENCE
FERRY BOAT.

Towns. Being driven by hydraulic pressure, it always stops in the winter, when one needs it more than any other time to escape the sloping sheets of glass on the Mountain Hill Road. We never got to Quebec at all; that is to say, the railway never



DR. GEORGE STEWART.

did, for it suddenly lost itself in the mud down by the river St. Charles, and we had to find our way home in open cabs and a deluge of rain,—a conclusion that might have been dismal to a most interesting and amusing day, had it not been enlivened for me by the company of Dr. George Stewart, the centre of English literary life in Quebec, and one of the most brilliant prose writers Canada has produced, whose

life of Canada's greatest Governor, Lord Dufferin, is already a classic—a striking-looking man, with his keen, twinkling blue eyes and heavy black moustache.

It was he who sketched out in advance for me, almost point by point, the speech the French Mayor of Quebec would make at luncheon, about the English conquest of New France being as profitable to the conquered as the Norman conquest had been to England, and, in fact, the whole affair being merely Norman conquering Norman, for Canada was mostly colonised from Normandy and Brittany. He made me laugh, too, when we were met on our return by a pretentious militia officer, who was going to the Governor-General's ball in the Citadel, and was afraid he should be called upon to make a speech at the supper. There were two men-of-war in the river, H.M.S. *Bellerophon* and H.M.S. *Pylades*. "I say, Stewart, who was Pylades?" asked the anxious hero. "You won't be asked to propose his health, old chap; he's dead."

The Governor-General's annual ball in the palace in the Citadel was enchanting. The ladies of Quebec are proverbially pretty and smart, and there was no lack of bronzed faces and epaulettes. The band of the flagship played, and was of course excellent. But I soon left the dancers and the fair Quebeckers, to pace with a friend, who had wandered over half the world with me, along the terrace on the brow of the rock, illuminated by the search-lights of the men-of-war anchored three hundred feet below, upon

the vast and romantic river. From the open palace windows were wafted echoes of the State "Lancers," led by the Governor-General—the light tramp of slippered feet, moving in unison to the touching old Jacobite air, usurped for a music-hall ballad, with the refrain of "Soon to be in London Town." We seemed very far from London Town, as our eyes followed the search-lights of the Queen's ships, lying where King's ships had lain one hundred and thirty years before to support Wolfe, who had his siege-train on the lofty Levis shore. Quebec on a Canadian summer night, with all the stars in heaven shining down on it, and the magic light of electricity giving brief visions of the towering Acropolis of the New World, the bristling lines of ancient cannon, and the sea-like river below, seems to belong to the same intangible sphere of romance as the Alhambra of Washington Irving. Moreover, our hearts were full; for were we not standing where the haughty and magnificent Frontenac stood bending his longing eyes on the limitless West, of which he was one of the first prophets? We, too, were bending our eyes on the Great West, but with all the resources of modern science at our beck; for the luxurious cars of the Canadian Pacific Railway—a first-class hotel on wheels—would take us in less than a week, if there were not so many paradises to linger in by the way, to the western limit of the great empire, the western end of the world—British Columbia.

CHAPTER VII.

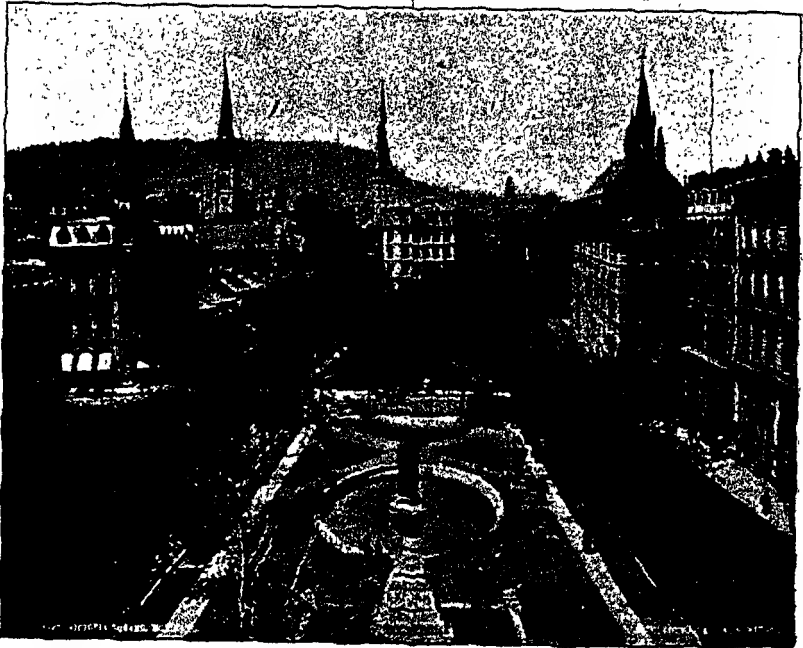
MONTREAL: THE PRINCIPAL CITY OF CANADA.

THERE are three means of going from Quebec to Montreal: by the river steamer up the stately St. Lawrence, by the Grand Trunk, and by the Canadian Pacific Railway. Like most other travellers, we chose the last.

How shall I describe Montreal? In many ways it is like Edinburgh, with its handsome, regular, grey-stone streets, Mount Royal taking the place of the Castle Rock, and the mighty St. Lawrence of the Firth. The shops in Montreal are only moderately good. It gives one the idea more of a wholesale than a retail place, with its noble custom-house, vast warehouses, and miles of wharves along the river front, crowded with the stately ocean liners of the Allan, Dominion, and Beaver companies, the grain flats from the great lakes, and the bowless and sternless ferry-boats like floating wooden wedding cakes used on Transatlantic rivers.

Montreallers love fine horses. The finest jumper ever exhibited at a Madison Square horse show in New York was Canadian, and outside Montreal there is a magnificent stud farm of French draught horses.

They drive very spirited horses too. It was at Montreal that the pretty girl who plays such a conspicuous part in these pages first distinguished herself. A friend of hers, a young English M.P. (a first-class whip; by the way), hired a dogcart for a



VICTORIA SQUARE, MONTREAL.

[Notman.]

drive on the mountain. The horse took fright and tore full tilt down the zigzag roads. With her usual pluck, she had the nerve to resist clutching at the reins, and sat like a statue; so he was able to give his full attention to the horse, keeping him clear of obstacles, and when they had got to the street at the bottom of the mountain, and had gone

about a mile along it, managed to pull him up: Montreallers were lost in admiration of the girl, and, it must be added, the horse.

Pleasant people to deal with are the Montreallers, moderate in their prices compared to Americans, and of better physique than the people of the Eastern States. The Canadian despises the American as emasculated and mixed-blooded, and the American retorts with a still finer contempt for the poverty and want of go in Canada. The fine physique of the Montreallers is no doubt largely due to their athletic clubs, which are almost more important than social clubs, though the St. James's is a very fine club, and the Metropolitan the reverse of dull. Montreal goes mad upon athletics; it has snow-shoeing clubs, tobogganing clubs, rinking clubs, hunt clubs, lacrosse clubs, football clubs, and what not else; and in the winter hockey on the ice and sleighing parties fill the whole atmosphere. Millionaires mostly betray their origin by their enthusiasm over the Curling Club; it is no uncommon sight to see a man sixty years old, worth £200,000, playing crossing-sweeper on the rink, while his daughters telephone to the candy shops for boxes of choice sweets, as the enthusiasm of the younger generation weakens.

Pretty nearly every house and shop in Montreal has its telephone. The day I arrived I called upon a lady to deliver a letter of introduction from Mrs. Moulton, the chief American poetess, whose literary receptions are one of the features of the

London season. No sooner had I effected the introduction than the lady went to her telephone, and within half an hour there were twenty or thirty people meeting me at afternoon tea, with every kind of luxurious sweetmeat and confection, sent in, as they were arriving, from the leading confectioner. I never was in a town where the telephone had such a perfect system as in Montreal.

Montreal is the New York of Canada, just as Toronto is the Chicago. Like New York, though neither the national nor the provincial capital, it contains the finest buildings and the head offices of the great companies. Montreal is a delightful city, laid out for the most part in rectangles, bounded by fine broad streets, lying between the mountain dubbed Mount Royal by Jacques Cartier in 1535, and the St. Lawrence, here nearly two miles wide. Montreal is properly the name of the island on which the city stands, the city having been christened Ville Marie de Montreal. The story of the foundation is thus told by Dawson :—

“It was an attempt to found in America a veritable Kingdom of God, as understood by devout Roman Catholics. In the year 1636 the Abbé Olier, a zealous priest, while praying in the Church of St. Germain de Près, in Paris, received, or thought he received, a divine revelation to found upon the island of Montreal a society of priests for the propagation of the true faith in the New World. Led by various mystical guidings, he formed the

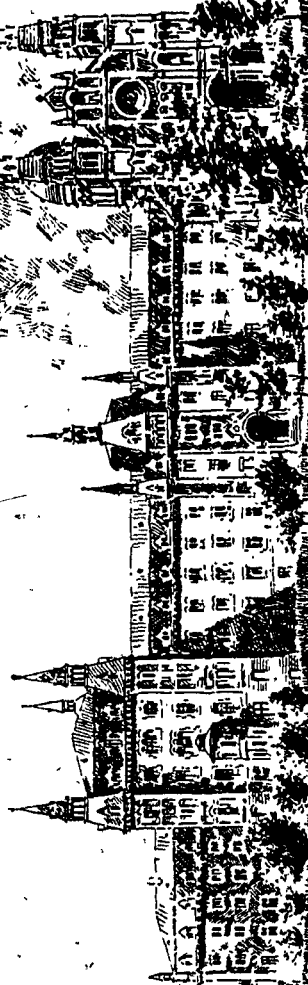
acquaintance of Dauversière, a receiver of taxes in Anjou, whose mind had been prepared in a similar manner. These two men resolved to found upon the island three religious orders—one of priests, to preach the true faith; one of nuns, to nurse the sick; and a third, also of nuns, to educate the young. The dream of these enthusiasts is to-day realised in the seminary of St. Sulpice, the hospital of the Hôtel Dieu, and the schools of the Congregation of Notre Dame. Olier and Dauversière had very little money, but they found the Baron de Fancamp, who was rich; and, with the aid of three others, they purchased in the year 1640 the seigniory of the island of Montréal from the company to whom it had been granted by the king of France. Then, finding in Paul de Chomedey, Sieur de Maisonneuve, a suitable leader, they sent out in 1641 the colony which, in May 1642, the year the great rebellion broke out in England, founded the city of Montreal.

“When the Governor of Quebec sought to dissuade the chivalrous De Maisonneuve, from settling at ‘the siege perilous,’ he replied, ‘Monsieur, your reasoning would be conclusive if I had been sent to deliberate upon the selection of a suitable site; but the company having decided that I should go to Montreal, it is a matter of honour, and I trust that you will not be displeased that I settle my colony there.’ And again, when further pressed, ‘Gentlemen, if all the trees of the island of Montreal were changed into Iroquois, I am bound by

honour and duty to go.' The founding of Montreal would be a splendid text for goody-goody story books; for De Maisonneuve's blind obedience to the instruction of Olier, Dauversière, and De Fancamp has resulted in the Sulpician Fathers inheriting one of the noblest properties ever held by an ecclesiastical corporation."

Such, in brief, was the origin of the chief city of Canada, and the Fathers are still landlords of the city and the island, with their boundless potentialities of wealth. How rich the Catholic Church is here may be seen at a glance, if one climbs the mountain which gave the Ville Marie de Montreal its name; for spread out at his feet, on every vantage point, will be seen rising huge barracks or stately churches, the barracks being this or the other Catholic school or hospital; and more than half the churches are dedicated to the same faith. The offices and headquarters of the Fathers of St. Sulpice are in the dear old building adjoining Notre Dame, built nearly two hundred years ago. The seminary is at the western end of the city, made picturesque with grim round towers and block-houses of the old Fort de la Montagne. These, with their quaint steeple roofs, are two of the oldest edifices in Montreal, having been built by the city's founder, De Maisonneuve, for protection against the Iroquois. The seminary, with its eight hundred students, is known as the Montreal College, and is affiliated to the Laval University at Quebec.

VILLA MARIA.



From Montreal College one naturally used to proceed to Villa Maria, the superbly situated Mother House of the Sisters of the Congregation of Notre Dame. But last year a bald telegram from Montreal announced, "The destruction by fire of the Convent of Villa Maria, insured for one hundred thousand dollars, damages assessed at one million dollars. Nuns and pupils all safely removed." The burnt convent house included the old Government House, occupied by the Governor of the Canadas fifty years ago; but this was only a fraction of it. The Sisters added immense piles of buildings. The convent proper was built to receive one thousand nuns and three hundred pupils; but those accommodated in it formed only a small portion of the sisterhood. It was built on the slopes of Mount Royal, commanding a view of the St. Lawrence as far as the White Mountains on the other side of the boundary, to emblematised its ramifications all over Canada and the United States, it having no less than one hundred and six daughter houses in Nova Scotia, Cape Breton, and Prince Edward Island, Connecticut, Massachusetts, Maine, Vermont, Illinois, New York, etc., containing one thousand nuns and twenty-five thousand pupils. The Sisters of the Congregation of Notre Dame had not always been housed in the magnificent collegiate buildings of red brick just destroyed. Until recently the Mother House of the community was in St. Jean Baptiste Street, with the chapel, entered by an arch-

way from Notre Dame Street, upon the site of the church erected in 1693 by the foundress. The building just burnt down included a nunnery with sufficient accommodation for all the nuns in the order, besides a boarding school, church, and so on; the pleasant theory being that whenever the Sisters were worn out with work, they should come to the Mother House for rest, and that there should be space for all to come together if necessary. The school was the most celebrated ladies' school on the continent, Protestants as well as Catholics from all parts of the United States and Canada coming to it. The church was notable even in Montreal, "The City of Churches" of the New World. It was in the Byzantine style, with a dome 165 feet high and 34 feet in diameter over the high altar, and with western towers 160 feet high. The church was 300 feet long, with a high altar standing mid-way in the nave to divide the nuns from the general public; it had a beautiful rose window, and its proportions were most harmoniously designed. There was a fine hall, used for speech-days and the like, in which the Comte de Paris was officially received when he visited, in 1890, the institution founded under the protection of his ancestors in 1653 by Marguerite Bourgeois, who gave all her property to the poor, and came out to Canada with De Maisonneuve on his second voyage to establish an institution for the education of the female children of the settlers and Indians alike. The interior was to have been adorned with frescoes

of her visions and her labours among the poor French and savages in the hardships endured by the early settlement in that rigorous climate. Anyway, it was better that the magnificent new buildings were destroyed rather than the venerable buildings in St. Jean Baptiste and Notre Dame Streets, where an old chapel still exists, built under the eye of the good Sister herself, whence, for two hundred years, the movements of the whole community were regulated. Happily the work of Marguerite Bourgeois is beyond the reach of fire, though the noble building on Mount Royal, which rivalled the great Laval University in completeness, is no more.

Villa Maria maintains the traditions of New France, the memory that the French flag which floated over Canada before the fatal day of Québec was white and not tricoloured. The day the Comte de Paris visited it the French-Canadian and American girls, who came forward at the close of the charming musical reception to present addresses in French and English prose and verse, did not observe the diplomatic caution of the sterner sex, but frankly prayed for a speedy restoration of the heirs of Hugh Capet.

Villa Maria; the Catholic Cathedral of St. Peter's, an unfinished but stately copy of the original at Rome; and the Anglican Cathedral copied from Chichester, by no means exhaust the noble buildings of "The City of Churches"; for under the mountain are conspicuous the broken outline of McGill, Montreal's

magnificent University, and the gilded dome of the Hôtel Dieu; and down in the city the superb parish church of Notre Dame, the finest in the New World, the Canadian-Pacific-Railway building, the Windsor Hotel, and half a dozen others almost as fine. Notre Dame, rebuilt in 1824 on the site of the church of 1672, has towers 227 feet high, and a good deal of the majestic appearance of St. Sulpice at Paris. The seigneurs of the Island of Montreal, it must be remembered, are the Fathers of St. Sulpice. Inside, no church on this continent so recalls the carving and colour and richness of mediæval churches. Money is plentiful with the authorities; yet they are not content with their inheritance and the offerings of the faithful, but make money out of the just and unjust by taking them up one of the towers in an elevator at twenty-five cents per head, which most people pay, quite as much for the curiosity of such a novel ecclesiastical proceeding as for the really fine view. They are great on mechanical contrivances in this church, for the very candles, except on the altars, are not candles, but electroliers. I saw a singularly interesting ceremony there. The great church will seat from ten to fifteen thousand people, according to the packing the occasion will warrant; but from fifteen to twenty thousand people had assembled to see the head of the House of France, for the first time, at High Mass in New France.

Round the altar rails had been arranged a crescent

of handsome fauteuils, in the centre of which sat the heir of St. Louis, surrounded by the high officials of the Society of St. Jean Baptiste, whom, with characteristic energy, he had received at 9 a.m. The St. Jean Baptiste Society is to the Canadian French what the St. George's, St. Andrew's, and St. Patrick's are to the Canadian English, Scotch, and Irish, excepting that it is not a benefit society, and that it constitutes itself the guardian of the history and monuments and institutions of its race. I asked how many members it numbered. "How many French Canadians are there?" was the reply. Preceded by a gorgeous scarlet beadle they had escorted the Royal party up the nave amid a blare of joyous music. Almost immediately afterwards the Bishop of St. Hyacinthe, Monseigneur Moreau, preceded by about two hundred clergy and acolytes, filled the dais of the apse.

In this land, so remote from the pomp of princes, the stately ceremonies of the Roman Church seemed unusually gorgeous and impressive. The slow and frequent changing of the bishop's vestments; the black-and-white gowned boys who robed him so reverently, and held book and candle for him to read by; the swinging of gilded censers; the tall candles burning before the altar; the rich intoning; the full choir of five hundred voices, with its band of brass and stringed instruments, impressed me more than even the Christmas service in St. Peter's itself, with Cardinal Howard as celebrant.

If I had been a Frenchman I do not know how I should have suppressed my emotion sitting by the throneless king—the first of his house to visit the New France, over which the Lily flag had not waved for more than a hundred years, though the speech of Languedoil, as at home, flowed all round him.

Here, on the day of Chateauguay (October 26th), the greatest victory ever won by the French colonists fighting for England, the parish priest had the honour of preaching before the Son of France. He addressed him particularly, “Monseigneur, et Mes Frères.” A comical old chap he looked as he mounted the steep, winding stairs to the high pulpit, preceded by the scarlet beadle. He was immensely fat; the mere exercise of speaking made him perspire profusely; and, as he warmed to his subject with real eloquence, he tried his constitution sorely with his muscular gesticulations. His fat, round, red face and little cambric cape were set off by the tall sounding board, towering up almost to the rose-windowed roof with its pinnacles and double tiers of figures, three saints below, and Notre Dame above.

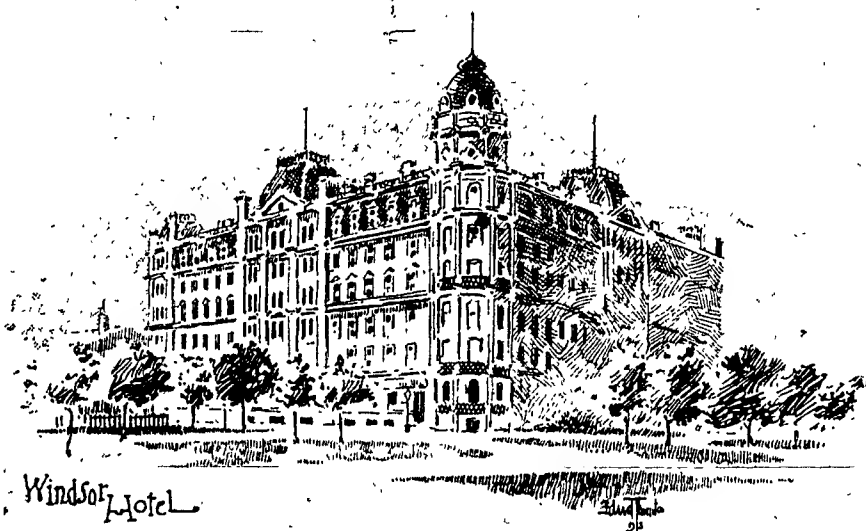
The sermon over, a flood of rich music filled the church, and out of it welled, with increasing volume, five hundred human voices. Suddenly a trumpet sounded, and a blaze of electric lights flashed forth from every foot of the lofty apse, lighting up the tall pinnacles and carven niches and figured saints

of the reredos, with the central groups of the crucified Saviour looking down on the three Maries, the Magdalene sobbing at the foot of His cross; and, above it, of Our Lady, patroness of the church, being crowned by the Father in Heaven; while below were lovely groups of angels carved in soft greystone, reminding one of the Paradise of Brother John of Fiesole, the Fra Angelico. Immediately round the crucifix there were no lights, which heightened the effect. The vast audience sank upon their knees, prominent among them "the Eldest Son of the Church," "the most Christian King," who, when standing—like Saul, the son of Kish—was a head and shoulders above his fellows. As he knelt there, in the full blaze of the church lamps, with his mediæval-looking face bent on one side by his ailment, he looked for all the world like the effigy of one of his crusading ancestors called to life from an alabaster tomb. All around flashed the gold chain collars and cloth-of-gold baldricks of the high officers of St. Jean Baptiste; and behind them gazed a sea of upturned faces—dark French faces—and, far away in the background towards the west, a glimpse of sunlight stole through the great west doors.

In the awed hush the bishop in his cloth-of-gold vestments elevated the wafer and the cup, and then the lights went out, and the vast audience rose to its feet, and the music burst forth again; and the Comte de Paris and Duc D'Orleans passed through the thronging thousands in the church and the cheering

thousands out in the old Place D'Armes to the Windsor Hotel, where they were staying, and where they were to receive the Canadians who had fought as Pontifical Zouaves in the last battles of the temporal Church.

The Windsor Hotel is the best in America; it is of great size, though not as gigantic as some of the



caravanserais of the United States, built like most Montreal buildings of handsome greystone, not wood, and bearing an unique name for its cuisine, solid luxury, and, what is much rarer than either over the water, its admirable attendance. It was here that the Comte de Paris was received in the banquet hall, beautifully decorated with the banners of the ancient foes, come together to welcome the crownless heir of the long line of kings who had

been England's hereditary enemies, on the anniversary of Agincourt, where his ancestor had lost his kingdom four centuries and three-quarters ago, and of Balaclava, where a generation ago the rivals fought side by side. The doors were hung with crimson velvet spangled with silver fleurs-de-lys, and the French flag flew above the English behind the Royal seat, the conquered flag occupying the pride of place elsewhere, while all round the hall went a thick border of the Canadian flag, broken in four places by clusters of stars and stripes—much more than one usually sees of the Union Jack at American festivities, where it is often the one national flag absent, owing to Irish sensibilities. Few who were present will forget the room as it appeared, when the toasts began, crowded with two or three thousand people in full evening dress, the light silks and diamonds of the ladies contrasting finely against the banner-hung walls, as the hall rang first with "God save the Queen" from loyal French throats, and then with the applause which greeted the Royal guest's and the Secretary of State's speeches.

The exiled king's speech was very pathetic, the first that the head of the House of France had ever addressed to the ears of the New France, founded by his ancestors, though for more than a hundred years it had loyally carried in peace and war the banner of his house's once worst enemy and now best friend. Sweet to the exile, he said, was it to come to a land with a French tongue; hopeful to

a Frenchman to see that, in a country unhampered by tyrannical testamentary laws, the French race was among the most prolific of mankind; comforting to the descendant of the Champions of the Church to find the whole people proud to be Christian and Catholic. Happy were they to be under a Queen who was one of the grandest figures of the age, and to whom they had reason to pay the proofs of their fidelity. Theirs was the noble task of maintaining in the New World the honour of the French name, and perpetuating its language, its character, and its traditions. As a climax he proposed the health of Canada in English. His own health had been very appropriately drunk to the old Royalist tune of "*Dieu Protège la France par le Roi*," as the glasses clashed. The excitement rose to its highest pitch when M. Chapleau, the Canadian Secretary of State, addressing English and French, and English and French Canadians, with magnificent eloquence and earnestness, declared that the French Canadian in nationality was French, in patriotism English.

The royal party spent much of their time in the corridor at the "*Windsor*"—the most delightful I ever knew, 180 feet long by 30 feet wide, full of comfortable lounges, and opening on one side into a suite of drawing-rooms, and on the other into the huge dining hall. In this corridor a fine band played for a couple of hours after dinner. At dinner one had no less than sixteen different kinds of fish.

The offices and the principal station of the

Canadian Pacific Railway are just below the "Windsor," in a grey granite building, reminding one of the great German Rathhauses. Built of such handsome stone, with its towering primitive romanesque arches, it would be a show place in any



THE MAN AT THE WHEEL—SIR WILLIAM VAN HORNE.

town in Europe. It is typical of the great railway company which it houses, the possessor of the longest line in the world; the bond of unity between the provinces of the vast Dominion; the strenuous link of steel between Great Britain and her distant colonies; *the Queen's high road to the East*, along the route to

Cathay, dreamed of by all the great discoverers, from Columbus to La Salle. From Halifax to Vancouver, even by the short line, is 3,664 miles. One of the most remarkable men in Canada is the Canadian Pacific Railway's President, Sir William Van Horne. Not content with controlling the largest railway concern in the world, and having succeeded in inaugurating the introduction of papier-maché railway wheels, he is one of the leading art collectors of the city, and has mastered such a difficult language as the Japanese. He keeps pace with all the political and literary and artistic questions of the day. He has, further, no superior amongst amateur thought-readers. There is nothing which tends to keep Canada free from the United States, and united in itself, so much as this magnificent railway system under his guidance.

The Windsor Hotel and Canadian Pacific Railway building face St. Peter's Cathedral, on the opposite side of Dominion Square. Victoria Square, at the end of the principal thoroughfare, is even more imposing, from the number of fine buildings surrounding it, though none of them have the individual importance of those in the former square.

But I suppose that the *tour de force* in building of Montreal is the great Victoria Bridge, which weighs eight thousand tons, and for nearly two miles carries the Grand Trunk Railway over the mighty St. Lawrence.

One of the glories of Montreal, especially in the

autumn, when the maple and sumach and cherry and briar and American oak rival each other in the splendour of their crimson, is Mount Royal. It forms the city park, and is a triumph of preserved Nature and added art. An elevator travels up the face of the mountain, and a fine zigzag high road carries carriages or sleighs to the summit for the view over the St. Lawrence, and the backriver, and the Park toboggan slide, in winter. The glades are left undisturbed and populous with the queer little Canadian squirrel, the chipmunk. How Montreallers love their mountain! how it enters into the life of the city! It is not only their public park, but on its flanks are the two great toboggan slides, besides the Amateur Athletic and the Snowshoers' Club Houses. All the winter through it is crowded with tobogganers in their gay blanket suits, and on the great night of the carnival it is from its summit that the torch-bearing snowshoers descend like a fiery serpent to the assault of the Ice Palace.



THE LAIR OF A GLACIER: MT. HERMIT, TAKEN WITH A TELESCOPIC CAMERA.

Vide p. 284.

CHAPTER VIII.

WINTER SPORTS IN MONTREAL.

FEBRUARY is *the* month for winter sports in Canada, and Canada in winter is an enchanting place to visit, however dreary it may be to live in. Not that the inhabitants seem to feel it much. The thermometer may ramble ten, twenty, or thirty degrees below zero, but it is under a warm sun and a cloudless sky, and the little children are turned out to play in the snow, and adults stand about the streets chatting or watching a procession just as if it were summer. The secret of this is that they take such precautions against cold in their dress. A strong man must be very English not to wear rubber and canvas overshoes over his boots; and he will certainly wear a large Russian fur-lined coat, coming down to his ankles, and with an enormous fur collar buttoned close to the throat, and turned up over his ears to meet the fur cap pulled down over his eyebrows. Huge fur gloves, or, better still, fur mittens made on the boxing-glove principle, with only the thumbs separate, complete the costume. This is his street dress; for shooting, snowshoeing, or tobogganing he will wear a tuque, or fisherman's



woollen cap, drawn down over his ears and eyebrows, a tremendously thick blanket coat coming down half-way to the knee, caught in at the waist for



A CHILD'S TOBOGGAN.

warmth with a knotted scarf, a short pair of blanket breeches, and two or three pairs of thick woollen stockings, one over the other, terminating in buckskin mocassins, ornamented with Indian embroidery.

These costumes are exceedingly picturesque, reminding one rather of the classic Greek tunics and leggings still used in the little village, once the deme, of Acharnæ. The material is generally of some brilliant colour, or white striped with brilliant colours, and adorned with the painted ribbon badges of the snowshoe and toboggan clubs to which the wearer belongs. The tuque and scarf are also club badges.

Very young girls wear blanket costumes, which are comparatively inexpensive; but as they grow up they are quite alive to the beauty of costly furs, and, since they require them for the greater part of each year, most daughters of Eve contrive to have them. They, too, have to wear fur caps, but they do not, as a rule, wear their fur coats anything like as lengthy as the men, and, using muffs, often wear thinner gloves. Canadian ladies seldom wear boots in the winter, unless they are going to skate. They merely draw very thick, loose woollen stockings over their slippered feet, and thrust them into rubbers. When they come into their own or a friend's house, they pull off stockings and rubbers. For skating, however, the fair Canadians are careful to have their ankles tautly laced up. People who have skated ever since they could walk, and wear the strapless skeleton skates, know the value of such a support. But they are very proud of their pretty feet, and think the daintiest kid boots, if closely laced, quite sufficient support. They never wear thick boots in winter.

Children, like their elders, are swathed from head to foot, the white Persian lamb fur and white blanketing being very popular for them. When turned out they roll about in the snow, snowball each other a little, dig out caves in the snow, and "coast" on toy toboggans down slides made from the middle of the road to the pavement, the snow often being several feet high in the road, as the pavements are kept clear by the snow being thrown on to the road. There is no fear of them being run over; all through America a child is everybody's care, and the sleighs, which all have bells, go no great pace in the streets. Besides, the sleighs have to keep their trodden track in the middle of the road, or their horses would be swallowed up in the soft snow, and it is in the soft snow that the children play.

The staple winter amusements which go on, carnival or no carnival, are sleighing, tobogganing, and snowshoeing. Montreal has a four-in-hand sleighing club, which meets every Saturday afternoon to drive round "the mountain," as the Mount Royal—climbed and named by Jacques Cartier more than three hundred and fifty years ago—is proudly styled by its inhabitants, though it is not much higher than Shooter's Hill. The meet is in Dominion Square, which is bounded on one side by the vast but slowly growing New World St. Peter's, and on the other by the Canadian Pacific Railway Station and the Windsor Hotel. This is where the Ice Palace stands in carnival years. Montreallers are great on

fine horses, and at a good meet one sees dozens of four-horse, unicorn, vandel, tandem, and pair-horse sleighs, each rivalling the other in the beauty of its horses and furs, and each with its pretty girl beside its stalwart driver. There is a common humanity in the Englishman of five continents. Whether he be amid the snows of Canada, the parched paddocks of Australia, or the green fields of the old country; whether he requires a female companion for a sleigh drive, a ride in the Row, or a box seat on a drag for the Melbourne Cup; he feels it his duty to give a treat to the prettiest girl he knows, even if he be put to some trouble over it, rather than give way to the lazy impulse of just making shift with his plain sister.

When the sleighs are duly marshalled, away they spin (taking in Sherbrooke Street on the way, of course), up the zigzags that bring them to the tabletop of the mountain, where there is a Belvedere commanding a view of nearly the whole Island of Montreal, with the broad St. Lawrence at your feet, and the Laurentides rising up separately and abruptly out of the distant plains like so many tumuli. But in sleighing time people do not generally devote much time to the view. They drive off to the Park Slide (for Montreal's mountain is also its park), the headquarters of one of the two great tobogganing clubs. The slide is not so steep as the Tuque Bleue on another *côte* or slope of the mountain, and for that reason is held in less esteem by the devotee; but to

the stranger it is far more attractive, for, instead of being one plain rush down, it is up and down like a switchback railway, and has one famous jump. For four-in-hand sleighers it has the further attraction of a narrow arch under the starting platform, through which it is only just possible to guide a team. Your Canadian is a true chip of the old block in at least one respect. The most typical foxhunter could not have a greater relish for the chance of breaking his neck. The tobogganing place, *par excellence*, is the frozen-over Montmorency Falls (higher than Niagara), near Quebec. And he has a craze for shooting rapids, whether it be steaming over the mighty rapids of the St. Lawrence, or taking his birch-bark over the incidental rapids in a sporting cruise.

The *coup d'œil* at the Montreal Park Slide is ravishing. Imagine a rifted hill. The broad hollow between its breasts is a sun-lit basin of virgin snow, lipped with snow-arabesqued trees, and broken only by the long lines of green ice, down which the tobogganers shoot at the rate of a mile a minute, and the slender, dark path up which they wearily drag back their toboggan. So much for the inanimate. Scattered round the slides, standing about or climbing up to the starting platform, are groups of laughing tobogganers, male and female, mocassined, and in picturesque blanket suits of all the colours of the rainbow. In cold like this it keeps one warm to laugh. Every minute there is a swish, and something

flies past like a cannon shot, the downhill impetus carrying it up any smaller hill (on the principle of waterworks). The moment one toboggan is safe off the slide another is started. They have to wait so long in case of accident. To any one upset on the track another toboggan following would be as terrible as a locomotive. Toboggans and tobogganers may both be included in the animate side.

A Chinaman was once, by an unusually condescending Caucasian, offered a slide on a toboggan. John put his finger to the side of his nose: "All welly good for an Amelican. Me no wantee swish! swish! walkee back a mile."

While we were at Montreal an old lady from California showed the superiority of the Caucasian. She was between seventy and eighty, and had come three thousand miles to have one toboggan before she died.

The "swish! swish! walkee back a mile" is not so severe on the Park Slide as at the Tuque Bleue; for the decline being gentler, and with a hill at each end, there is a return slide for part of the way. Both these famous clubs, of course, have "made" slides—slippery green ice instead of mere snow. They are made by pouring water over inclined wooden frameworks, about two feet wide. In the country, people "coast" over any incline of frozen snow; but, of course, the velocity and excitement is far greater on ice, apart from the fact that Nature's handiwork is held in very poor esteem on the other

side, when it can be replaced by Art's. The Canadian, as he prefers to toboggan on made slides, invariably skates on made rinks.

And now I suppose I ought, for the benefit of the uninitiated, to describe a "toboggan."

A toboggan is a light sledge made of wood, five or six feet long, very much in the shape of the blade of a Dutch skate, except that it is about twenty inches wide. On this perch one, two, or three people, the front ones squatting, the back one trailing his feet to steer the toboggan in case it gives signs of leaving the track. If there is only one, he lies prone on the toboggan. The start is very steep, not far short of perpendicular, so as to give the proper impetus.

But it is time to leave tobogganing. The sleigh is, of course, an open one—nearly all the sleighs in Montreal are. One even goes to a ball, very often, in an open sleigh. The "carter," or driver, will be wearing a buffalo coat with the matted hairy side outwards. There are still a fair number of buffalo skins in stores, though the animal is practically extinct. But buffalo coats are getting dear now; even the carters, who are not particular about the look of the skins, have to give three or four pounds for a coat, and Canada is beginning to look to parched Australia for cheap, warm furs ('possum) for her poor. The carter's patrons, of course, are all wearing their furs, and each sleigh—even those which you can hire at a shilling for a twenty

minutes' drive—is well supplied with handsome fur “robes,” or, as we should call them, rugs. It is most exhilarating to dash along, warmly wrapped up, through the crisp air in a well-appointed sleigh. The bells jingle merrily, and it is as smooth as skating unless you suddenly stumble into a cowhole, or the horse slips off the track of hard, beaten snow into the soft snowdrift on either side. If he does, he will have a very good chance of burying himself, for they are often many feet deep. I remember, as we passed one once on the Lower Lachine Road, the toll-keeper coming out with a rod and measuring it seventeen feet eight inches deep. The road had required to be cut through this one. Such accidents often happen when two sleighs have to pass, for the hard track is seldom wide enough for two, and all they can do is to creep past each other as gingerly as possible.

At Montreal they have sleigh trotting races on the frozen river, where there is a magnificent expanse of good snow. It is very odd to see races being held, and caravans of country carts passing on the ice in perfect safety, while at no great distance the river is open from some fierce rapid. Hockey on the ice, like ordinary skating, is nearly always in covered rinks. Canadians play it with amazing elegance. Montreallers have very little ice yachting, a particularly dangerous amusement, because it is almost impossible to stop the yacht, on its immense skates, in a high wind. Toronto, from its position on Lake

Ontario, is the headquarters of this pastime. But for snowshoeing, the other great winter amusement, no city excels Montreal. The premier snowshoeing club of all Canada is the St. George's—the English-Canadians' club—at Montreal. It has affiliations far and wide. When we were at Montreal a deputation came all the way from the Winnipeg St. George's Club, fifteen hundred miles away. They have a magnificent club house on the side of the mountain, at which they have regular club nights, with singing, even dancing, and "bouncing." Bouncing is a typical Canadian institution. Six stalwart snowshoers lift you into the air. You lie as stiff and still as you can on their hands, and at a given signal you are tossed five or six feet up into the air once, twice, thrice. It is a most delightful sensation: you go up like a ball and come down on retreating hands as softly as on to a feather bed. You realise for the first time what a cricket ball feels like when it is caught by a man who knows how to catch. For a sensation neither switchbacking nor tobogganing gives any idea of it, though being shot down a fire-escape might.

The snowshoer in his tuque and mocassins and blanket suit looks rather as if he had been stolen from a comic opera. When not wearing his snowshoes he slings them over his back like an angel with folded wings. Only the toe of the foot is fastened to the snowshoe, the end of the thong being knotted round the ankle. Running on snowshoes

is rather ungraceful, but walking on them swiftly very graceful. They glance over the snow as lightly as a wild animal, or rather, a good deal more lightly, for the Indians use them to run down hares and deer bogged in the deep snowdrifts. The snowshoes themselves are stout frames shaped like narrow kites, about five feet long and a foot broad; over these frames is stretched a close netting made of gut; on them you can traverse the softest and deepest snow.

In concluding, I feel that I ought to say something about Montreal houses. They are mostly built of greystone, which is found in inexhaustible quantities on the little island on which the city stands. In winter they all have double windows, the outer one of which is hardly ever opened, and are heated with hot air to an extent which paralyses the Briton—70° Fahrenheit is a trifle. To make up for this, though the temperature outside may be 25° below zero, ices, or as they are called over there, ice-creams, are an indispensable at every hotel dinner. Milk is constantly sold in frozen lumps, especially at the funny old French market by Notre Dame de Bonsecours, where the habitants still come, some of them, in the old Norman dress.

Certainly one does well to form his impressions of Montreal during the state of siege by King Winter. When one cannot step out even to post a letter without wrapping up in heavy furs; when one is hemmed in, even in the city, by a blizzard or a

snowdrift, one can form a better idea, than in the glorious Canadian summer, of what those men endured—those knightly Frenchmen who founded Canada, justified now of their enemies and doubting friends. The fair city of Montreal almost covers the island, to which Maisonneuve, in peril of his life, went to found the original Ville Marie for the Sulpician Fathers.

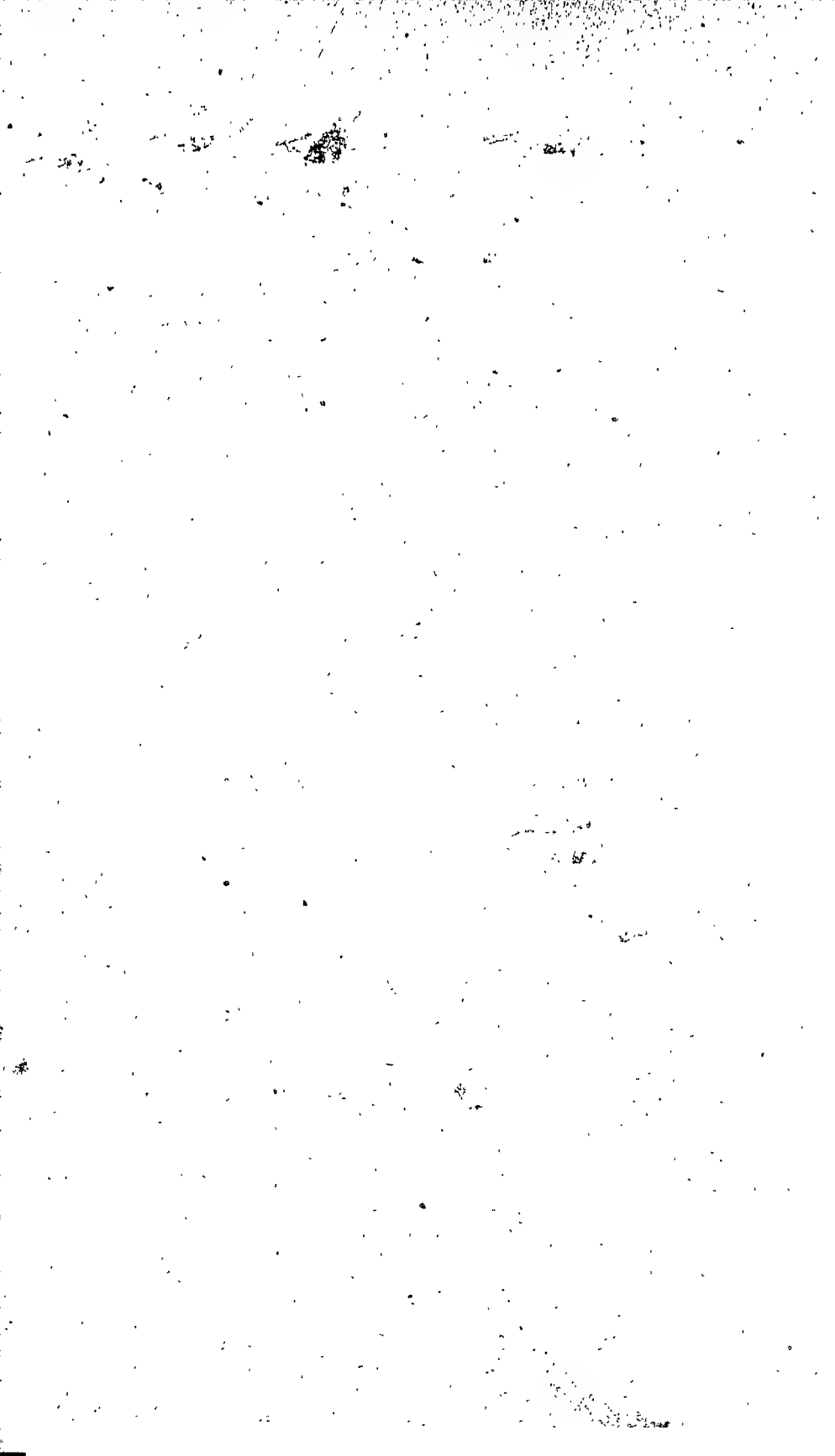
And the mighty Canadian Pacific Railroad, the largest on the earth's surface, now "The Queen's Highway to the East," crosses the rapids of the St. Lawrence, at Lachine, named in mockery of La Salle's new route to China. That great man was convinced, that if commerce could surmount these rapids, this would be the shortest way to the El Dorado of the Middle Ages.





THE PYRAMIDS OF THE NORTH-WEST; THE CHANCELLOR, LEANCHOIL.

Vide p. 282.



CHAPTER IX.

A MONTREAL CARNIVAL.

I SUPPOSE I ought to describe a Montreal Carnival, since my first impressions of Ville Marie de Montreal were in Carnival time. The whole city was a mass of banners; conspicuous among them, a veritable relic of the past, a memento of Canada's old warlike days, the Royal standard of England, which floated from the flagstaff on the Citadel of Quebec as far back as 1766, when his Excellency Guy Carleton was Lieutenant-Governor and Commander of His Majesty's forces. The great banner, twenty-one feet in length and thirteen in breadth, has the fleur-de-lys as well as the English leopards and the Scottish lion and the Irish harp, for in those days the kings of England were still designated kings of France as heirs of the body of Henry the Fifth.

We had rather expected to be cheated of the spectacle of the Ice Palace, which is the feature of a Montreal Carnival; the weather had been so mild that it had collapsed almost as soon as it was built; but a sudden sharp frost of 20° below zero setting in, there it stood; a fresh one had risen—one can

hardly say on its ashes—a graceful mediæval castle with tall machicolated towers, keep, curtain wall, and gates. The effect when lit by electric light was simply fairy-like.

In those days Lord Derby was Governor-General; and though he came only in a private capacity, because he wished to entertain a large house party himself instead of going through a round of functions, he was received with every attention that the citizens could devise, including a living arch, a framework covered with five hundred snowshoers, in costume, looking very much like saints on the west front of a cathedral. In the evening there was a hockey match on the ice between two of the crack clubs, in which, in spite of the tremendous pace, not one player had a fall for more than half an hour. To do the Governor-General honour, snowshoers came fifteen hundred miles from the cities on the prairie, whose violet tuques and sashes showed that they belonged to affiliations of the crack Montreal Club, the St. George's, composed exclusively of men of English descent.

All kinds of sports were provided for his Excellency's delectation. There was a trotting dog, against which only two people dared to match their ponies; and there were trotting races, presumably not open to dogs, on the frozen St. Lawrence opposite Jacques Cartier Square. There were Carnival snowshoe races at the Montreal Club ground, tobogganing galore, parties at the snowshoe houses, a Hunt Club ball,

a Carnival ball, and a great Carnival procession. The first notable entertainment was the gathering of the St. George's Snowshoe Club at their club house out at Côte St. Antoine on the side of the mountain. Nearly a hundred stalwart snowshoers rendezvoused in the stately hall of the Windsor Hotel, and at a given signal donned their snowshoes and started off in Indian file with swift Indian gait, their shoes glancing over the snow like the lizards on the walls in Italy. Very soon after passing the towers of the old block-house in which the founders of Montreal defied the Iroquois, one saw the red glare of the tar-barrels half a mile away, and from the foot of the mountains up to the club house the road was illuminated. The club house itself had the names of itself and its daughters—Montreal, Winnipeg, Port Arthur, Portage La Prairie—and its verandahed front thrown up by red and green fires, and magnificent rockets were sent up from it; but the night was bad for seeing fireworks—blizzardy, though not cold. Great piles of tar-barrels had been built up, which gave a royal glare, throwing out in proud relief the banner of England, the white flag of St. George. Within was a bright bizarre sight. Groups of sturdy snowshoers with their snowshoes strung over their shoulders were standing about in their mocassins, and their rough blanket or Indian deer-skin coats, and the violet and white tuques, which betoken the sons of St. George all over Canada. And mingled with them were little knots of the prettiest and most

fashionable girls of Montreal, in light silk dresses and slippers, just emerged from heavy wraps and overshoes like butterflies from chrysalises. The club house is very spacious and handsome, built of pine and decorated with quaint snowshoes and trophies of the chase, the latest of which was the head of the Rocky Mountain sheep brought down, only two days ago, by the Winnipeggers to their parents. The gaseliers are made of gilt snowshoes. Refreshments were served; then the snowshoers danced together; and then the president opened the evening with a speech, the snowshoers standing in a horseshoe listening. Certainly their physique was magnificent. After some speeches and singing the event of the evening, the bouncing, took place. Among those thus honoured were the president and ex-president of the Montreal St. George's and the president of the Winnipeg branch. Then came a reel by a young Scotchman who was present, and then there was general dancing, in which the ladies joined, and very soon after, singing "Auld Lang Syne" and "God Save the Queen," and the hymn to the ladies, the snowshoers slipped their feet into the thongs, and one after another leaped off the high verandah into the deep snowdrift below, and lighting Chinese lanterns glided away down the mountain. It was a pretty sight to look down over the world of snow, as sleigh after sleigh shot down the steep incline, with a ringing, ringing, ringing of the bells, and peals of bright laughter and

shouting. It formed the most typically Canadian event of the Carnival.

On the following afternoon, though the snow that



blew from the north-west was blinding, the Governor-General and his party drove out to the Tuque Bleue slide on the flank of the mountain, to formally open the new chutes; for which he was rewarded with a racing toboggan—a rather slight affair for a man of

his weight—and being “bounced.” The snowshoers showed their loyalty and the Governor-General his intrepidity by going through the bouncing no less than three or four times, after which he risked himself several times on his new toboggan. Then he went to the Thistle Rink, where the gentlemen with the high cheek bones and deep pockets mustered in great force to see their Club curl against his Excellency’s Club from Ottawa. Something in the way of an indoor amusement was advisable, for the blizzard was too wild for the trotting races on the ice to proceed. The snow flurries were terrible; a biting, driving, westerly wind was blowing, which drove fine, powdery snow into the eyes, blinding one and making foot passage almost an impossibility; one could only feel one’s way. Some people had three or four feet of snow against their front doors at the top of a flight of steps, and the city roller had to be brought out before the roads were passable for sleighs.

But in spite of it all there were thousands and thousands of people standing about the streets by the hour at a time, when night came, to see one of the great events of the Carnival—the bombarding of the Ice Palace. Before eight o’clock there were thirty thousand people in Dominion Square, where the Ice Palace stood, and when morning came it was seen that the snow, which had been falling heavily all day, was trampled into a level floor. The attack was made by the allied Snowshoe Clubs of Montreal, who assembled on Mount Royal to march down to

Dominion Square for the assault and capture. Just before nine o'clock rockets were seen to flash from the mountain-top, and the procession of torches began to move down its slopes. It flowed down like a river of light, and wound in and out among the evergreens bordering the serpentine path. The allied clubs, two thousand three hundred strong, then encircled the ice structure with a girdle of flame, and took up their positions. The scene was most brilliant as they hurled their fire on the walls and towers of the palace and as from the structure coloured flames burst out. For two hours the warfare was continued. Then the palace capitulated, and the snowshoers walked in.

The Carnival procession, which was exceedingly good, was much like other Carnival processions except for a few local features. It was headed by police and cavalry, followed by two horsemen in the picturesque uniforms of the Waterloo period. Then came outriders in royal blue liveries, with black fur caps, cowboys in Indian buckskins shirts, and trousers, and devils on horseback. Then came the great American bob-sleigh, of fabulous length, with nickel runners, and not an inch of wood to cover its elegant skeleton. This was followed by the Nova Scotian trophy, one of the most noticeable in the whole procession, with its national insignia and the huge fish on the apex bestridden by a Nova Scotian fisherman carrying the grim motto, "*If you want cod for supper, apply to Sir Charles Tupper,*" [that great man is like a king in Nova Scotia], supplemented

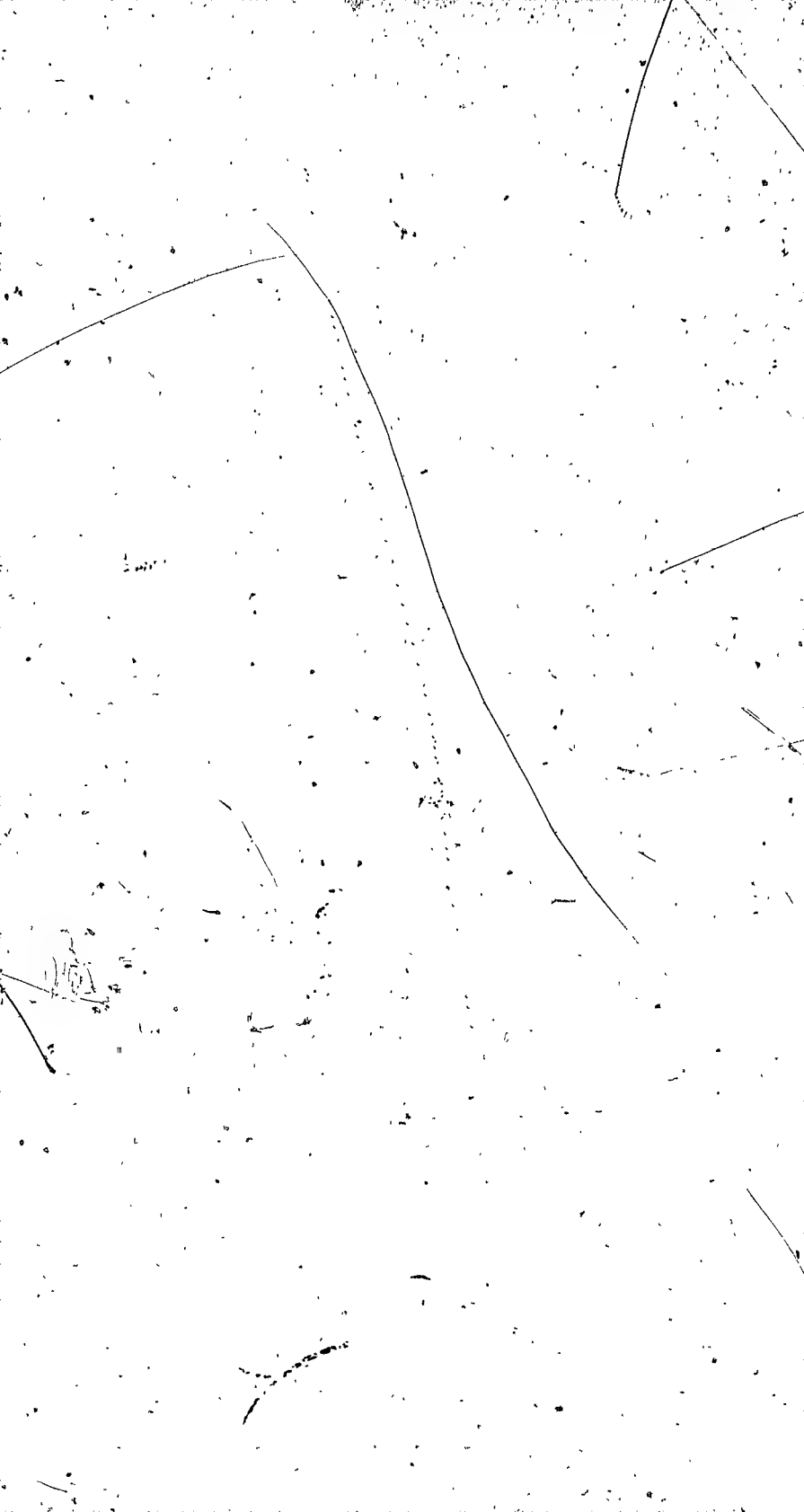
by two mottoes which might have seemed a little paradoxical in their position of contrast—"Welcome, our American cousins," "*Canada is Ours.*" Nova Scotia took the cod, because Newfoundland, our oldest and most obstreperous colony, has nothing to do with Canada. Then came a burlesque American car with a picture of Mr. Cleveland with a black eye and the inscription, "Cleveland wears the pitch." Then the car of the Laval, the Catholic University, with students in red and black foolscaps. After this was another capital car belonging to the great Canadian Pacific Railway, representing a voyageur's canoe for shooting the rapids, manned with French voyageurs singing one of the French-Canadian catches, or as they would say Canadian catches, for the French here arrogate to themselves the title of Canadians. The Hochelaga, which followed next, represented the meeting of Jacques Cartier with the Indians, and was manned with the French chevaliers and Indians of his day. This was set off by its successor, a comic affair, representing the Mugsville plantation, with its log hut and rather inebriate negroes. The city roller was surmounted by a pantomime old lady and gentleman. The St. George's Club had a most spirited waggon load. They came out as babies with capital masks, representing the very tears and drivel incidental to infant life. Then came the "padding" of the procession, which made the splendid car of the great French snowshoeing club, the Trappeurs, a thing of beauty and almost a

joy. This car was very tasteful, and as all its crew of snowshoers wore no colours but a beautiful French blue, the effect was exceedingly pleasing. The Royal Scots Club had a fine car, each side consisting of one huge thistle flower and leaves manned by some splendid Scots in picturesque uniforms. Immediately after came the German car, to which I should give the palm of the whole procession. It had picturesque outriders, and the car itself, magnificently draped, had a black-robed professor and stately baron surrounded by knights in glittering armour, and Lanzknechts in morions and cuirasses, familiar to those who have seen historical pageants in Germany. Then came the Holly Snowshoe Club's lofty car, with a markedly loyal display of Union Jacks, followed by the Emeralds, a little disturbed by an unfortunate overthrow. The Montreal University—McGill College—supplied two capital cars. The first was surmounted by a huge wooden model of the college itself, and crowded with students in cap and gown, including two ladies hedged in from the rest in a close cage labelled "Co-education." The other, belonging to the medicals, was surmounted by a huge skull as big as a hogshead. This was followed by a man in armour, a very poor protection in Canada, and Mr. Ross, the champion snowshoer, with his breast amply covered with medals. The last trophy of note was a fortress with mottoes hung round it and cannon protruding, and crowned with the British flag.

The procession was a very long one, with dozens of emblematic cars, some of them very costly and elaborate. The national element was capitally brought out. It compared very favourably with the Roman carnival processions; indeed, there can hardly be any comparison with the attenuated efforts of the city of carnivals in late years. The Heidelberg procession at the quincenary of its university was undoubtedly finer, owing to the rich, historical materials laid under contribution and the careful studies of the period by German professors. The Jubilee procession in England was also undoubtedly finer, owing to the presence of the magnificent Household troops, such as the Life Guards, and the large number of royal and distinguished personages engaged in the procession. But the Queen of Italy's birthday procession at Florence in 1886, and the Independence Day procession at Athens in 1887, were no more comparable than a Roman carnival procession with the carnival drive of the frozen North of America.



LAKE LOUISE, A LITTLE BEYOND BANFF.



CHAPTER X.

NELSON IN CANADA, AND A COLONIAL MARATHON.

A WELL-NIGH forgotten romance was recalled when the telegram announced the attempt to blow up the Nelson Memorial in Montreal by the young Mercier, son of the ex-premier, whose corruptions drove himself and the Liberals of the province of Quebec from power. There was a time when Nelson had serious intentions of marrying and settling in Canada. This was when his sloop-of-war lay at Quebec in the autumn of 1782. His high soul chafed at the limited outlook of the British Navy. People must still have been talking at Quebec about the year before's surrender at Yorktown, where Lord Cornwallis was compelled to capitulate by the blockade of the Comte de Grasse's fleet. If this boy of three-and-twenty had been there with a fleet only half the force of the French, the history of America might have been colonial history still, as it might also if the great Clive had not been goaded into suicide by the Little England party of that day, just two years before the war began. Ireland had, six months before, achieved its independence; and Gibraltar, which had been three years besieged, was

regarded as certain to fall to France or Spain. And still the navy was being choked with red tape.

With such a hopelessly black horizon a man like Nelson may be excused for thinking of settling in a new world, as the Dutch in their darkest hour had thought of abandoning Holland for Batavia.

Of course there was a lady in the case. The captain of His Majesty's sloop *Albemarle* at Quebec was as soft-hearted, where a beautiful woman was concerned, as His Majesty's admiral at Naples. It came out the day the *Albemarle* was under orders to sail for the West Indies. Nelson had said good-bye to all his friends the day before, and joined his ship, which was lying in the bay made by the Isle of Orleans. On the morning of sailing, Alexander Davison, or another of his Quebec friends, Matthew Lymburner, was walking in the Lower Town, when, to his surprise, he saw Nelson coming back in his barge. Upon inquiring the cause of his reappearance, Nelson took his arm towards the town, and told him he found it utterly impossible to leave Quebec without again seeing the woman whose society contributed so much to his happiness, and then and there offering her his hand. "If you do," said his friend, "your utter ruin must inevitably follow." "Then let it follow," cried Nelson, "for I am resolved to do it." "And I," replied Davison (or Lymburner), "am resolved you shall not." Nelson, however, on this occasion was less resolved than his friend, and suffered himself

to be led back to his boat. This is Southey's account, corrected by Le Moine.

There has been a great deal of discussion as to the identity of the lady. It used to be said that she was the Miss Simpson who was barmaid at the Chien d'Or; but evidence, says Mr. Le Moine, in one of his admirable books on Quebec, points to her being Miss Mary Simpson, "quite the belle of Quebec," daughter of Saunders (Sandy) Simpson, Wolfe's Provost Marshal at Louisbourg, Quebec, and Montreal; though some say it was her cousin, the daughter of Captain Miles Prentice, a wealthy Quebecer, who lived in a huge sort of château near the old St. Louis Gate; or a Miss Woolsey. Miss Simpson herself, who married another Englishman, Colonel Matthews, Governor of Chelsea Hospital, died with the name of Nelson on her lips.

There is a curious letter from one of "the oldest inhabitants" of Quebec, given by Mr. Le Moine:—

"DEAR SIR,—

"I have much pleasure in acceding to your request to send you a note of some circumstances connected with the city in which seventy-one years of my life—now verging towards eighty—have been spent. I am familiar with no part of Nelson's career except what I heard from my mother's own lips respecting this brave man. My mother was gifted with a remarkable memory, and recollected well having herself seen Captain Nelson, when, in 1782, he commanded, at Quebec the sloop-of-war *Albemarle*. 'He was erect, stern of aspect, and wore, as was then customary, the queue or pigtail,' she often repeated. Her idea of the Quebec young lady, to whom he had taken such a violent fancy, was that her

name was Woolsey, an aunt, or elder sister perhaps, of the late John W. Woolsey, President for some years of the Quebec Bank, who died in 1852 at a very advanced age. According to her, it was a Mr. Davison who prevented the imprudent marriage contemplated.

"As to the doings of the pressgangs in the lower town and suburbs, I can speak from what I saw more than once. Impressing seamen lasted at Quebec from 1807 until after the battle of Waterloo. The terror these seafaring gentlemen created was great. I remember a fine young fellow, who refused to surrender, being shot through the back with a holster pistol, and dying of the wound. This was in 1807. I can name the following as being seized by pressgangs. . . . Soon ruses were resorted to by the gay fellows who wandered after nightfall, in quest of amusement, in the highways and byways. His Majesty's soldiers were, of course, exempt from being impressed into the naval service, so that our young city youths would either borrow coats, or get some made similar to the soldiers, and elude the pressgang. These ruses were, however, soon stopped; the pressgang having secured the services of two city constables, Rosa and —, who could spot every city youth, and point out the counterfeits.

"R. URQUHART.

"QUEBEC,

"August 1st, 1876."

The other most exciting experience which Nelson had while he was stationed at Quebec was his chase by three French ships of the line and the *Iris* frigate, as he was cruising off Boston. They all outsailed him, but he shook off the line-of-battle ships by running in among the shoals of the St. George's Bank, and then tacked to fight the frigate. But when the *Iris* saw him lay back his maintopsail to the mast, she, too, tacked, and made the best haste she could to rejoin her consorts.

The Nelson monument Mr. Mercier and his fellow-conspirators wished to destroy, not because of his moral failings, as they alleged—few French Canadians are in a position to throw stones on the score of perfection—but because Nelson represents the triumph of England over France in the long *Napoléonic* war. The statue, which stands on a circular column about fifty feet high, rising out of a base about ten feet high, adorned with panels emblematic of the Battle of the Nile, might be re-erected in a more appropriate place than Jacques Cartier Square, where, being in the French part of the town, it may cause offence to Chauvinist French people. In Victoria Square, for instance, it would be surrounded by the palatial business premises of the English and Scotch, whose enterprise has made Montreal one of the greatest railway and shipping towns in the world. It was by the British merchants of Montreal that the monument was first put up in 1808.

It must not be supposed from what I have written that the French Canadians desire the amalgamation of Canada with the United States. In no part of Canada would it meet with a more strenuous opposition than in the province of Quebec. The Canuck can see for himself how much better off he is than the French Catholics who swarm in Maine and Vermont; and he does not forget how gloriously his forefathers fought, at Chateauguay and elsewhere, against the United States in the war of 1812.

October 26th, 1893, was the eightieth anniversary

of the day of Chateauguay, the Canadian Marathon; not quite like the immortal Athenian fight in point of numbers—about five thousand five hundred Americans and less than three hundred Canadians being actually engaged—but the Marathon of Colonial history, because it saved Canada against a similar disparity of odds. Had Hampton been victorious, there was nothing to stop his advance on Montreal, ill-garrisoned and unprepared; and with Montreal fallen, Canada would have had her back broken, her upper and lower forces cut off from each other.

The Major McKinleys and General Porters of that day coveted the Naboth's vineyard across the St. Lawrence, and thought that while England was maintaining, almost single-handed, the struggle against Napoleon, was a good time to jump upon her back and strip her of her possessions. President Madison shared or yielded to their opinions, not remembering how the Switzers met Charles the Bold, and Leopold of Austria, or foreseeing his own capital in flames.

The war was in vain. It was declared to abrogate the right of search, and concluded without obtaining its abrogation. The best Americans protested against its declaration as they deprecate commercial hostilities now.

In 1813 General Wilkinson was commissioned to capture Montreal in the hope that its capture would lead to the fall of Canada, as had the capture of Quebec from the French in 1759. He and General

Hampton were concentrating on Montreal by different lines of march, when on that autumn morning of October 26th, 1813, the army of the latter tried to force the lines held by De Salaberry with his few hundred Voltigeurs and Sedentary Militia—the last defence between them and their prey—with such disastrous results. The sequel is well known. Every true Canadian should have pictured in his heart the romantic figure of the knightly De Salaberry, almost by his single exertions defeating the overwhelming numbers of the alien; the touching spectacle of Captain Longtin and his handful of Beauharnais militia rising from their knees, fortified by prayer, and his memorable saying “that now they had fulfilled their duty to their God they would fulfil that to their king”; De Salaberry’s self-depreciatory letter to his father, “I have won a victory on a wooden horse”; and the bugling that routed an army. He and his men had actually won it barefoot.

As time goes on people may forget the individual exploits of his officers—of Daly, with but seventy men, hurling himself into the heart of the foe; of Fergusson and the Duchesnays; and of the faithful Indians; but in every loyal Canadian’s heart De Salaberry’s bugles will go on sounding to the end of time, waking such echoes as they woke in the heart of the Canadian poet Lighthall, delivering the inaugural lecture before the Society of Chateauguay, when he concluded his address with: “The meaning

of it all is this—that, given a cause, and the defence of our homes against wanton aggression, we can dare odds that would otherwise seem hopeless; that it is, in the future, as in the past, the spirits of men, and not their material resources, which count for success; that we need only be brave and just and ready to die, and our country can never be conquered; and that we shall always be able to preserve ourselves free in our own course of development towards our own idea of a nation.”

CHAPTER XI.

ST. ANNE'S, P.Q.: THE CANADIAN HOME OF THOMAS MOORE.

AMONG the many delightful excursions within easy reach of Montreal by the Canadian Pacific Railway are St. Anne's and Lachine, classical for their memories of Tom Moore, and the latter of La Salle also. We took the train out to St. Anne's one October morning glittering with sun and the autumn gales, and with the frost still in the air which had been crimsoning the woods. We asked the way to the poet's house. It was at St. Anne's that Moore was living when he wrote "Row, brothers, row," and his other Canadian poems. Nobody in the station seemed to know; but our one saloon fellow-passenger, a very fine-looking, square-shouldered old gentleman, in a picturesque knickerbocker suit, said, "It will be much more worth your while to come and see the old French fort in my garden."

We recognised in the florid, clean-shaven face, set off by splendid white hair, that Senator Abbott who afterwards became Sir John, and Premier of the Dominion, and who died a year or two back. He was not going direct, but he directed us the way, and a

very muddy way it was, in spite of the sharp frost the night before. It took us so long that we found him in his home when we got there—a pleasant matting-wainscotted summer home, of no great size, standing in the midst of extensive and rather elaborately planted grounds. He took us at once to the old mill above the house, in which twelve men and thirteen women were burnt two hundred and five years ago, as we learn from the Jesuit archives. The mill is loopholed, for obvious reasons when one has seen the fort below—a mere trading station in the district of the Iroquois incursions. Then we went down to the little trade fort by the grey lake shore, looking on a waste of woody isles and bays and capes in long procession—a charming contrast to the windy brown waters and the grey beach. The idea of the fort is clearly distinguishable, the house for storing the pelts, the high coped wall, and enfiling towers. The interior was gay with sumachs wearing their autumn tints, the exterior with a brilliant Virginia creeper. From the front of the fort to the lake a pretty stairway led down, by which we descended. There are many of these little fur-trading forts by the side of the Ottawa and St. Lawrence, none more interesting or famous than Fort Remy, the first seigniory of the great La Salle, situated at Lachine, to be described later.

Loath are we to leave this picturesque bit of old France; but we have come to see Moore's house, so must hurry back beside the great river, with its

patches of rapids—veritable breakers to-day in the October gales—and the farther bank glowing with the first fire of the maples—a forest fire of maples, all reds and yellows and greens. A walk brings us to St. Anne's.

St. Anne's, P.Q., is a queer little French town at

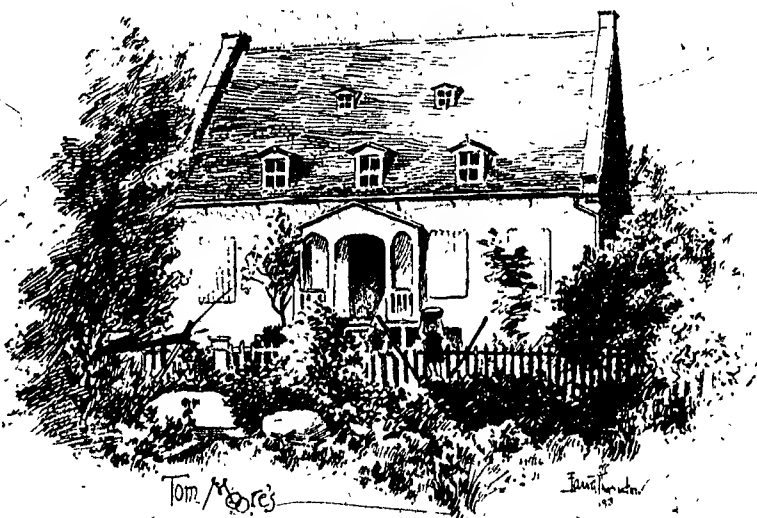


the extreme end of the Island of Montreal where the Ottawa divides. There are hardly any English in the place, except well-to-do Montreallers, who have summer homes here. A quiet country inn or two, a few queer country shops, some boat-houses, and the aforesaid villas constitute St. Anne's, with a Roman Catholic Church, probably a successor to the one which rang "those evening chimes" to Tom Moore.

It is difficult to refrain from smiling at the shops. Mlle. Gautier, modiste, must find it so hard to be modish in such a tenement and locality. More in his element, probably, is the owner of the most remarkable sign I ever saw—a piebald lamb of the pattern usually associated with John the Baptist, but *minus* its flag, with its fore feet buttoned into a pair of ladies' boots, and its hind feet thrust into a pair of top-boots. "A bootmaker," you will say. Not at all. On one side of the shop are exposed gigantic Turks'-head pumpkins, and on the other straw hats done with till next summer. Who cares? We step into the best inn of the place, kept by a Frenchman with the historical-sounding name of Godfroid Charlevoix, where we have an excellent stew, beautiful country butter, biscuits, crab-apple conserve, and blackberry preserves—all for twenty cents each and the exercise of my remarkably poor French. "Does Monsieur, the innkeeper, know the house where Thomas Moore, the *English* poet, lived nearly a hundred years since?" He shakes his head gravely; he does not think that he is living here any longer. A friend, also French, thinks that it must be the big house at the end of the village—probably because he has caught the word "*English*" and associates it with wealth. We trudge there, but it does not match in any way with the house tradition assigns to the poet, as depicted in the *Dominion Illustrated*, "*Journal English of Montreal*" two weeks since. So we go off to the station-master

of the Grand Trunk, who fortunately knows the house of the tradition quite well, and directs us a few doors from the foot of the Grand Trunk Bridge.

There is one thing in favour of the tradition. The house is certainly old enough, looks as if it had hardly been inhabited since the poet's time, and had



begun to fall to pieces while he was actually tenant. It is the ordinary old-fashioned house of French Canada—built in this instance of stone, with the front door under a narrow verandah raised a few steps from the ground, and a high-pitched roof, which has three dormer windows to light the upper story. The house has—as one can easily fancy, a commendation in Moore's eyes—a fine cellar half under-

ground, the whole length and breadth of the building, and a wooden porch tumbling into picturesque decay, but covered by a luxuriant vine relieved of its grapes by the neighbours. Inside there is the abomination of desolation, the unwholesome damp chill of a house long abandoned, the musty smell, plaster falling from walls and ceilings strewn about the floor, windows naked of glass, a chimney with a hole showing daylight through, a wall with a breach rudely patched, doors boarded up, shutters closed for many a year, and—saddest of all—rooms divided up into little cabins by rudely papered hoardings, showing that, after sheltering a poet like Moore, the house had indeed fallen to low estate and been cut up into the most meagre of tenements. There are some queer old locks on the doors—one of them a shackle. There are other quaint old houses round. I am sure this one has a romance, with its balustraded roof and balcony projecting on rafters over a stone foundation, like the old Greek houses of Constantinople; its yellow, red, and green jalousies, and its outside staircase. It stands in a typical French-Canadian garden, with its few maize cobs, its little row of sunflowers, its well with a huge iron caldron working on a rusty chain, its three ragged elms and skinny maples, and its pumpkins on the verandah of a little wood-and-plaster house. It was hailing a minute ago, and now the sun is lighting up the shiny autumn woods on the farther shore that slope away into dark distance,

prolonged by islets. I sit down on the old stone sledge-mud-roller to "look lazy" at the brown waters lapping on the stones, and meditate on Moore in Canada, Camoens at Macao.

From St. Anne's to Lachine is not such a very far cry, and it was at Lachine that the great La Salle had his first seigniory. This Norman founder of Illinois, who reared on the precipices of Fort-St. Louis the white flag and his great white cross nearly a couple of centuries before the beginnings of the Metropolis of the West, made his beginnings at his little seigniory round Fort Remy, on the Island of Montreal.

The son of a wealthy and powerful burgher of Rouen, he had been brought up to become a Jesuit. La Salle was well fitted for an ecclesiastic, a prince of the Church, a Richelieu, but not for a Jesuit, where effacement of self is the keystone of the order. To be one step, one stone in the mighty pyramid of the Order of Jesus was not for him, a man of mighty individuality like Columbus or Cromwell, and accordingly his piety, asceticism, vast ambition, and superhuman courage were lost to the Church and gained to the State. So says Parkman.

He was given a sum of money, bringing in only three or four hundred francs a year, and sailed for Canada to make his fortune in Dryden's *Annus Mirabilis*, 1666. He found his way to Montreal, where the Sulpician Fathers were gallantly maintaining a colony in the teeth of the savage Iroquois.

The Five Nations had just received a severe chastisement from Courcelles, the Governor; but, for all that, no one could venture outside the walls without peril of his life.

The Fathers were endeavouring to establish a chain of alarm posts, something after the manner of the Roman settlements of veterans in imperfectly conquered countries, and were disposed to be very liberal.

La Salle was the man for such a purpose had the priests understood him, which they evidently did not, for some of them suspected him of levity, the last foible with which he could be charged—the man above all others consumed with earnestness. “But,” says Parkman, “Queylus, Superior of the Seminary, made him a generous offer, and he accepted it. This was the gratuitous grant of a large tract of land at the place now called Lachine, above the great rapids of the same name, and eight or nine miles from Montreal. On the one hand it was greatly exposed to attack, and on the other it was favourably situated for the fur trade. La Salle and his successors became its feudal proprietors on the sole condition of delivering to the Seminary, on every change of ownership, a medal of fine silver weighing one mark.”

“Lightly won, lightly spent,” the saying goes. La Salle laid out a township and leased it to his tenants on very “nominal” terms. Each settler received a third of an acre inside the palisade of the town

for a farthing a year and three capons, and a common of about one hundred and thirty acres was set apart for the use of any one who felt well enough off to pay twopence halfpenny a year for the privilege. He received two hundred and eighty acres for his own domain, and on this he began to clear the ground and erect.

“Similar to this were the beginnings of all the Canadian seigniories formed at this troubled period,” says the American Macaulay—Parkman.

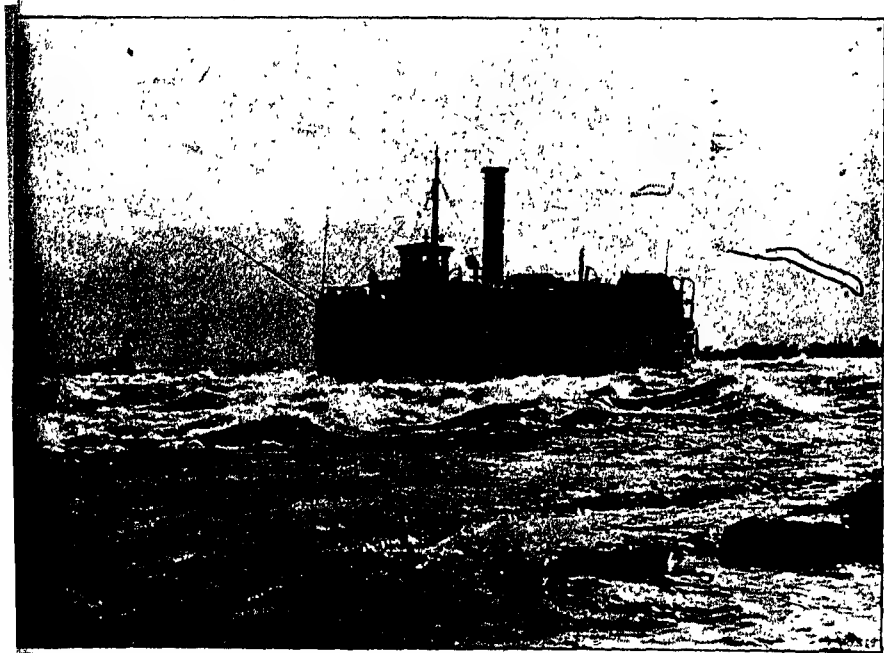
His seigniory and fort—probably the Fort Remy of which a contemporary plan has come down to us—were just where the St. Lawrence begins to widen into Lake St. Louis, abreast of the famous rapids of Lachine, shot by so many tourists with blanched cheeks every summer. I say tourists, for, as I have said before, there is nothing your true Canadian loves so much as the off-chance of being drowned in a cataract or “spifflicated” on a toboggan slide. It is part of the national education, like the Bora Bora or teeth-drawing of the Australian aborigines. The very name Lachine breathes a memory of La Salle, for it was so christened in scorn by his detractors—the way by which La Salle thinks he is going to get to China. A palisade containing, at any rate, the house of La Salle, a stone mill still standing, and a stone barrack and munition house, now falling into most picturesque and pitfallish decay—such is Fort Remy, founded nearly two centuries and a quarter ago, when England was just beginning to feel the

invigorating effects of a return to the blessings of Stuart rule. This was in 1667, but La Salle was not destined to remain here long. In two years' time he had learned seven or eight Indian languages, and felt himself ready for the ambition of his life: to find his way to the Vermilion Sea—the Gulf of California—for a short cut to the wealth of China and Japan,—an ambition which resolved itself into founding a province or Colonial Empire for France at the mouth of the Mississippi, when he discovered later on that the Mississippi flowed into the Gulf of Mexico and not into the Gulf of California.

We cannot follow him in his long connection with the Illinois Indians and Fort St. Louis. We must leave him gazing from the walls of his seigniory across the broad bosom of Lake St. Louis at the forests of Beauharnais and Chateauguay (destined afterwards to be Canada's Thermopylæ) and the sunset behind which must be a new passage to the South Seas and the treasures of Cathay and Cipango—the dream which had fired the brain of every discoverer from Columbus and Vasco Nuñez downwards.

Nowadays Lachine suggests principally the canal by which the rapids are avoided, the rapids themselves, and the superb Canadian Pacific Railway Bridge, which is a link in the realisation of La Salle's vast idea. Hard by, too, the St. Lawrence opens out into the expanse of Lake St. Louis, dear to Montreallers in the glowing Canadian summer. Seen from the bank, the rapids are most disappointing

to people who expect them to look like Niagara. Seen from the deck of the steamer which runs in connection with the morning and evening train from Montreal, they make the blood of the novice creep, though the safety of the trip is evinced by the



IN LACHINE RAPIDS.

[Nolman.

fact that it is no longer considered necessary to take a pilot from the neighbouring Indian village of Caughnawaga. It is said that, if the steamer is abandoned to the current, it is impossible for her to strike, the scour being so strong; certainly, her engines are slowed; she reels about like a drunken man; right and

left you see fierce green breakers with hissing white fillets threatening to swamp you at every minute. Every second thud of these waves upon the sides convinces you that the ship is aground and about to be dashed to pieces. There seems absolutely no chance of getting safely out of the boiling waters, which often rush together like a couple of fountains. Yet, after a few trips, you know that the Captain is quite justified in sitting in his easy chair and smoking.



THE CANADIAN PACIFIC RAILWAY BRIDGE.

a cigarette all through it. It is admirably described in brief by Dawson: "As the steamer enters the long and turbulent rapids of the Sault St. Louis, the river is contracted and obstructed by islands; and trap dykes, crossing the softer limestone rocks, make, by their uneven wear, a very broken bottom. The fall of the river is also considerable, and the channel tortuous, all which circumstances combined cause this rapid to be more feared than any of the others.

“As the steamer enters the rapids the engines are slowed, retaining a sufficient speed to give steerage way, and, rushing along with the added speed of the swift current, the boat soon begins to labour among the breakers and eddies. The passengers grow excited at the apparently narrow escapes, as the steamer seems almost to touch rock after rock, and dips her prow into the eddies, while the turbulent waters throw their spray over the deck.”

One cannot more fittingly take leave of Lachine than gazing at the great steel Canadian Pacific Railway Bridge which leaps the terrible rapids. It is on the Cantilever system, and built entirely without balustrading. There is nothing, as Mrs. Malaprop would say, to prevent the train slipping off as it makes its leap, in spans of four hundred and eight feet each, at a giddy height. But in reality, of course, if a train left the rails no balustrade could keep it from tearing into the river; and the bridge is, as a matter of fact, much safer than an ordinary bridge, because, being built in skeleton only, it offers so little mark for the wind. Throughout their gigantic line the Canadian Pacific Railway have acted up to the latest scientific ideas.

CHAPTER XII.

~~A FISHING BOX IN THE CANADIAN BACKWOODS.~~

A MONTREAL gentleman asked us to spend a fortnight with him at his fishing box on a lake in the Maskinonge Forest; and as it would be our first glimpse of the French Canadian habitant in the forest, to which he takes as naturally as a fish to the water, we had an additional reason for being glad to accept the invitation. It was a real forest; we had thirty miles and more to drive in buckboards over forest tracks, from Louiseville, a town of thirteen hundred inhabitants, half-way between Montreal and Quebec. We had to pass a night at the principal inn, the unambitiousness of which can be gauged by the fact that the sugar basins were left standing on the dining-tables from one week's end to another; but ambitious enough for all that to have a long-distance telephone to Montreal and Quebec, each nearly a hundred miles away, over which the enterprising proprietor did his daily shopping and let his rooms to drummers (*Anglicé*, commercial travellers). It had a verandah all round, with a high wooden platform, from which we stepped into the buckboards almost on a level. The proprietor made us start

very early in the morning, about eight, as far as I can remember, because it had been raining heavily, and no one could estimate how long it would take to plough through a Maskinonge road after heavy rain. I am not fond of driving,—I always want to be looking round and taking notes when I am amid new surroundings,—but the proprietor stoutly refused to let us have more than one driver for the two buckboards, as they were to be tied together coming back. The first part of the road was not very interesting, bounded as it was on each side by what we should call allotments, from which the thrifty habitant raised a livelihood for himself, his wife and his mother-in-law, and a dozen or twenty children. For being fruitful and multiplying, the southern negro does not approach the French Canadian. These allotments contained, as a rule, a patch of maize, a patch of tobacco, a patch of potatoes, some pumpkins and sunflowers, and odds and ends; and now and then a few stalks of sorghum.

I ought to have described the buckboards, which dispense with springs by consisting of springy boards mounted on two pairs of buggy wheels, with something after the manner of garden seats adjustable on them. It takes a good rut to break the back of a buckboard.

By-and-by we got to St. Alexis des Monts, a little forest township, in which the principal features were the butcher and the curé and the little tin-roofed church. The curé was a man of genius: the only

people who had any money in his parish were the rich Protestant English-Canadians and Americans who had fishing boxes, but he contrived to make them as liberal as if they had been Catholics. In that hilly, thickly forested country he found his congregation very irregular in church attendance. He shifted the



THE TIN-ROOFED CHURCH OF FRENCH CANADA.

market day to Sunday, and opened the market himself in front of the church at the close of the service, and his church was forthwith attended not only by his own parishioners, but by every farmer round within a drive.

We did not linger at St. Alexis, but plunged into the nine miles of forest which lay between us and Lac Eau Clair. The road had been pretty bad in the open; in the forest, except where it was rocky,

it was diabolical, and where it was rocky it was breaknecky. The swampy places were corduroyed, which means that they had faggots laid across them, and they all wanted re-corduroying; the buckboards bumped enough to separate soul from body. Presently a cheerful thing happened. The driver of the other buckboard had taken care to take the best horses, and had got so far ahead that he was out of sight when we came to a place where the road divided into two. There were fresh ruts in each; we coo-ee-ed, but no one heard, and finally took the right road by pure chance. About a mile before we came to Lac Eau Clair we came upon a beautiful clearing of rich green grass, with a well-built settler's house in the middle. This belonged to a habitant named Gautier, whose principal interest for us lay in the savageness of his dogs; but he afforded never-ending interest to our American neighbours, who sometimes called him Goat-chaise and sometimes Zeb, his Christian name being Cyprian.

I have forgotten another settler at whose house we had been stopped twenty miles farther back by an appalling thunderstorm, our buckboards being open. The habitant came to his door, and was too frightened to do anything except cry, "Mon Dieu!" As the pretty girl jumped she entangled her ankles in the reins, and, falling heavily, lay under the horses' feet for at least a minute before we could extricate her, without the smallest assistance from père, mère, grandmère, or the score of children.

Lac Eau Clair house was rather an ambitious one for the backwoods, situated charmingly on a ridge between the main lake and a smaller one; but we lived in regular camp style, dependent on fish and berries for everything except canned and salted provisions.

The lake was lovely; a precipitous wooded island,



LAKE AND ISLAND.

for all the world like a couching lion, lay in front of the house about half a mile off shore. And down at the water's edge a beautiful little bathing basin of uniform depth had been divided off from the lake, with a boom at the entrance for the gentlemen to dive under and swim out. Here, for the first time in Canada, we bathed, ladies and gentlemen together—in suitable dresses, of course.

The unspoiledness of the place was delightful. Standing on the boards between the bathing-place and the lake one could catch noble brook trout; my eight-year-old little boy caught one nearly three pounds weight. While you were fishing, the fur minks and martens played round quite familiarly, even going so far as putting their paws on the boat you were fishing from when it was lying against the bank. Mr. S—— would never allow them to be shot. We had to reserve our rifle bullets for the loons, who laughed when it was going to rain, and the bears who stole our vegetables and rolled in the corn. We had great fun out of a loon; they are very difficult to shoot. The matter-of-fact woman came into the verandah crying, "What's all this polly-wog about?" (a polly-wog being the tadpole of a bull-frog). The pretty girl lying in a hammock said, laughing, "Oh, G—— has gone to shoot a loon." "I'll give you ten dollars if he does," said our hostess; "there hasn't been one killed here for eleven years." The matter-of-fact woman disappeared, and the pretty girl tried to swing herself to sleep, when G——, the son of the house, appeared making mysterious signs, and she got out of the hammock with more speed than grace, and they went round to the back of the house, whence they reappeared dragging a great speckled bird about six feet long, which they deposited at our hostess's feet. She duly deposited the ten-dollar note on the breakfast-table next morning.

The bears were very entertaining; we always

missed each other. One evening we found a place where they had been rolling in the corn, and, it being moonlight, went back, and posted ourselves after



SHOOTING A LOON.

supper for their return. It was quite a sharp night, and the dew was drenching; but we stuck to our watch. Meanwhile our hostess and the pretty girl sat up for us, snoozing with dead tiredness. They heard a noise in the back kitchen, and thought it was

us sneaking in ashamed at our empty-handedness; but it was the bear turning over the barrel for the carrots, which they had brought all the way from Montreal, as Mrs. S—— discovered to her consternation next morning.

The bears were very familiar at Lac Eau Clair. One night, as G—— was returning home without a rifle, he met one standing on its hind legs, drinking out of the waterbutt; and if you took a lady out for a moonlight romance in a birch-bark, her whispers were drowned in the noise the bears made coming down to the water to drink, just like a lot of lambs. They did one thing which made us savage. It was quite a novelty to us to tap the sugar maple and to hang little birch-bark vessels underneath to catch the syrup; but the bears always reached the syrup first.

The lake was surrounded by subsidiary lakes, divided by short portages, as they call the breaks over which you have to carry your canoe in Canada. These portages through the forest were made perfectly exquisite with queer lichens and fungi, maidenhair fern and wild flowers, strangely geometrical. They were also execrable with mosquitoes. They were too shady for berries; for the blueberries and raspberries, which formed so important a feature in our cuisine, one had to go to the clearings round the roads. The lakes swarmed with fish, but we always left off catching them as soon as we had enough to eat. The chipmunks, the lovely little striped

Canadian squirrels, were ubiquitous, and so tame that I used nearly to catch them in a butterfly net. They are terrible fellows to chatter, and scold you for a quarter of an hour if you intrude upon their privacy. I used to spend a great deal of time watching them and Pierre the habitant's children.

These Canuck children are as immortal as they are numerous, nothing ever hurts them; they used to gorge the deadly blue belladonna berries. Pierre himself was typical in his checked, Guernsey-shaped, Crimean shirt, butcher's-blue drill trousers, beef boots, and a deplorable straw hat. Beef boots are a sort of loose top-boots made of raw hide—the soles of the same leather and thickness as the legs, and lapping over the feet. They are soaked in grease, waterproof, and very durable; most of the gentlemen who came up fishing wore them. There was a sameness about the food, though there was plenty of variety of occupation; so one day the pretty girl tried to vary the *régime* with a dish of bull-frog's legs, but not one of these imbecile batrachians fell a victim to either hook or landing-net, so she went off for a tandem drive in a buckboard with the two high-stepping bays which drew the millionaire's carriage in Montreal. We did not expect them to return, for the horses were almost unmanageable in town, and the bridges here were so shaky and the hills so dangerous; but the leader felt shy in his new surroundings, and, far from showing any of his town temper, tried every dangerous place as gingerly as

an old maid. Our hostess was a splendid backwoodsman; she swam, rode, paddled, and drove with remarkable strength and grace, and shot like a man. The French Canadians are most enduring and born backwoodsmen, but they hate and dread the water. Mrs. S—— had sent the cook across the lake to fetch



INTERIOR OF A SETTLER'S HOUSE.

a girl to help in the house. It was three miles to the bottom of the lake and six miles beyond through the wood. Just as they were ready to start back a puff of wind rippled the lake, and rather than face the ripples they slept all night in the woods.

There was only one drawback to the fishing, and that was the worms would not grow in the soil.

They had to bring a cartload of earth thirty miles before they could establish a colony of the humble earthworm. But there were lots of snakes—only the harmless milk snakes, which the habitants always killed because they said they sucked the cows (they were always ready to point you out the scratches of snake's teeth on the udders). One day we paid a visit to our American neighbours, who lived a sort of champagne and *pâte de fois gras* life in the backwoods. They used the finest and most expensive spider tackle, and had a pond full of fine fish in the garden in case they felt too lazy to go any farther; but they had most divine lakes all round, with swampy banks full of the strange and lovely pitcher plant, and one of them with a beaver dam, sixty feet long, tremendously thick and high. Here they carefully preserved beavers in the summer, which the habitants as carefully poached in the winter.

One of the residents in the neighbourhood was a great character. He lived in a poor little shack, with a whitewashed interior, which contained hardly anything except a cradle and some kitchen chairs, and consisted only of a kitchen, and an attic reached by a ladder, divided into two cabins; but it was his boast that he had once owned Chicago. It appears that about half a century ago he did have a farm embracing much of the land on which the capital of advertisement now stands.

It was amid the glorious pine woods of Lac Eau Clair that I wrote my "Lester, the Loyalist"; and

the scene of the Sherwoods' house is in reality laid here, though the remainder of the New Brunswick scenery is genuine. The snowing-up incident actually happened in a settler's hut here. Our host drove us down in style from Lac Eau Clair to St. Alexis Des Monts, but we continued the journey from St. Alexis to Louiseville in the butcher's buckboards. The butcher's grey mare was a trifle rocky in its joints, and roused the matter-of-fact woman's scorn.

"How many knots an hour will that old mopoke go?" But the butcher did not understand English—or Australian. Still he felt that she wished to be unsympathetic, so he jumped on the box of our buckboard. I conversed with him in my best French, and at the end he remarked, with a fine provincial contempt for my accent, "You come from the old France, Monsieur?" It was Sunday afternoon when we got back to Louiseville, and we found half the population making a church parade of the railway station (a popular custom in the villages of New France), the other half beguiling a broiling summer's day with a ball in our hotel to a band of three instruments brought all the way from Quebec. Verily, one felt that the place was excelling itself.

CHAPTER XIII.

THE THOUSAND ISLANDS OF THE ST. LAWRENCE, TORONTO, AND NIAGARA.

THEY do things on a large scale in America. The St. Lawrence, where it receives the waters of Lake Ontario, is a trifle of eight miles wide, and contains the far-famed Thousand Islands, which are considerably over a thousand in number and vary in size from an island big enough to contain a town to a mere rock with one nodding tree. So wooded to the water's edge are the Thousand Islands, that one would not count an islet that did not run to a tree of some sort. Though so wide, the water is often very shallow; there are wide stretches of water one could wade across, generally forested with reeds.

As the boundary line between the State of New York and the Province of Ontario runs down the middle of the St. Lawrence, it follows that the Thousand Islands are half in Canada and half in the United States. The contrast between them is as marked as the contrast between the countries. On the Canadian side it is generally one island one house, and a very simple one at that. On the American side there are fashionable watering-places with great hotels and luxurious villas.

It is not my purpose in this chapter to describe the extravagances of fashionable life in the Thousand Islands,—Alexandria Bay with its huge hotels or sumptuous villas, such as that belonging to the family of Dr. Holland, late editor of the *Century Magazine*; or the blow-the-expense monstrosities of



AT ALEXANDRIA BAY. THOUSAND ISLANDS OF ST. LAWRENCE.

[Notman.]

successful patentees. Mr. Pullman has endeavoured to reproduce architectural details from the famous cars which have made his name and his fortune, and the proprietor of a "Safe Cure" combines a lordly pleasure-house with a mammoth advertisement. The ordinary summer-houses on the American side are quite bad enough, with their gaudy paint,

striped red and white, like the trousers of the stage Uncle Sam, and their latest-appliance boats. They seem incapable of doing the thing simply and inexpensively. I have a sort of idea that the good American despises himself if he does not spend a bloated slice of his income on his summer holiday. Decidedly the most amusing thing in the Thousand Islands is the grand hotel and grounds, to which admission is a question of Methodist principles, where you get a camp meeting and summer resort rolled into one.

We took a tiny bungalow on a tiny island. Bungalow was rather a glorified name for it. It was hideously ugly and hardly better than a shed divided into three—kitchen, gentlemen's dormitory, and ladies' dormitory. Our sitting-rooms were the open air; of course there was room to have pitched one or two tents to sleep in; but we were old campaigners, and knew that, "Be it never so humble, there's no place like a house."

Our island was the tiniest affair, little better than a flat rock. If the river had risen a few feet, it would have floated us away, and it—the river—is eight miles wide here. There were no real trees on our island, but there were a few weedy wild cherries, just to make it worth counting as an island and not a rock, and an inexhaustible supply of blueberry bushes, though it was only about the size of a London flat.

It must not be supposed, however, that we were isolated in the middle of the St. Lawrence like a

pin's head. On the contrary, we formed part of a very respectable little archipelago.

Not twenty feet away from us was quite a large, well-wooded island, with little inlets and little ravines and a regular cave and a spring which fed a little river with a course of at least a dozen yards. But we maintained our independence by a channel four or five feet deep, clear as glass and full of the most exquisite feathery water-weeds, which was a regular Kraken, if you did not remember to swim high.

Of course we spent some of every day in swimming, generally at noon, or the hour before dinner at night. The water was then so caressingly warm. Both sexes wore comprehensive bathing dresses and bathed together, and there were such delightful excursions to be made, now wading, now swimming to other islets. If we felt inclined for boating instead of swimming, we used to jump into one of the flotilla of boats (none of them up to very much) let with the house, and pull across to the summer home of a friend, a delightful little chalet, situated, not upon an island, but on a peninsula of uncommon beauty, with three sides descending perpendicularly to the river, and the fourth through beautiful woods to a shallow, sunny bay, which gave us the most charming bathing we ever enjoyed. Full advantage had been taken, with flower and fern, of the gardening capabilities of the place. The only drawback was the occasional incursion of a skunk. What this means

may be judged from a curious local lawsuit. A gentleman hired a bungalow for the summer; while he was there a skunk came and established itself under the verandah, the house becoming, of course, untenable; he naturally left and refused to pay the balance of the rent; the proprietor sued for it and got it, because there had been no proviso about skunks in the lease. The prospect from the house and cliffs was simply exquisite—*island after island, large and small, and bays with bamboo-brakes of reeds.* Of course, one simply lived in boats; it was so enchanting to paddle lazily along the channels between the rocky, woody islands—channels clear as crystal, with swaying gardens of water-weed at their bottoms. Nor was it far to the broad main channel of the river, where one could get quite a sea in gusty weather. This was our fishing ground. Fishing in the Thousand Islands comes about as near fishing from an armchair as anything I have tried. If you are wise, as I was, and hire one of the regular fishermen who make a business of taking out Americans, instead of pulling yourself about to the wrong places with the wrong tackle in one of the leaky boats you have hired with the bungalow, you have a fine roomy boat, with luxurious cushions and backed seats. On each side of the boat is a shoe to stick the rod into, and a crutch on the opposite gunwale to hold it in position. The rod itself is a strong bamboo about ten feet long, with a bell at the end. When the fish bites, the bell rings, and you

draw the line to you by a little cross lanyard, and haul in. If you are not ambitious, the boatman takes the line from you when the fish is near enough for you to have a chance of losing it, and lifts it into the boat. He, of course, does all the baiting as well as all the rowing. In this ~~very~~ quite a novice may be credited with a catch of a lordly maskelunge (locally known as a "lunge") running up to twenty pounds weight, or a monster pike. Some boatmen even go so far as to keep little flags for mounting in the bows when a "lunge" has been captured. They are getting rare in these much-fished waters, though they are still plentiful in places like the Muskoka Lakes. You read a novel till the bell rings—the latest one pirated from England, and therefore purchasable from fifteen to twenty-five cents.

The people who enjoy themselves most in the Thousand Islands are the good Canadians, who, as we did, hire a little island with a little bungalow on it, furnished with nothing but the bare walls and windows. They bring no more than they would take into camp with them—in fact, less, because they do not want tents, and simply live *al fresco*; they are on the water all the day and most of the night; and the parties generally contain assorted couples. Given the cloudless Canadian summer, given the most romantically lovely coves and islands imaginable, picture life a perpetual picnic broken up into *tête-à-têtes*, and you have some idea of the Golden Age and canoe-camp life in the Thousand Islands.

We did not only ruralise. As I was an Englishman of letters, we were asked to plenty of garden parties or rather island parties; and the hospitable Canadians would even go to the expense of chartering a special steamer to bring the leading literary people and others whom they thought I should like to meet from Kingston or Toronto. The local guests came in every conceivable species of skiff and canoe and catamaran. But the blight of the Prohibition Act hung over all the festivities, which generally consisted of tea and fruit and confectionery and ice-cream and introductions.

As far as I remember, none of our hosts were unregenerate enough to offer us a "square drink," though the weather made it as easy to raise a thirst as if one had been east of Suez. Our larder was a difficulty with us. I must say that the pretty girl, who had undertaken the catering, treated us rather badly. She had to be rowed two or three miles to get to the township, and though we had a treasure of a man who rowed the boat, cooked the meals, and made the beds, it took such an effort to go shopping, that she fed us almost entirely upon potatoes and canned goods and blueberries, and fish—until we were simply afraid to bring our fish in (especially if the fish were pike, which run large and eat coarse), and could not endure the sight of blueberries. Added to this, she would not have any beer or spirits on the island because she considered it a temptation to the boatman. A fortnight of practical teetotalism combined

with a diet of fish and wild fruit made me feel as thin as a rat, till I hit upon the expedient of sending the boatman just before the hotels closed at night to bring me in the darkness sufficient evil for the morrow. He took the empty bottles back next night, and as he was not a teetotaller and I always gave him a quarter for his trouble I don't see how the temptation was eliminated. It is warm work rowing four or five miles on a Canadian summer night. Anyhow, it bore fruit in the thereafter, because, when we went camping on Trout Lake, she withdrew the Prohibition embargo.

From the Thousand Islands we passed, in a crazy little steamer which spent most of its time in running aground, to Kingston, the ancient Frontenac, a handsome little city ideally situated on a point running out into Lake Ontario. Frontenac thought it the finest site he had ever seen, and La Salle was its governor until he made that expedition down the Mississippi that was to have brought him to the Vermilion Sea, face to face with Cathay, but only took him to the Bayous, on which he founded New Orleans, and found his death. Kingston is like a bit of the old world, with its ramparts, its Martello towers, its Military Academy, and its stately stone streets embosomed in ancient trees. Once upon a time a hundred-gun ship was built here, of timber sent from England, and here Ontario (Upper Canada) became a colony. But that was a hundred years ago. Kingston has long ceased to be the seat of

Government. The stately old Government House is still standing, charmingly situated on the lake shore, and now has an added interest to the literary world as the Canadian home of Grant Allen, whose father lives there. The blood of La Salle ran in the veins of his mother, who was one of the Grants, whose barony of Longueuil was the only title in New France recognised by the British Government. Mr. Allen has some fine historical portraits of old Canada, among them one of La Salle. Kingston is now a port of considerable importance, and a great educational centre; but we could not linger there, because we had to be at Toronto by a fixed day for the annual exhibition. Toronto is the Chicago of Canada, the heart of English Canada, the centre of the most flourishing portion of the Dominion. It does not equal Montreal in population by twenty-five per cent., and the headquarters of the great companies are for the most part at Montreal, as the seaport which stands at the head of navigation. But the Toronto branch will often rival in importance the head office in Montreal. The millionaires live in Montreal, but there are more evidences of diffused wealth in Toronto, and more bustle and *hum* about it, as the Americans say—the fact being that Montreal is a French community, with English for its head, while Toronto is all English.

Toronto is one of the most unpleasantly righteous cities I was ever caught in on a Sunday. Tramways do not run, and the public-houses are closed from

seven on Saturday night till Monday morning—not that that makes much difference in Canada, where prohibitionist laws are strict, but not strictly regarded. I had this very amusingly brought home to me. I was being driven about the city by one of the leading



COLONEL GEORGE TAYLOR DENISON.

editors, who was doing the honours of the place, introducing me to all the leading citizens and institutions. Among other places, we happened on the 'Toronto Fair' or Exhibition, where I was introduced at once to the head, who behaved most mysteriously. He led the way straight into his office cupboard, which had fortunately a ray of light, though it was

devoted to brooms and such-like, till there was hardly room to stand. It was all about a bottle of *rye*, as they call whisky in Canada, deftly hidden among these Lares and Penates. The exhibition was run on prohibitionist lines weekdays as well as Sundays (though they do not reckon cider alcoholic), and even in the seclusion of his own office the head dared not offer me a drink till he had hidden me in the broom closet. We spent a great deal of time at the fair without my deriving much edification; it seemed to consist mostly of domestic animals and agricultural machines, hardware and woodware, beds that turned into bureaus, organettes, and fruits in syrups,—things in which for the most part I am not an expert, though the furniture certainly struck me as exceedingly good. The Ontarians know how to turn to advantage the beautiful woods of the province. I am told that their organs and pianos are very good. Of course, in agricultural machines Ontario has a world-wide reputation; there are very few parts of the world where one cannot see a Massey Reaper-and-Binder. The exhibition was immense, and so was the concourse of people from all the neighbouring parts of Canada and the United States.

I was honestly glad when tea-time came, for Mr. Goldwin Smith had written to say that he would send his carriage to fetch us up to meet some of his friends, as mourning precluded him from entertaining in a more formal way. Goldwin Smith has the most ideal house in Canada, The Grange, a dear old

colonial house, with a demesne round it, right in the heart of the city—a sort of Toronto Holland Park. The house is typical of the man, in the very centre of everything, but isolated; an admired, but unimitated landmark. Among wire-pulling politicians he has no followers. But there is no one whose judgment is considered so independent, and people recognise that there is no one whose good opinion is so hard to have, and whose criticism is so difficult to disarm. The value of a man with the courage of his opinions is inestimable in a new country, where it is almost impossible to escape from the treadmill of log-rolling. His worst enemy never accused Goldwin Smith of log-rolling. He has generally been a Cassandra, popular with neither the imported nor the native-born Canadian. Each likes hearing the other abused, but he has a happy knack of putting himself out of court with each. When a minute before he has flattered New World foibles by harping on the advantages of democracies, however crude, in the next he will trample on them with some such remark as calling a colonial university a contradiction in terms. But he enjoys great personal respect. I was lunching with him at his club one day in a room full of the ablest men in Toronto, and could not help marking the deference with which they received this tall, spare being from another sphere, with his scornful, intellectual face, and his marvellous gift of literary expression.

There are many striking Torontonians,—for in-

stance, the queer German-looking Premier, so advanced in internal policy, but so resolute a foe to the amalgamation of Canada with the United States, the author of that famous phrase, "a hostile country to the south of us"; or Colonel George Taylor Denison, Her Majesty's most loyal colonial-born subject, the smart cavalry officer who won the prize open to the whole world offered by the Czar of all the Russias for the best cavalry manual.

We stayed at a commercial hotel at Toronto, the Walker House, and received better food and attendance than at the much-vaunted Palace Hotel at San Francisco—green corn, in particular, we never had so good in any hotel on the American Continent. We were inconveniently crowded, it is true; but what place would not have been crowded at Toronto in the Fair week? Toronto is most enjoyably situated, right on Lake Ontario, though the City Fathers, for some reason known only to themselves, have allowed the railway companies to monopolise the whole foreshore. But there is a charming walk to Hanlan's Point, and Toronto has its specialities, summer and winter—yachting on Lake Ontario in the summer, and ice-boating in winter. And what other capital in the world is there with just a narrow lake to sail across, and a spectacle like Niagara opposite?

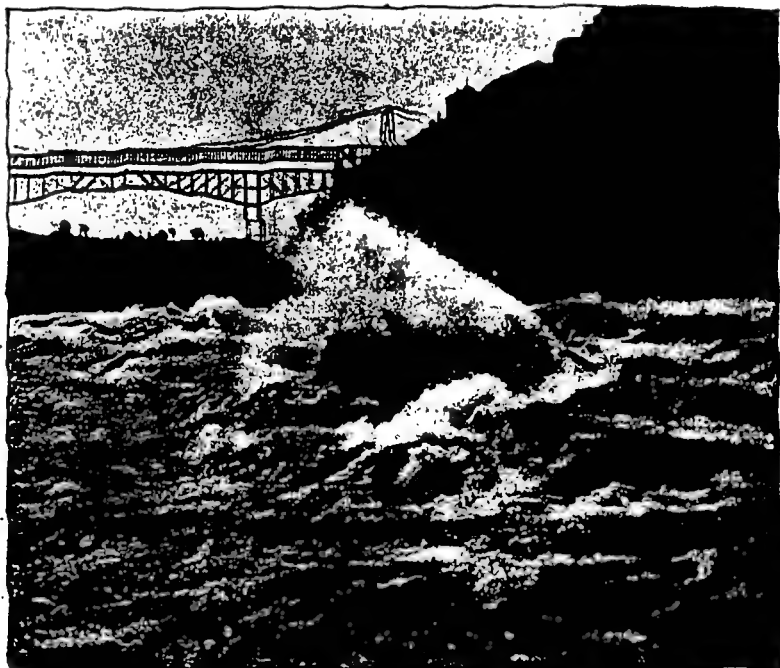
The day we went to Niagara, Lake Ontario was emphasising the fact that a shallow lake can rival the Atlantic for danger and discomfort to voyagers.

We were in a shaky old wooden side-wheel steamer, as the Yankee calls them, and the seas were short and heavy. One wave would send the steamer almost on her beam ends, and before she recovered herself the next hit her and made her shake like chattering teeth. The pretty girl, who did not know what fear was on the ocean, even when it was too rough for any one to eat except the officers, was genuinely frightened, and made us promise to go back by land; almost everybody on board was seasick, and the windows rattled like dice in a box. We did go back by land, and when we arrived in Toronto heard that the return voyage had been so much rougher that nearly every pane of glass in the steamer was smashed.

Once on shore, it was sight-seeing with a vengeance. The boy on the cars was simply loaded with literature, or rather art, on the subject of Niagara, and the people rushed from side to side in chase of the view. The town of Niagara consists mainly of cabs, keepsakes, and restaurants. Advertisements are no longer more conspicuous than the Falls, but they enjoy due consideration on the American side. The Canadian Government have cleared them out bag and baggage, with the sharks who used to render a visit to Niagara more expensive than a young second wife.

Niagara is not disappointing except to people who thought the Falls would be four thousand feet high; they are certainly the most stupendous thing I ever

saw, though Mark Twain did say he would have thought more of them, if they had run up hill instead of down. He did not see any difficulty in that. I once witnessed six streets of New-York on fire at the same time; they were filled with hogs'

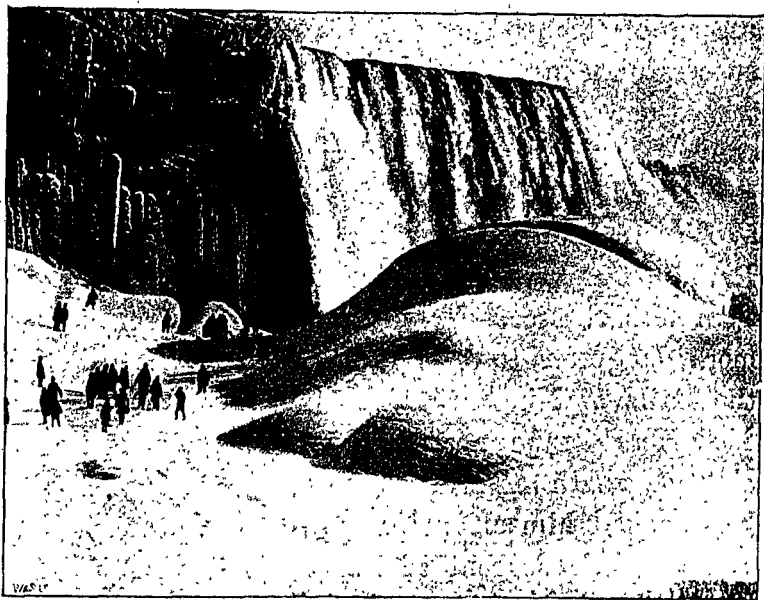


THE WHIRLPOOL RAPIDS.

[Notman.]

lard, but they did not compare with Niagara. The dull roar, the smooth glassy green rush over the precipice, the soft white foam, impress one with the idea of the greatest reserve power in the world. Again, there is such variety,—the placid lake-like expanse above, then the impatient rapid which

sparcs the islands and bridges, apparently only in obedience to a Supreme will, for it looks every minute as if it was going to wash them over the Falls like the Fenian steamer *Caroline*, which the plucky Canadian volunteers cut out right under the guns of Fort Schlosser and sent blazing over the Falls.



NIAGARA IN WINTER.

[Notman.]

At the conclusion of this Upper Rapids come the Falls themselves, more than a thousand feet wide on the American side, and double as much on the Canadian. Terrible as is the impact of that vast body of water (1,500,000 cubic feet a minute) on the pool below from the height of 160 feet, the little steamer *Maid of the Mist*, and even rowing boats,

venture quite near to give you a view from the Falls below. The most dangerous part is a little lower down, in the Whirlpool Rapids, where the body of water emptied over the Falls from the four great lakes is so confined that the centre of the stream is often thirty feet above the sides—it was here that Webb lost his life. Niagara has, of course, a noble record of foolish deaths. Sam Patch made two successful leaps into the water from Biddle's Stairs, with the remark that "one thing might be done as well as another"; he tried again when he was not sober, and found that made a difference. Captain Webb was drowned in trying to swim the Whirlpool Rapids; but another man, seemingly more foolhardy than either, successfully demonstrated that it was more dangerous to eat eggs than to be washed over the Falls of Niagara. The same issue of the *New York Herald* announced the death by apoplexy at the eighty-seventh egg of a coloured gentleman who had backed himself to eat a hundred at a sitting, and the safe descent of a dare-devil who had let himself be shut up in a barrel and launched over the Falls. It always seemed to me as if the most dangerous thing you could do at Niagara was to go down the open elevator attached to the face of the cliff to look at the whirlpool. The elevator seems to sway about like a pendulum. You pay two shillings each for the chance of perdition. It is much more terrifying than going under the Horse-shoe Falls, which you can do at the same price,

including the hire of an oilskin suit. This last was not so impressive as I expected; it only looked like a cross between a cellar and a shower bath; you could form no idea of the size or thickness of the body of water looking at it through a gap like a larder window. There is a capital hotel on the Canadian side, where Mr. Erastus Wiman, the New York millionaire, who has lately been imprisoned for business irregularities, used to entertain representative people sumptuously, and after they were well eaten and drunken, trot out his annexation fallacies, whence the skit beginning—

“Will you walk into my parlour? said the Wiman to the fly,
I’ve the great Falls of Niagara a-rolling rolling by.”

Impossible as it might seem, the Falls freeze in winter into a great hill of ice.

All the country round Niagara was debatable in the year 1812. Here are the Queenston Heights, where Brock hurled the American army into the river, and died in the moment of victory. Close by is Lundy’s Lane, another Canadian victory-field; and, a few miles west, Beaver Dams, where, owing to the heroism of Laura Secord, Colonel Boerstler surrendered six hundred infantry, fifty cavalry, two field guns, and a stand of colours to a boy ensign, with forty British soldiers and two hundred militiamen and Indians. These foughten fields are now a forest of peach trees, a garden of grapes. Over a million baskets of peaches are shipped from Grimsby alone, and the only Canadian wine is made from

Niagara grapes. As the poet Roberts once wrote on the Brock column at the summit of Queenston Heights, "Standing on this gallery, one sees unrolled before him a matchless panorama of battle-field and vineyard, of cataract and quiet stream, of dark wood and steeped villages, and breadths of peach orchards, and fortresses no longer hostile; and far across the blue waters of Ontario, the smoke of the great city towards which our feet are set."

CHAPTER XIV.

TROUT LAKE, AND CAMPING-OUT IN CANADA.

THE bungalow life in the Thousand Islands put it into our minds to try some real camping-out in tents in the forest primæval, and where there was something else to catch besides pike which hooked themselves and rang the bell when they were ready. Everybody assured us that the very best district for this kind of thing was the chain of lakes which formed the headwaters of the Ottawa and Mattawa rivers. They told us, moreover, that the easiest way to strike them was to go by train to North Bay, the saw-mills town on Lake Nipissing, which is the junction of the line from Toronto with the Canadian Pacific Railway's main line from Vancouver. When we got there we were directed to drive out about six miles through the forest to Trout Lake, and then to go by boat and canoe as far as ever we liked from one lake to another.

And this is why we are here—stranded (with the sun going down) at the water's edge of a sandy bluff on a lonely island, separated by half a dozen miles of water and half a dozen miles of thick forest from the nearest town, and that little more than a railway

divisional point at one corner of the great Lake Nipissing. However, here we are, and we feel quite thankful for that; for when we were out in the middle of the four-mile reach, the guide, with the nonchalance of his race, remarked that he hoped it would not blow, because if he had thought there was any chance of it, he would not have ventured out in



MOONLIGHT ON LAKE NIPISSING.

[Topley.]

the open in such a crazy old birch-bark. Even trolling (without getting any bites) was hardly sufficient distraction to drive away unpleasant thoughts till we were in shore again. Our fleet consisted of a scow—a kind of large punt, to transport the tents and the stores and the camp kettles which had made such a glorious rattling as the buckboard bumped over the unmitigated corduroy trail through the forest—the aforesaid birch-bark,

and a skiff. Fortunately we had a sea captain among the party, who sailed the scow with great success, looking in the distance as if it must be carrying the body of King Arthur.

This is Big Camp Island—very well named, for one could not desire any better camping ground than this high and dry bluff of sand with its certainty of dry beds, sheltered by thick woods from the prevailing winds, but sufficiently cleared around the camp to keep away mosquitoes. The stomach of man had been here, for there was a rude trestle table still *in situ*, with a form in front of it—a board nailed on two tree stumps. Moreover, an adjoining hollow was filled with preserved-milk cans and broken bottles; and a canned-salmon tin, which seemed a little superfluous at Trout Lake, reminded us that we had intended to eat fish for supper.

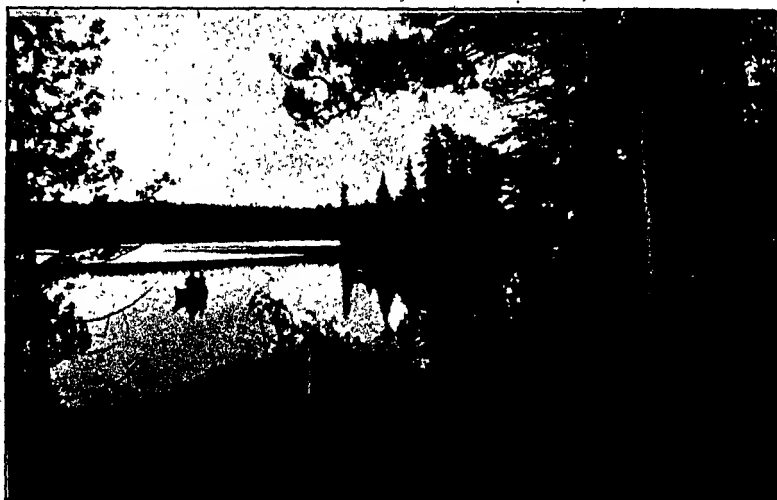
As one of the guides (a temporary one only) was lame, and therefore not of much use in pitching the camp, he was told off to take my small boy and myself to the nearest fishing-ground to provide the supper. Captain M—— and the other guide had already started cutting poles and erecting the tents, and the ladies stayed ashore under the delusion that the culinary comforts of the expedition depended on them. The matter-of-fact woman did not see the good of camping-out at all—she had only come to chaperone the pretty one. Our fishing-ground was only half a mile off, in full view, between a little rocky islet and the opposite shore. Trout Lake, I

may explain, though ten miles long, is generally not wider than a good river. We got bites almost directly we started; our guide, of the family of Jessop, the only inhabitant of the upper end of the lake, who supplies the boats and guides, was in despair. "It's them little rock fellers; they're no good to eat, and they won't let the black ones get near the bait." "Are they bass, too?" "Rock bass." "Shall we go somewhere else?" "Isn't time; night would catch us," he said, pointing to the swift twilight which was spreading over the dark forested shores, making the lake itself look like an oval shield of polished steel. I gave my rod to Charles, who was not above catching anything, food or no food, until frantic shouts, coo-ee-ing, and the blowing of the funny green tin foghorn—dear to the Canadian backwoodsman—summoned us back to supper.

The lame man's rowing was not impaired by his accident, and soon we were in the midst of a little cluster of white tents, seated before bread and butter and jam, beer and tea, a noble sirloin of beef, and most lovely fried potatoes. The matter-of-fact woman, who had been in Australia, was, it appeared, responsible for the fine stew of tea; but the potatoes were the production of the guide, who had made us buy several pounds of salt pork from Mrs. Jessop, as we had suspected at the time, for a stand-by to a colossal appetite. But we were soon to be glad that he knew enough. Of course, there was a blazing

fire, and a big pile of logs in reserve. We were hardly through the fragrant meal when the difficulty of seeing the way to our mouths, or rather our food, forced the unwelcome discovery on us that we had brought no lamps or candles. The people at the capital Pacific Hotel, at North Bay, which we had made our basis for this camping expedition, had been kindness itself to us. For their moderate two dollars a head per day charge they had kept on our rooms for us, with all our masses of luggage undisturbed, and undertaken to supply us with our food for the expedition free of extra charge; but, as the staff of the hotel did not go out camping themselves quite every day, they naturally could not be expected to remember everything. I was surprised at being able to be the *deus ex machina*. Nobody else had ever heard of the common sludge lamp of the Australian bush; but directly I described it, our half-breed French guide, George Rancier (one of the handiest men I ever saw), had cut the salmon-tin ~~half-way~~ down, to make a shade from the wind, put a small piece more of our all-useful salt pork into the frying-pan, and frayed out and unpicked a rag, which he wove into a most workmanlike wick quick as lightning; and we were soon having a noble smoking flare, aided by fresh fuel on the fire. With this additional strain on it, it was quite clear that the fuel would not hold out for the night, so I had half an hour's strong exercise in felling a tree, which had been left rather nearer the camp than most

because it was too thick to cut down in a few chops. Then toddy for those who liked it, brewed divinely out of Canadian rye and lemons by that invaluable half-breed, and to bed. I, personally, preferred devoting my attention to the lovely moonlit night; the pines of the surrounding wood silhouetting against the blue starlit sky; the steely lake under



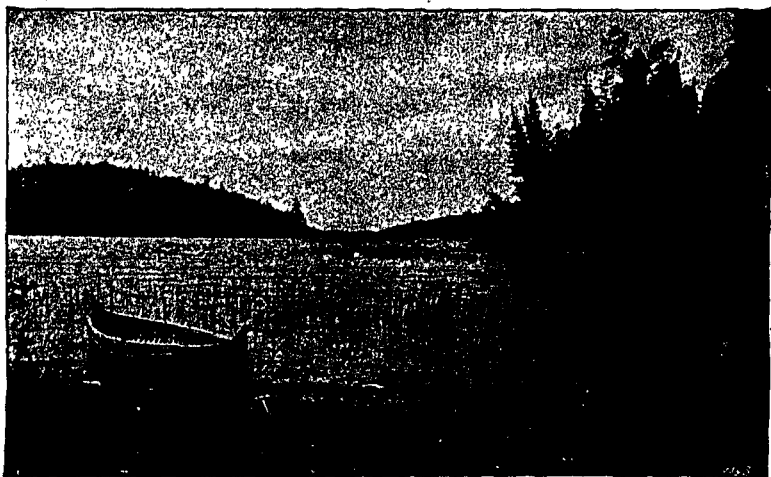
TROLLING IN A BIRCH-BARK CANOE.

[Topley]

the tall sandy point, with the moon stretching right across it in a glittering, quivering shaft; the black pine masses of the opposite shore; and the three back-woodsmen outlined against the tents by the blood-red glare of the gigantic fire.

But we all had to go to bed like Moses. No wonder that William the Conqueror's British subjects hated the curfew so. However, the beds

themselves were lovely soft deep piles of fragrant fir needles with deer-skin rugs piled on them, and red Indian blankets on the top of these. And so, having no light at one end, we got as much as we could at the other by rising before dawn, while the mists were still rolling. We lost no time in making up the fire, for it was bitterly cold; but we considered



WHERE THE DEER DRINK.

[Topley.]

that we should not be doing the thing properly unless we bathed—all except the matter-of-fact woman, who put off her bath to the middle of the day, “when all of you will be fooling round after the fish.” The pretty girl walked half a mile to find a sufficiently sequestered cove for Diana’s bath, hung her looking-glass—a Japanese one—on a tree, and plunged in. When she came out she was so long doing her hair with her frozen fingers that

the universal provider of a half-breed thought she must have got cramp and been drowned. He went (I believe not expecting to bring her body back with the soul inside, though he did), and she was very glad to be brought back with a few deft strokes in the birch-bark, instead of having to force a way back through the dewy wood. The gentlemen, of course, bathed off the particularly bald sandy bluff within a few yards of the camp; the matter-of-fact woman could be relied on not to disturb them; she had announced her intention of cooking her own breakfast in the middle of the morning.

We were all afire to get to the fishing, more especially as we had to go for bait to a reedy shallow, where there might be a deer if we went early enough and quietly enough. They were out of season, but seasons do not signify in the forest. The pretty girl, too, felt nervous about the strawberry jam. We had only brought two pots, and the sea captain, who, in spite of the hard tack he had been accustomed to all his life, was far daintier than the delicately brought up ladies, and swore (in guarded language) at the victuals all the time, seemed inclined to concentrate the whole of his Gargantuan appetite on this one item. So she promised to go in the skiff alone with him, if he would start at once. Charles and I and the half-breed went into the shaky birch-bark.

It was a bit of Paradise—a soft September morning; we glided between two lovely wooded islands, over

clear shallow water in a light canoe, plied so deftly that the only noise was the hissing of the reeds as we slipped through them to the place where the deer came down to water.

Here we posted in ambush, while the guide caught multitudinous minnows as bait for the bass and pickerel. *Pace* the name—Trout Lake—we were told that it was highly unlikely that we should catch any trout. The brook trout were not fond of this lake, and it was too early in the season for the monster lake trout to come into the shallows, where we might catch them. In the summer they swim very deep; one has to have a 200-foot heavily weighted line, and even then they do not bite freely.

No deer came; so we divided the bait with the skiff, and paddled into a long bay with many headlands, round each of which, as we came up to them, we expected to catch that most exciting of finny prey—black bass. But never a bite did we get, and we felt like giving up the whole thing in despair (as, from their attitudes, the captain and the pretty girl obviously had), when the half-breed's quick eye detected a pickerel in a little bay. Taking my rod he angled for him, and the fish bit greedily. "Take your rod back, sir," he said; "if there are any more round here they will bite like fury." And I did, and almost as fast as I could bait my line hooked fine pickerel, four or five pounds weight, which towed the little canoe round in their struggle to free

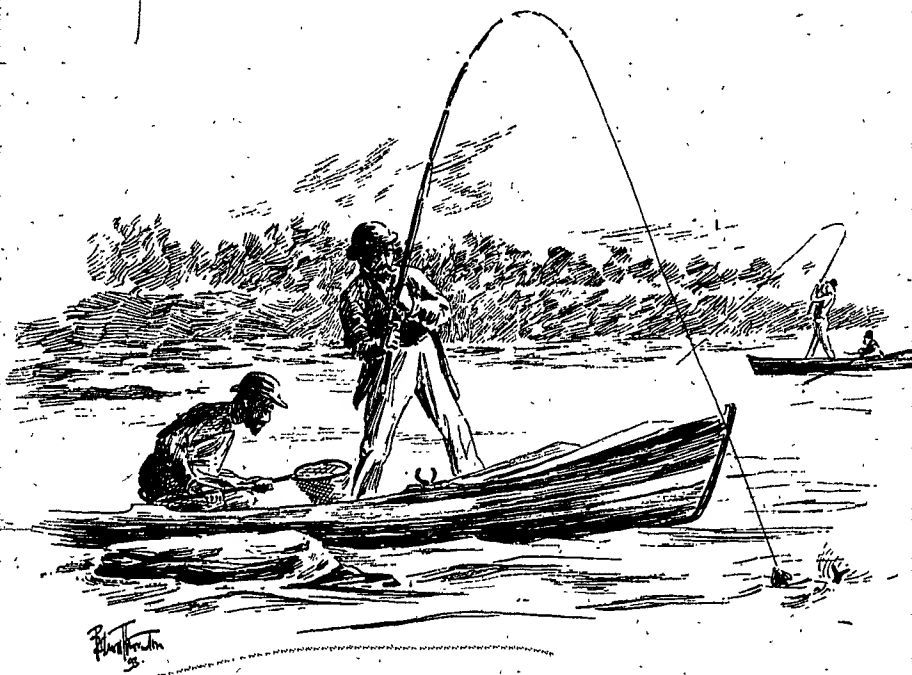
themselves. So strong and greedy were they that they kept breaking my hooks until I took the triple hook of a spinning bait and used that. They still swallowed the bait freely. I caught about a hundred pounds' weight of them in an hour, and then left off to go home for lunch.



MY HUNDREDWEIGHT OF PICKEREL.
AUTHOR'S RETURN TO BIG CAMP ISLAND.

In the afternoon we had a taste of the other side of camp life. Captain M—— and Charles and I were in the skiff lying off the opposite shore for the black bass that would not come, and the guides had gone off, one to get more bait and the other twelve miles back to North Bay for candles and lamps. Sailor like, Captain M—— had seen the squall coming and run the boat into a cove sheltered from that quarter.

There was, moreover, a sail in the boat, for he had a craze for trying to sail anything that would float. When the first drops came, we had made ourselves, our rifles, and our worms, the only things in the boat worth anything, snug under the sail, though



THE BASS THAT BROKE THE ROD.

Captain M—— got pretty wet in looking out from time to time to see if the boat was all right.

The ladies were not so fortunate. The pretty girl, not feeling very bright, was lying on her bed reading a novel, when suddenly she heard a pitter patter. It had been bright sunshine when she was outside a few minutes before, without a breath astir in the

trees. She had noticed, however, when she came in, hearing a sudden rush in the tree tops, and then, with no more warning, the squall broke. In an instant the tents were uprooted. In her terror of thunder and lightning she made a wild effort, and, catching hers as it was flying away, wrapped it round her as she sat upon her bed. All the other tents, the bedclothes, and our clothes were flying across the island before the tornado (fortunately in the direction of the woods and not the water), with the matter-of-fact woman after them, full tear, blowing like mad on the green tin horn for the guides to come back. She had found an interest at last. Of the camp nothing remained but the half-charred logs of the fire, which had been extinguished in a few seconds by the deluge of rain, and the pots and pans, which were going to be used for frying the fish. The pretty girl was a pretty spectacle when the storm suddenly dropped, and we put back across the lake to the summons of the horn; the smart starched shirt, in which she had looked such a picture, had received the runnings of her blue yachting jacket and the tent.

The half-breed got there as soon as we did, and at once began repairing damages, which took the line, as we afterwards discovered, of stealing a blanket from each of our beds, as soon as they were dry, to add them to the pretty girl's. Her grace and golden hair had taken him by storm. We returned to our fishing, and the storm seemed to have cleared the

water as well as the air, for almost immediately came an almighty tug that broke the common seventy-five-cent rod I was using, like a straw. But I had taken the precaution of hitching the line round every joint of the rod, for I knew what powerful fish there were in the lake, so I was able to stick to my fish and play him; and after he had towed the boat round for a few minutes in came Master Black Bass, a six-pounder, looking for all the world like a big schnapper, but for his colour.

Then came another and another not so large to one or other rod, and we pulled back early to our island, so as to land in time for supper the finest delicacy in the world—a black bass fresh from the water.

What a supper we had that night! The half-breed cooked fish better than any hotel cook in the United States; it was like eating flakes of cream flavoured with turbot, and fried to perfection in breadcrumbs. The nautical man frightened us with his carrying capacity. We felt serious apprehensions for his safety, till the strain was relieved after supper by his standing so close to the fire to dry his wet clothes that the whitey-brown tweed coat, which was his special pride and our nightmare, began to broil, and fell in flakes off his back. Once more were we dependent on our sludge lamp. The other guide did not get back with the candles till next morning.

We were clever about our morning dip; we lighted a big fire by the water's edge before we jumped in,

and dried ourselves and dressed on the lee side of it. A six o'clock bath on a September morning is cold work. We had another delicious meal off the bass (fried with salt pork—I don't know what we should have done without the salt pork and the half-breed), and then went off to shoot the rapid into a smaller lake, the river just above and below being a famous bass ground; and we were rewarded, though I had only a hazel-pole to replace my broken rod. In the afternoon it occurred to us that we should like a change of fare. We gentlemen were alarmed at the supplies of meat running out, and the pretty girl had exhausted all the novels she had brought to read while she was fishing, and the matter-of-fact woman thought camping such rot, so we packed off the other guide back for more meat, carnal and intellectual. As he had only just returned from the township we suggested that the half-breed should go in his place—but he objected. Twelve miles was nothing to him, and a night in North Bay as much joy and dissipation as a night in London to a Scotchman. We meanwhile thought we would kill some of the spruce-grouse which had been described to us as so numerous and so obliging; and, in accordance with instructions, landed on the opposite side of the lake, and took the lumberman's trail to a small lake a couple of miles through the woods. But we saw no grouse—we hardly expected to, for without a dog one is helpless; and the dogs had all gone with Mr. Jessop to the Toronto Fair; but when

we got to the lovely little reed-fringed lake in the midst of a broad red moss we saw some ducks. "Fire, M——," I cried; and then he discovered, for nothing could induce him to load his gun before he saw his game, that the gun the hotel manager had lent us was a ten-bore, and we, taking it for granted that it was a twelve-bore, without looking at it, had brought twelve-bore cartridges. I fired a couple of balls at the ducks without any effect, to my double sorrow, for we wanted them badly to eat, and M—— had jeeringly offered to swim for them, and I wished to hold him to his word.

Coming back we stopped to examine the lumbermen's camp, long deserted, because all the old, valuable trees had been thinned out of the forest. It consisted of a stable, and a hut hardly better than a stable, both built of heavy logs, and the latter with a raised log floor surrounded by bunks, with a stone hearth in the middle, and only shutters for windows. The half-breed said that the lumbermen, who only work in the winter, when the logs can be sledged, wear enormous quantities of clothing, three or four guernseys apiece under their buckskin shirts, and never take off their clothes at all during the lumbering season. Coming back we really did see a grouse, but he hardly showed the simplicity we had been led to expect. If there was one thing more than all others we had been assured of, it was that he would sit still to be shot; but he kept dodging about so unpleasantly that one could never bring a

rifle to bear on him, and we went home with nothing to show but the mud from "the moss" on our boots. The guide with the supplies, to our surprise and his chagrin, arrived back at night, to say that a local J.P., who lived near North Bay, having heard of our disappointment at not being able to get Mr. Jessop and his dogs, was, with true Canadian hospitality, going to bring his own dogs up in the night, so as to start at dawn.

Dawn came, and our friend—one of the bleached-bearded men one meets in the colonies—explained that I must not write anything about the episode till we got back to England, because we were about to break the law in three ways. He would like us to shoot a moose, the finest game in these woods, but it was against the law to shoot a moose at all in Ontario for a fixed period, till their number got up a little; secondly, the season had not begun; and, thirdly, it was not legal to drive deer down to the water to be shot, as he intended to do, so as to give us a good day's sport. But in the backwoods, when the sport of the country was to be shown to strangers from distant parts, none of these objections seemed to signify much.

Our friend undertook to work the dogs himself. We were posted in two divisions—I, with Charles and the half-breed, on a berry-thicketed peninsula; Captain M—— and the pretty girl on an island off the shore. I tried to beguile the time by learning the names of the various berries round our ambush

—the blue, red, and white kohush berries, the electric-blue belladonna berries, the bear berries, the nanny berries, the tiny chock cherries (so called from their choking, shoe-like effect on the throat), the little red winter-green berries (so invaluable medicinally), the raspberries, blackberries, dew-berries, dogwood berries, pigeon or partridge berries, the red, three-cornered cockscomb berries, wild gooseberries, wild currants and wild strawberries, sugar plums, sweet cherries, mountain-ash berries, blueberries, high and low cranberries, and kinnick-kinnicks. We lay prostrate, and listened as anxiously as if we expected a burglar, but only heard the lake rippling like tiny bells against the crags, the drumming of the boat upon the ledge, the skir-ir-irr-irr of the chipmunk, the little striped Canadian squirrel, and the south wind whipping through the trees. Presently we heard the sound of barking not so far from where Captain M—— must be. But no shot came. The pretty girl hated guns. She said a lover and a gun in the boat at the same time were enough to turn a woman's brain. So the captain and the rifle were put on shore, and as he stood watching her, and endeavouring to lure her from her novel into a conversation, naturally the deer saw him instead of his seeing the deer, and simply ran past. They admitted afterwards that they had heard a lot of barking, but thought that was us killing the deer. And so our J.P. was unable to break the law, and we took no deer back to North Bay, but merely

the story of the half-breed's first moose-call. He had heard the moose calling to each other, and made a decoy of birch bark which exactly reproduced the noise. One day he tried it, and soon heard a large bull-moose coming towards him; but when he saw it he thought it must be mad, it was so furious. When it got within fifty yards of him he was so frightened that he fired and missed it. Next day he told the story to an old backwoodsman. "Give me the call," was the reply. He gave it. "Oh, that's easily explained; it is a bull-moose's challenge to fight over a female which you have imitated."

CHAPTER XV.

ON THE SHORES OF LAKE SUPERIOR.

TROUT LAKE inspired us with a desire to visit the monarch of lakes, Lake Superior, Hiawatha's Gitche Gumee—big sea-water. Only that we meant to visit the luxuriantly picturesque north shore instead of the south, and we meant to sleep in a hotel, or a station-master's house, or any other wooden habitation that might present itself, rather than the most luxurious of tents.

Before we started on our journey across Canada, I had asked Sir William Van Horne, the President of the Canadian Pacific Railway, who is very fond of giving his friends and strangers sport, where I could get the best fishing on Lake Superior. He told me the Nepigon, and the Steel River, which runs into Jackfish Bay. Both rivers run into Lake Superior on the north. But I found that the fishing on the Nepigon required thirty miles canoeing and portaging from the hotel and the nearest point on the railway; while at Jackfish, the nearest point for the Steel River, there was no hotel at all. Schreiber, which was a divisional point, had two or three hotels, but was inland from the lake, and had no famous trout river.

Then a Hudson's Bay agent told me that he believed that there was a hotel at Peninsula Bay, right on Lake Superior, and that the Monro River, famous for its gigantic trout, was only four miles along the line, and therefore accessible by the hand car.

I wrote to the postmaster of Peninsula, a town which consists of a railway station, a store and post-office combined, a hotel, and a washerwoman, to ask him if there was a hotel, and if so to engage rooms for us—our party consisting of myself, my wife, my little boy, the pretty girl, and Captain M——.

I got a letter from the hotel proprietor, a very modest letter, in which he said that he never thought of accommodating tourists, that his hotel was a very humble affair which he had opened for the accommodation of train hands, but that it was clean, and that if we would put up with hardships he would be glad to take us, and that he would charge us a dollar a day. After we had been there a day or two I told him he ought to have charged us two. It was a plain two-storied wooden house, clean as a new pin; and an enormous Irishwoman, who acted as cook and housekeeper, really was very motherly and obliging. It is true that the supply of meat was open to chance. One day there was an accident on the main line, between Port Arthur and Peninsula, and for the next day or two canned meat and cabbage and bacon was all we got, when we did not acquit ourselves creditably with the rods. But after the first day we got all the fish we wanted.

I went to Peninsula for the lake fishing. The big lake trout, which run up to forty pounds weight, come into the shallow water towards the end of the Fall, and then the trolling season begins. But I found that though Peninsula has a beautiful land-locked harbour, there was not a single boat in the place.

However, two Indians, with good canoes, great sportsmen, were reported to have erected their tepees at the mouth of the Monro River, five or six miles away; and, taking a rifle on the chance of sighting one of the bears which had come down to the lake shores for the berry harvest, we started off on the hand car. When we reached the rather inaccessible spot at which the river runs into Gitchie Gumeé—the big, dark, wild lake—we found only bones and ashes; the Indians had moved on. We were momentarily relieved in our chagrin by finding the fresh trail of a bear, which had been rioting in a splendid patch of wild gooseberries—sweet and tasty, and almost as dark as a Morella cherry. But we could not find Bruin, so we tramped wearily back to Peninsula to send a telegram to Port Coldwell to get one of the trolling fleet there, fine big sail-boats, to come round to Peninsula and take us out every day while we were there.

When we went to the station-master to ask him to telegraph to Port Coldwell (eleven miles off—one of the great fishing stations of Lake Superior for the lake trout season), it was about sundown.

"What do you want a boat for?" he asked; "why don't you go down to the Dundas Creek? It's only a quarter of a mile down the track, and the roadsman catches beauties there sometimes."

"Will they rise to a fly?"

"He uses nothing else—though folks take them with a grasshopper quite often."

The grasshoppers had most of them gone to bed, but we managed to catch a few by patting them with a stick and picking them up while they were stunned, and we took some red and white flies, the ones commonly sold at the Hudson's Bay Stores on the north shore of Lake Superior.

The creek crossed the line, so we could not miss it. We could either go up or down, but the big fish lay under the waterfalls.

The Lake Superior waterfall is a species all to itself. There is no Niagara-like impact of a mass of water leaping over a precipice. The waterfall is over a sloping boulder. Things run large about Lake Superior—the lake itself in length, breadth, and depth, and the boulders which surround it are on a par in this respect. One sees boulders of the bright red stone, characteristic of the north shore, fifty or sixty feet long, twenty or thirty feet through. Every now and then one of these gets jammed lengthways in the sloping bed of a creek, and the water rushes over it like a big sheet of glass, into a hole two or three feet deep below the lower end, usually hemmed in more or less with smaller boulders.



LORDLY FISH.

The creeks are in most places thickly fringed with small trees, which add to the angler's task severely. We went down stream till we came to just such a pool, with a big rock jutting out into the stream on one side of it, from which one could throw a fly—an utter impossibility from the banks themselves, which formed a regular brake.

We fished steadily for about an hour and caught nothing; I climbed up on to a ledge of rocks above us, which commanded a view of the lake, to drink in the glorious prospect. I had seen few pieces of scenery like this.

In front of us was the beautiful island-studded harbour or bay of Peninsula, with the vast expanse of Lake Superior beyond; on my left lay the big cape, nearly surrounded by water, which gives the place its name, and which once had a busy town under its shadow. On my right was a long line of lofty islands horizonsing the sunset, and the crimson glow with its warm light was imparting an unearthly beauty to the sea of gigantic red boulders, which had every cranny filled with wild cherry or blueberry bushes—such blueberries as I never saw before, as large as grapes, and seeming to spring straight out of the moss, so little stem or leaf had they. The fierce gales of Lake Superior dwarf every tree and plant, and this seems to give increased vigour to the fruit. The blueberries were so thick and so grape-like in their fecundity of juice that the ladies could not go to the trout pool without staining their skirts,

and I seriously thought of starting a factory for blueberry wine to compete against the not very brilliant (grape) wine of Niagara.

Poetising over the scenery was not without result, for walking along to a ledge of the rock that commanded a view of the creek just below the waterfall where the others were fishing, I saw a sight to make an angler's heart beat a tattoo. Where the deeper water met the shallow, clearly outlined, even with the fading light in the clear, gravel-bottomed stream were a pair of gigantic brook trout, the most prized fish, after Scotch salmon, which swim in fresh water.

I hastily slid down the embankment to my rod. The others had quitted in disgust the jutting boulder below the waterfall; I stealthily occupied it, dreading a shout of excitement and an invasion from them. But they had not seen the monsters. The stream was strong enough for there to be no fear of the fly sinking, and I had a mere stick of a rod, with no reel, and quite likely to break at the first severe strain. It only cost twenty-five cents at the Peninsula store and post-office. We had come there, it must be remembered, for lake fishing, to troll with sea-trolls for the mighty thirty and forty-pounder lake trout, who keep fifty and sixty feet down. We had only fallen back on this creek because there was no boat at Peninsula.

To make as sure as I could of not losing my fish, if I managed to hook one of these monster brook trout which looked every ounce of three pounds, I

had, as I mentioned, knotted my line firmly round each of the three pieces of my rod, preferring not to trust the miserable little brass rings let into its cheap cane.

The trout lay nearly thirty feet farther down the stream than my rock. I had about fifteen feet of line at the end of my rod, and started operations by holding the rod nearly perpendicularly, and then sloped and stretched it more and more as the swift current swept the fly down to the trout. There were so many little eddies and currents from the rocks in the stream that I had to make a good many casts before I saw the exact place to drop the fly for it to drift right on to the fish; and they would not chase it. Either they were sluggish (the weather was getting cold and the season nearly expired, for breeding time was approaching) or else it was too dark for the fish to see.

I was just getting desperate when I made an unusually successful cast. The fly got caught in a nice little ripple which ran right over where the big trout lay, dark, and fat as a carp. Bob, bob, bob, right up to his nose. He gave a lazy snap at it, and I struck at that moment, for he didn't look as if he cared enough for it to take much trouble about it.

I felt as if I had had a galvanic shock. There were too many roots and boulders to let him have his head and tie the line up in a knot, so I held his head up as one holds a stumbling horse, trusting to Providence that the wretched twenty-five-cent rod

would stand the strain. It bent like a mole-trap, but it did not give way for many a day afterwards.

"M——, M——!" I shouted, "the landing-net; I've got a whacking fish on."

"Got a snag!" he called out scornfully. But he came, and fairly screamed with excitement when he saw what a beauty I had towing the line round the pool, with its nose up on the surface of the water, which it was lashing into ripples and foam, showing the silver of its sides and crimson tint of its belly, as well as its dark, strong back. It was a game fish, but the tackle stood the strain. The rod I have described, and the line was really too thick for throwing a fly captivatingly, but it was all I could raise in a place that devoted itself to lake fishing.

Round and round the pool that stately fish steamed, towing my line and flogging the water with his strong tail; but I held him up, preventing him from fouling the line in a snag; and gradually he got more exhausted and I was able to work him into a little bay behind the rock on which I stood, where Captain M——slipped the landing-net under him. He was one of the grandest brook trout I have ever seen. A couple of inches more and he would have been two feet long, and when we got home and weighed him, though he was a little bit out of condition, for it was so late in the season, he scaled over four pounds, so deep in the belly was he. His flesh was a beautiful, rich salmon colour, and he showed all the colours of the rainbow on his belly when he was first caught.

My fly was uninjured, for I had hooked him through the cartilage of the upper lip ; so as soon as he was landed and hauled up the bank in our excitement lest he should slip back into the water, I threw out my line for his mate, a somewhat smaller fish, which had darted away down stream when he was caught, but which had come back to look for him when the water got quieter, while we were despatching him on the bank, as I could see by the dim outline at the edge of the shallows, in the grey light of the dusk so rapidly changing to night. This fish, perhaps because it was alone now, or perhaps because it was growing darker, was not so suspicious, and charging the fly as it drifted towards it, swallowed it boldly, and then we had another terrific tussle. It was lucky for me that the fish was well-hooked, for I couldn't see so well what it was doing and didn't handle it particularly well, and it managed to twist the line round a branch with a broken twig that overhung the water. But Captain M——, pulling out the big knife which, sailor-like, he carried, cut the branch away, and the fish had pretty well exhausted itself in its efforts to get away when hitched up to the branch, so it was fairly plain sailing afterwards. The fish scaled about two and a half pounds, and was not so handsomely marked as the other. I have been talking about them as if the big handsome fish was the male, and the small one the female, but as a natural history fact I am not quite certain that the reverse is not the case.

That night with these two big fish—it was too dark to go on fishing any more—we enjoyed quite a Roman triumph as we filed up past the railway station and the post-office store to the hotel kitchen to scale our prizes, and they made a very acceptable addition to the canned meat, which was the corollary of the railway accident.

The next day, as in duty bound, we returned to our creek, morning and afternoon, and caught a few insignificant trout, till evening approached, when once more the big fish began to come up stream. I dare say we saw six or eight that evening and caught three, and so it was every evening—two or three fish running from a pound and a half to four pounds. I never caught such a splendid average.

After the third day we learned that for some particular reason the particular hour to fish this particular creek at this particular season of the year was sunset, and devoted ourselves to the other enjoyments of the place during the day. One delightful ramble was to follow the creek up towards its far-away source in the hills, past numbers of the queer boulder-waterfalls, over a kind of rock-strewn Scotch moor, in which the grape-like dwarf blueberry, and wild cherries and high-bush cranberries flourished round deep, delicious pools of running water fit for a Naiad, and harbouring some small trout.

Another, along the railroad track, led to the famous Monro Creek or River, with its magnificent trestle bridge, the largest timber bridge in Canada except

the Red Sucker trestle. This *Monro Creek* is, after the *Nepigon* and the *Steel River*, the most renowned trout river that runs into *Lake Superior* from the north shore. It is famous for the big trout above its first fall, but as we could catch more than we could eat in a little creek a quarter of a mile from home—the monsters described above—we saw no good in going four miles farther.

There is a big sort of gorge here about a mile wide, which I never saw rivalled for wild fruit. It was here that we came upon the unparalleled patch of luscious, crimson wild gooseberries, which the big bear had just vacated. And here the red wild currants were sweeter and wineier than any garden currants. Blackberries, raspberries, blueberries, cranberries (high-bush and low-bush), wild cherries, sugar plums, partridgeberries, all were huge, luscious and omnipresent. I never saw such a tangle of wild fruit. Below the railway embankment on the north side there is a fine place for a camp, on the dry raised bank of the creek, protected by the embankment and the gorge from the wind, and free enough of trees and bushes to discourage mosquitoes.

Only thirty-five miles from *Peninsula* is the *Jackfish Bay* station of the *Canadian-Pacific Railway*. It takes about a couple of hours in the train, which leaves at 6.15 a.m., and leaves *Jackfish* on the return journey at 9.30 p.m. At *Jackfish* is the famous *Steel River*, the second on the north shore in its repute for trout fishing. President *Van Horne*

generally takes his guests there, but one has to trust to the good nature of the station-master for accommodation, while Peninsula has a hotel from which one can go away fishing in the Steel River all day and come back at night. There is a fine sweep of Lake Superior visible from Jackfish. But the only hotel commanding a view of Lake Superior on the whole north shore is at Peninsula, which makes it pleasant for ladies and children, who cannot always be going away on expeditions, while this place has the further advantage for children of a beautiful sandy beach.

Those who are of a romantic turn of mind need not go to the hotel. There are still some habitable shacks standing right on the lake shore (the hotel being in full view of the lake, but half a mile up hill). These shacks (huts) are the remains of quite a considerable town with dozens and dozens of saloons, where hundreds of men drank, and gambled, and fought in the "construction days" of the Canadian Pacific Railway. The work of carrying the line round the north shore of Lake Superior was terrific. There was so much heavy "cutting" to be done through the prodigious cliffs and boulders which dominate the lake shore—one section cost \$700,000 per mile, and unless minerals are found it can never be very productive. But to the lover of the picturesque this following the wild shore-line of the great lake is glorious. Not since the Caribou Rush in British Columbia, a generation and more ago, had there been such wild scenes in Canada as at the

"construction" town at Peninsula. Now the whole of it is dismantled and many of the buildings pulled down for the deals of which they were built. But there are still some that would do for camping in, which one can hire for a mere song from the store-keeper, a Yorkshire man, named Harry Wilson, who keeps all kinds of stores that one would want for roughing it.

One stormy day when the creek was too full for fishing, we went down to the harbour's edge to see this dead town, reminding one of a murderer's ghost. The gale whistled through the broken windows, and the rain poured through the half-stripped roofs. Only a single house was inhabited, and that by a "natural." But one garden still had a glowing patch of sunflowers. We tore ourselves away, and amid the driving wind and rain climbed the nameless hill three hundred feet high, which forms the peninsula and commands Lake Superior as far as the eye can see. It was hard work, the wild fruit bushes were deep and tangled, and often there were broad sheets of bare slippery stone. But at last we stood on its brow—ourselves, a "Cambridge" man who was down on his luck and serving in the store, and a photographer from White River, Mr. Forde, who rambles all the summer through the noble scenery of Lake Superior taking views. He took a view of the lovely land-locked bay, showing one of our party in the foreground and the breakers whitening against the island in the background, and another

from the hotel when we got back. The gale was so fierce that we could hardly stand on the top, and the great lake, "The Big Sea Water," was lashing its capes and cliffs, as I have seen the Atlantic lashing the long succession of capes and cliffs from Tintagel westward. When Lake Superior is angry it is as fierce as any sea. The air was simply superb. But we saw no signs of fair weather. And when the next day came and it rained as hard as ever, and the creek was too full for fishing, we packed up our traps and went on to the Nepigon to try the fishing there.

I forgot to mention in its proper place one charming morning we had. Behind the town there is a sort of common—an open heath, once covered with forest, often frequented by partridges. We tramped over this with a dog and guns, but the partridges were not on view. However, about a mile away, hidden in a wood, we came upon a most delightful lake, a shallow, reedy stretch of water a couple of miles long, wooded all round. Knowing that its shallow waters would be warmer than the icy depths of Lake Superior, and having no bath in the hotel, we stripped and bathed at a place where there was a little island with sunny patches of smooth stone not many yards from shore. The intervening channel, picturesque with bulrushes, was of a depth in which one could just swim, or might wade on the soft mud, screaming with laughter when one seemed sinking too deep; and once out on the island one lay on the

stones and had a delightful sun bath, while the reeds kept off the wind.

I know of no more delightful place to spend a summer than the north shore of Lake Superior. All the places mentioned are on the main line of the Canadian Pacific Railway, between Montreal and Port Arthur; and it is something to find accommodation, clean though simple, in a place where one can land lordly fish and watch the greatest of all the world's lakes in its swiftly changing moods.

CHAPTER XVI.

ANGLERS' HOTELS: AT PENINSULA AND NEPIGON.

AT Peninsula there was a Western hotel of the very nicest kind; it was absolutely simple. The train hands, as usual, dined with the guests—in fact, the proprietor said right out that he had started the hotel for train hands, and did not consider it good enough for guests. But everything was beautifully clean, and one could not have wanted a better host and hostess than him and the huge Irishwoman who acted as his cook and housekeeper. The cook was very democratic. The only boots she would clean were the pretty girl's, and that was only because she hated to see such a pretty creature doing such a job—so she said; but we afterwards found that Captain M—— bribed her with cigars. She was enormously tall and stout, and to see her bite the end off a cigar, and to take a light from his, was a sight for the gods. They often took a weed together after dinner. The dining-room, which was the only public sitting-room in the house, was only used for meals; at other times the people hung about the entrance hall, or, quite as often, the kitchen. We were always free of the kitchen. We

had a little private sitting-room upstairs—a pretty little room, very much of the plush and album order, kindly vacated for us by the wife of the old Cambridge man who served in the store. They lived in the hotel. He was a nice little fellow, as happy as the day was long. It was the old story. He had invested his money directly he came out, without waiting to learn the A B C of the country, and lost it all. Then he married. The store in which he served kept everything, from tinned peas to firearms, and lake-trout flies to slop trousers for half-converted Indians. It belonged to a Yorkshire-man named Harry Wilson, most invaluable to that deserted locality, for he brought plenty of Yorkshire grit and resourcefulness with him. When we were there he was planning an importation of boats and guides, to develop the trout fishing and camping-out facilities of this delightful place, with its beautiful harbour encircled by the lofty peninsula which gives it its name.

There was sometimes a considerable flavour of camping out about our food arrangements. A little forgetfulness on the part of the butcher (~~with only~~ one train a day), or a temporary stoppage on the line, threw us back on the proceeds of our fishing, bacon, canned goods, and greens. The climate of the north shore of Lake Superior seems very much adapted to the cultivation of the cabbage; and really nobody could be got to pick or even to eat the wild fruit, it was such a drug. However, every one con-

nected with the hotel was so nice, and so apologetic, when these little *contretemps* happened, that they only seemed like jokes, and there was always a superfluity of pickles and sauces, at any rate.

Twice a day the train hands came in for a meal, from the trains going east and west. We were always introduced to them by the big cook—Mr. and Mrs. Sladen from London, Mr. Jones, Mr. Williams, Mr. Smith, and Mr. Brown. They often shook hands, and they had never washed; but as they had to pass your food to you, it was as well to get acclimatised to the dirt as soon as possible; and they were generally very polite and quiet. Besides these there were several train hands connected with the place, for a good deal of shunting and so on is done at Peninsula. One of these presented quite a sad and interesting case. Like the great Dean of St. Patrick's, he was touched in the upper story first. No one knew his name; he did not know it himself. He was generally known as McGinty, because the popular song of that day on the American side had a chorus beginning

“Down went McGinty to the bottom of the sea;
And he must be very wet,
For they've never found him yet,” etc., etc.

McGinty was a great, big man; a handsome fellow, too, but for the lost look in his eyes, and with a face rather above his present station. He lived all by himself—the only denizen of the deserted village.

of shacks, down by the lake-side, which had formed the construction camp in the old evil days.

McGinty generally seated himself by the pretty girl. He was always effusively polite, and pressed her to take everything on the table without reference to what she was eating at the time. For instance, while she was doing justice to one of the glorious brook trout we used to catch up in the Dundas Creek, he would say: "Won't you have some strawberry jam, thank you?"

She would repress a smile, and say, "No, thank you; I haven't finished my fish yet."

"Won't you have some pickles, thank you?"

(He always added "Thank you" at the end of every question or offer.)

"No, thank you."

And so he would go through every "fixing" which had been put on the table. And *his* hands would have dirtied a sweep's.

He displayed the same eagerness when a travelling photographer came to take the hotel and all that therein were. Then his local pride became intense. Peninsula had, in those days, the proud distinction of being the only place on the whole north shore where there was a horse; and McGinty was quite resolved that the horse should be the centre of the photograph. But an unexpected difficulty arose. The mare—for the only horse was a mare—understood no language but Finnish. The man who had had charge of her ever since she understood the value

of speech was a Finn, and he had gone away to the Toronto Fair, in the face of the fact that he did not understand any more English than the mare. Addressed in an unfamiliar and barbarous tongue she would not stir, but she offered no resistance when McGinty brought out the cart to her and harnessed her up, and then she moved leisurely up to the front of the hotel and halted of her own accord. But McGinty would not leave anything to chance. So he tied his much-soiled red handkerchief, spotted with faded white, round her neck, and passing his arm through it—he was a very tall man—stood on guard until the photograph should be taken.

The photograph, as I have it in my mind's eye, represents a dapper, little, two-storied, wooden hotel, with the balcony over the porch filled with a party of English, bronzed and shabbied by years of continuous travel in Japan and China, Canada and the United States; while down below are grouped the hotel staff, and the people from the store, and the train hands, and the only other inhabitant—a lunny old washerwoman—and in front of all, the mare that could ohly understand Finnish, with McGinty's arms and handkerchief round her neck, and a sort of triumphal wreath of dwarf wild Virginia creeper round the cart. The broken bottles and empty cans on the sandy strand round the hotel do not come out in the photograph, excellently taken by Mr. Forde of White River, whose photographs of Lake Superior are well known now.

This natural sandy strand was all there was by way of a road at Peninsula. The railway track was the only scratch on the face of the wilderness; and right down to it, on each side, came the low hills covered with their wealth of wild fruit, and the vast boulders of red sandstone, fifty or sixty feet long, with which the wild north shore of Lake Superior is strewn.

Only down by the shore in the deserted construction camp there was a road, knee deep and more in dripping grass, bordered by deserted Chinamen's houses, with rats flying over them in hot chase. The pretty girl always expected to find a dead family in one of them. Some day McGinty will be found dead in one of them, and there will be a reverent and tender hush at the *table d'hôte* in the little wooden hotel, where he was so much in evidence,—the *table d'hôte* served on a bed-sheet by way of a tablecloth; the *table d'hôte* at which no milk was ever drunk that came not from the tin cow. Death leaves such a terrible gap in a little republic like this, where, on the shores of the great lake, the station-master and his wife, the hotel-keeper and his cook, the storekeeper, the storekeeper's assistant and his wife, the train hands, including McGinty, and the luny washerwoman, with an occasional drummer, or a globe-trotting English gentleman, live in Utopian affection and equality.

* * * * *

An easy six hours' railway journey carried us from

Peninsula to Nepigon; but the building of this bit of the line was the most stupendous undertaking the engineers had to tackle. Portions of it cost as much as \$750,000 a mile. The only practicable route to take was to follow the lake, and in places it was overhung by sheer precipices, which had to be traversed by tunnelling, or by building up viaducts out of the lake, or blasting a ledge along the face of the rock. It is said that a contractor made a fortune here by toppling rocks into the lake. No such easy solution had presented itself to either of the high contracting parties while the contract was being made. To give another idea of the costliness it may be mentioned that there is a wooden "trestle" (the famous "Red Sucker"), more than a mile long and ever so high, close to Peninsula.

The scenery here is magnificent. The great lake is almost always in sight; sometimes right at the foot of the line. The colour of the rocks is splendid, and there are some fine bold sweeps like Jackfish Bay, while the long, narrow, tree-girt harbour of Port Coldwell has often a fleet of the big, powerful, half-decked sailing boats which do the deep-sea fishing on Lake Superior.

Before the train reaches Nepigon station, it strikes inland and follows the east shore of Nepigon Bay, a grand stretch of water cut off from the lake by a chain of islands.

What fisherman is there on this continent who has not heard of Nepigon?—Nepigon and its mighty

trout? But how many have been deterred by the difficulty of getting there—the thirty odd miles of paddling up stream and portaging, the camping out when you get there, the laying in of huge supplies, and the trusting to sulky Indians to take you and your stores there. It takes two days to get up from Nepigon station on the Canadian Pacific Railway to Nepigon Lake, even when Mr. Mac——, the obliging storekeeper, who deals in Indians, has them awaiting your arrival; and sometimes you have to wait for them two days or more. The anglers for Nepigon Lake, who reached the station at the same time as ourselves, were delayed even longer than this, because the Indians were ~~haying~~ haymaking, and, after their haymaking was done, felt too lazy to do any more work. And the particularly aggravating part of the matter was that they had pitched their tepees in the township close to Mr. Mac——'s store, and were hanging about all day. Even Mr. Mac——, who had far more influence with them than the Hudson's Bay agent, could do absolutely nothing.

There was once an Episcopalian mission up at the lake, but the missionary has now sought ease and retirement at the other Nepigon thirty miles below, where he has quite a handsome little church and a vicarage in as beautiful a spot as eye could want, with the local washerwoman for a neighbour, and a team of six dogs, half Esquimaux, to draw him in the winter.

Plenty of people have extolled the delights of

Nepigon Lake, the inaccessible. I am only writing of the Nepigon which is as accessible as Winnipeg, and has its fair share of attractions.

To be precise there are three Nepigons—the vast lake teeming with fish and still frequented by Indians, the noble river which conveys its waters to Lake Superior, and the little town which has sprung up round the Canadian Pacific Railway station.

At this last we determined to take up our quarters, and found a hotel, far beyond the average of the great West, very like the little inns one finds in Great Britain, in remote spots famed for their fishing: clean, nicely furnished, and with very fair food and all kinds of drinks. The drawbacks were the landlord's wife, whose appearance and manners smacked of Shadwell, and the fact that, as usual in the West, there was only one dining-room for you and the train-hands and the casual tramp. The former did not signify much as you always consulted the barman for anything you wanted—he being the moving spirit of the place—and you got used to the latter.

The main trouble about the landlady was that she had a querulous little child, and always expected her patrons to give it anything it cried for, from a hundred-guinea watch downwards. She hated me, because I would not let my little boy be deprived of his own boats when the hotel baby was squalling for them.

But the hotel (which is right opposite a station on the Canadian Pacific Railway) was a place where you could make yourself as comfortable as you liked. The entrance hall, for instance, which had a huge stove, was a very pleasant place to sit in after dinner, fighting over again the fishy battles of the day. And the stove had to be lighted every night, though it was only September. The barman, it is true, came out and sat with the guests, both ladies and gentlemen; but he was a very nice fellow, quite an addition to the party, and his presence was entirely *de règle* in the democratic west. But though the nights were cold, Captain M——, who is a martyr to asthma, enjoyed almost complete immunity from his complaint. There must have been something very virtuous about the air, for the place was neither very high nor very dry.

Its scenery was glorious. If you walked a mile up the river and stood upon the Canadian Pacific Railway bridge over it, the prospect was enchanting. Looking upward one saw the broad reach of the river known as Lake Helen, six or seven miles long, wooded to the very edge, and with cape retreating behind cape like that procession of mighty Cornish headlands west of Tintagel. Full of monster trout too is this so-called lake. Here on its banks, under the patronage of the vicarage and the laundry, is where the railway station and hotel *should* stand, for starting here would save two miles

rowing and a rapid that has to be portaged. At present the station and hotel are a mile away from everything, dropped into the middle of the bush "promiscuous-like."

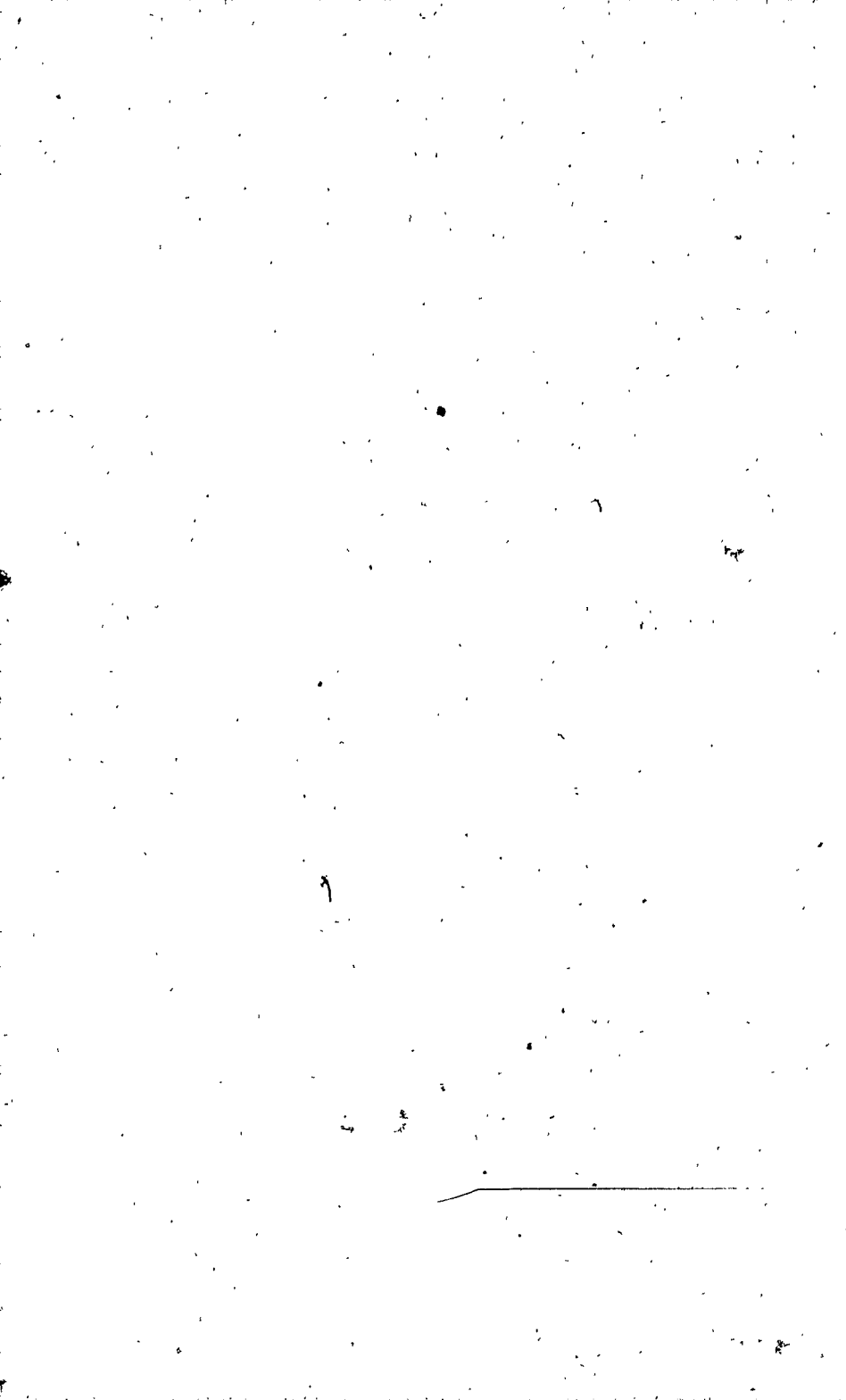
The prospect is even finer, looking down the noble river known as Nepigon Bay, with its reedy islands and its background of grand red cliffs and the peculiar flat-topped forested mountains of the Lake Superior district, which remind one of the Derbyshire "Cakes o' bread."

If you want speckled trout, go to Lake Helen; if you want the monster-lake trout, you will have to charter one of the staunch half-decked boats used by the fishermen, and go down to Lake Superior, itself a good many miles below. White fish, perch, and some speckled trout are the denizens of Nepigon Bay.

But there are other attractions besides fishing. The famous "Red Rocks" are well worth a visit—towering cliffs of dark red sandstone, so soft under water that it may almost be worked by the finger, but hardening rapidly on exposure to the open air. One must not forget that Hiawatha and his Indian confrères lived on Lake Superior—Gitche Gumée, Big Sea Water, as it is still called by the Indians, though it was on the opposite (south) shore. But they came here for the stone for the peacepipes which Longfellow describes as being moulded in the hands; and if you are observant, near the high-water mark on some of the shelving rocks you will

THE NEPIGON RIVER AND ITS HUDSON'S BAY POST.





find hieroglyphics said to have been moulded in the same way as their pipes.

We used to row or sail down under these dark historic cliffs, trolling out a bait, and if the wind happened to be blowing a squall up stream we used to thank our stars we had Captain M—— with us, for it made a very ugly rip something like the one at Vancouver, when the tide is coming in.

My principal informant on the Hiawatha subject was the local storekeeper, who supplies Indians, fish-hooks, groceries, and so on. He lent me any books I wanted. He took in all the leading American magazines, and a good few papers.

Here, as everywhere on the exquisite north shore of Lake Superior, the wild fruits were legion in September, the wild raspberries especially being a thing to remember, as were the flies. We ran equal danger from devouring and being devoured whenever we went down to the alluvial flats below the railway bridge, where are found the only worms in this part of the world, near the remains of the railway construction camp. Did the constructionists introduce a colony of them for the benefit of all succeeding fishermen?

But I have said enough about the attractions of the slighted Nepigons, though I must pause to mention the Hudson's Bay post, which is also the Dominion post-office. It was once an important post; all the Indians in this part of Canada drew their supplies through it, and all the anglers for

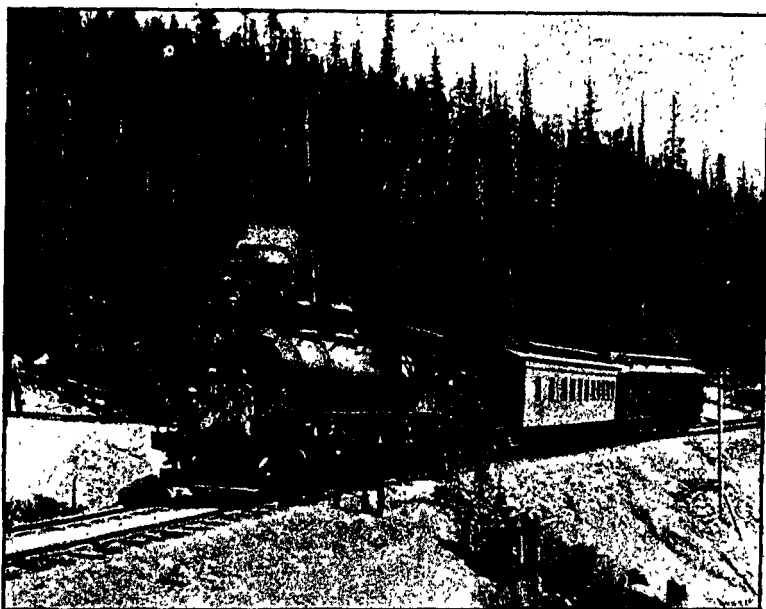
Lake Nepigon started from it; steamers called at frequent intervals, and its agent had quite a fine house built for him, which is still used, with a store a few yards away from it. The house stands in an unique position, on a rise commanding a view of nearly the whole of Nepigon Bay; but the Canadian Pacific Railway people killed it by transferring the trade higher up stream, and by making it unprofitable for steamers to call at the Nepigon on account of the railway's superior facilities for transport. Now it has an agent at a diminished salary, and but few Indians; and its wharf is decaying, until the unwary stranger may chance to tread his foot through its planks, as the pretty girl did.

We heard a little scream, and found her, with her ankles as securely pinioned as if she had been in the stocks. Her feet had gone right through the crumbling planks, and as we approached by boat we could see black stocking below the planking of the wharf. But the captive ankles were uncommonly neat, and the boots were smart and faultlessly laced, and she bore the pain without a murmur; and a very painful thing it is to go through the floor until you are stopped by your—shins. The place might be three hundred years old as far as looks go.

Adieu, queer little town of Nepigon, with your old-world-looking inn; your abandoned quays; your mighty railway bridge; your noble river as stately

as the St. John; your camping Indians disguised by civilisation; and your pre-historical rock records!

It is to be hoped that the time has come when you will be visited by folks with more eye for the picturesque than sportsmen and drummers.



CHAPTER XVII.

LIFE ON THE CARS.

LIFE on the cars is an epitome of the whole pilgrimage through the vale of tears. You are ushered into it in a helpless sort of way at the beginning, hurried through a kaleidoscope, and finally, coming to a place where the cars do not go any farther, are turned out, to be succeeded by a fresh lot. It has its humours and its discomforts—a full crop; but on the whole it is a pretty good sort of life. We felt more serious about beginning it than we did about beginning the larger experiences, because we had more knowledge of good and evil than the average baby, who takes things pretty much as they come, if the bottle comes often enough. Though grown-up babies are much the same. We really felt quite excited as we steamed out of Toronto station that autumn night, for we were going to familiarise ourselves with the great North-West, which had been only an unfulfilled dream for high hearts like La Salle's and Frontenac's.

One has a choice of routes between Toronto and Port Arthur. One can either go up through the Muskoka country and join the main line, which lies to the north of the great lake, at North Bay,



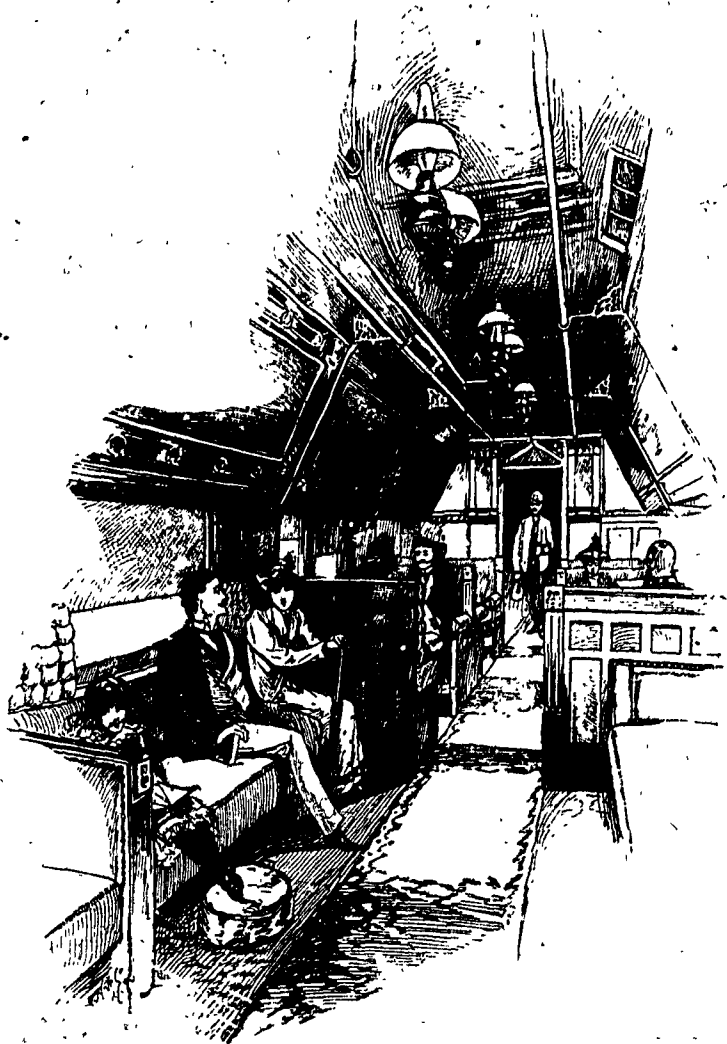
THE LOCK OF LAKE SUPERIOR:

A CANADIAN PACIFIC RAILWAY LAKE STEAMER IN THE SAULT S. MARIE LOCK.

or else one can go to Owen's Sound and proceed by steamer across Lake Huron, through the famous Sault St. Marie lock, and across Lake Superior. The steamers are huge Clyde-built boats of two or three thousand tons, which had their trial trip across the stormy Atlantic; and the Sault St. Marie is the finest lock in the world. Through it eventually ocean steamers will run all the way from Port Arthur and Duluth to Liverpool. But as Lake Superior is large enough to contain England, and its islands all lie close in shore, one can see far more of the best lake scenery from the line, which hugs the shore, than one can from a steamer in the waste of waters out of sight of land. In hot weather, however, the lake route is of course much cooler than the rail, and very popular.

Port Arthur, where you leave the lake steamer for the cars, as they call trains on both sides of the border in America, reminded me forcibly of Brindisi, though they had not any of Julius Cæsar's fortifications to show, and you could not buy artistic pitchers containing a firkin or so of water (at the beginning) for sixpence apiece. I think the point of likeness must be that each of them has a hotel so far above the average of the place. Port Arthur and Brindisi have a sort of Jekyll and Hyde existence; they have inhabitants and visitors—the latter a never-failing stream, which flows right through the Dead Sea without the smallest admixture. Only some day Thunder Cape will frown down on a great city, when

the unworked Bonanzas of the north shore pour their



A "SLEEPER" BY DAY.

gold and silver into the strong rooms of Port Arthur banks.

Life on the cars is extremely like life on board ship. It is difficult to understand why there should be no captain, no mysterious fooling about with the sextant at twelve noon. You feel that it is an outrage that there should be no doctor or chief engineer to amuse the passengers. There are generally only too many chaplains, hurrying across the continent to voyage (at about half-price) across the Pacific for the luxurious task of converting the irresponsible Jap. Life on the cars, again, is like life in a flat, or anywhere else where you pass your days without much stair-climbing. You eat and drink and sleep without going off the train; you can also get a good deal of exercise, if you hanker after it, by wandering from the saloon car—which is at once, or rather at different times, your drawing-room and your bedroom—into the dining car, or the first-class car (which means second), or the colonists' cars, in which Irish and Chinese make hideous smells. The saloon car occupies the pride of the place at the rear of the train, except when there is a private car to outswagger it. At its tail end is the smoking-room—out of which it is impossible to keep the ladies—adjoining the car-tail, which has an iron bar fixed across the steps when the train is in motion. When there is much to see the passengers crowd the car tail and smoking-room, and there is nearly always somebody sitting on the steps with his or her legs dangling into space while the train is in full motion. It might be

thought dangerous, but there is no record of the American child being got rid of so easily.

Like Japan and ancient Sparta, the cars are subject to a species of "dual monarchy," the parallel potentates being the conductor—who generally retires with a fortune acquired nobody knows how, for he doesn't get tipped—and the negro porter. You might almost imagine the conductor was captain of the ship, you see him so seldom, and he is so superior when he thrusts himself on your attention. The real autocrat of the sleeping car is, however, the negro, apparently selected for the lightness of his colour; for other qualifications are rare. There is one to each *sleeping*, and he talks of his ladies, and makes himself generally objectionable until the last day, when he takes up most of your morning in brushing you and other genial patronage. You give him a dollar, if you have not seen too much of him. On the Canadian Pacific Railway they are pretty well behaved, because if there is one man in the world who stands no nonsense it is the President of the Canadian Pacific Railway. No detail is small enough to escape his notice. On other lines they are maddening. Going along to Kingston, Ontario, I noticed a hum; an English Engineer officer, seconded for a staff appointment at the Canadian Royal Military Academy, was teaching a negro porter his position in the scale. The porter, after looking at his sleeping-car ticket, stuck a little piece of blue cardboard in the ribbon of the major's hat. The

major ordered him to take it out, and apologise on



THE STATE-ROOM OF A "SLEEPER."

the spot; the negro replied with the giggling impertinence of his race. Unfortunately for him, the

cars were in a *depôt* (pronounced *dee-po*, as they call railway stations in America); the major used no more words, but, taking the porter by the scruff of his neck, kicked him off the car. There were two or three other *sleepers* on the train, and the sore-tailed African went and fetched their mud-coloured porters to assist him. The major saw them coming, and called out, "Get as many as you can, I've been longing to kick the whole lot of you." Now, the major was a very big man, and only one porter at a time could mount the car steps, so the negroes who had not felt his toe thought the most graceful way out of the difficulty was to jeer at the negro who had.

The negro porter's great aim in life is to put his ladies and gentlemen to bed as early as possible, in order that he may repose his sable carcass on the sofa of the smoking-room earlier. You dine at six or half-past five, and he starts putting his most amenable passengers to bed about eight. Our negroes used to get so angry with us because we would not go to bed till about half-past ten, and if we had taken lower berths, because we could not get the state-room, they used to make a point of dropping down the upper berths above us before they did anything else, so that we had to sit stooping, if we grew tired of the smoking-room and platform.

The comedy of life on the cars is chiefly *a propos* of the sleeping arrangements; they really are very funny. The numbers of the berths are only hung

on the curtains, and sometimes get pushed along to the wrong berth; therefore no lady enters her berth without extreme circumspection lest she should encounter revelations of pyjamas. If she has to enter an upper berth, the nigger brings a ladder and holds her skirts round her ankles while she mounts, having previously divested herself of her boots, if they require cleaning, and deposited them under the lower berth, very often beside a strange man's. The nigger beguiles the watches of the night by cleaning them. Sleeping cars test the stuff a woman is *made of*, perhaps I should say *made up of*. She cannot undress until she gets into her bunk, which, for getting out of her corsets and skirt, is about as convenient as her coffin, being hardly higher than the space between the shelves of a cupboard.

There is nowhere to pile up the multitudinous garments, hair, teeth, and so on, that she may shed, except the foot of her bunk, and she has to dress in the same commodious way in the morning. Under the circumstances, it is hardly surprising that the ladies who come on board looking daintiest go off looking worst; the only ones who have a chance of keeping up to the mark are the girls who come on in shirts and tweed skirts and sailor hats. It is not easy to exaggerate the trials ladies have to go through in dressing in the morning. Men get on well enough; most men have a conscience, and can dress in a reasonable time; but a lady will diddle-daddle while she is keeping a dozen or more waiting; she

will use all the water spraying her baby under the tap, and the curling of a fringe will make breakfast an impossibility for half a score. I had a tender spot in my heart for a pretty little Scotch banker's wife, who came on board with locks of Californian gold, and went off with her hair a grizzled brown, because the train was too jerky to put the hair-dye on evenly. The little man in big boots is almost as common as the unprotected girl who flirts with the conductors on the sleeping cars; and an undue proportion of made-up male wrecks also seem to travel. The pretty girl, with her golden hair always so glossy and neat, and with her skin always so pink and white and clean, and her shirt so immaculate, would get up at six to have the free use of the dressing-room, until she found out that so doing caused a great gulf between her and certain gentlemen. It provokes a coolness if a girl sees a man, who is quite a masher in the daytime, bristly, bald, fat, puffing, not precisely in pyjamas, because you are not allowed to go outside your bunk in them, but quite likely in only a shirt and trousers, with the braces hanging down; it may be a glimpse into married life for the girl, but it is so difficult for the man to be unconscious afterwards. When he meets her an hour later looking quite himself, and with his teeth in again, he stares over her head, and says to himself, "I wonder if that young woman, who saw me frouzy from my pillow, penetrates this disguise."

Life on the cars is really an epitome of life; you

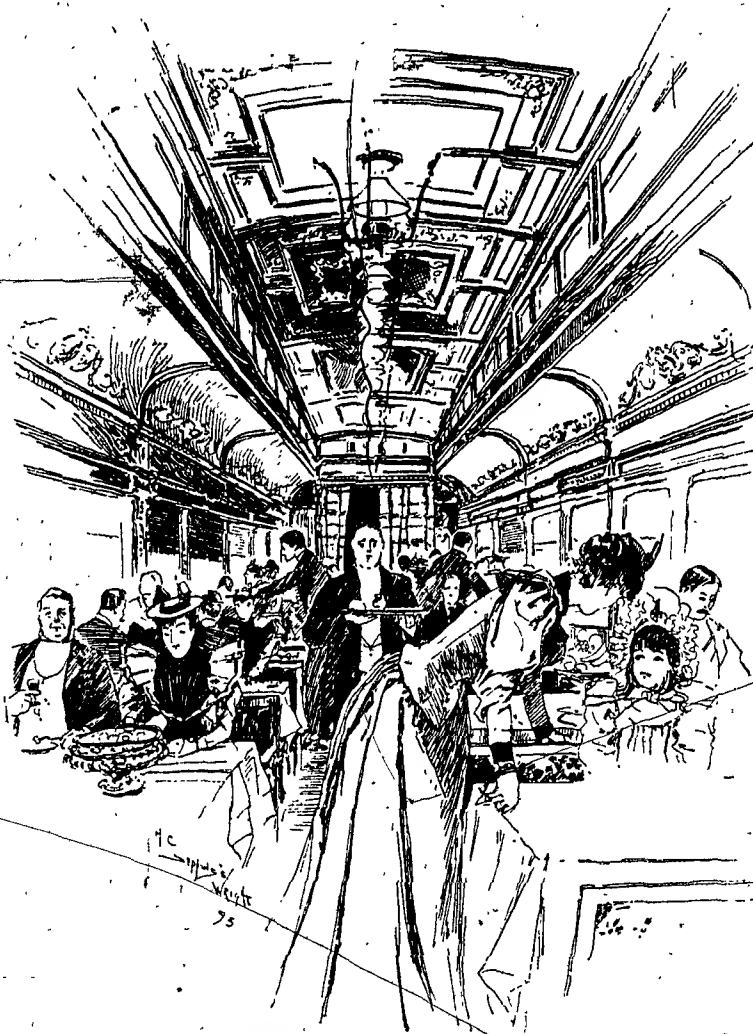
can even do a good deal of shopping. Somewhere or other, under the coals of the tender, or upon the roof, there is a mysterious hoard from which the glib boy who walks up and down all day, like the fiend who tormented Job, produces inexhaustible supplies of newspapers, pirated novels, fruits, candies (sweetmeats), tobacco, black silk caps, packs of cards, and anything else likely to cheer the victim of the railway, except intoxicating drinks. He will bring you water, if you like, for nothing; he does everything in a large sort of way, recognising himself as a sort of heir-apparent to the captain-like conductor and the autocratic dorky. He generally opens his campaign with literature, feeling that people may like to lay in a store of that to start consuming at the odd moments when they are not assimilating victuals, or taking kodaks, or scheming for a flirtation with the most attractive stranger in the car. He does this, too, in a handsome, characteristic manner. Walking up the car, he distributes his papers and books right and left, like a drunken lord throwing his small change to a crowd as he returns from the Derby. Everybody at once commences to sample them with devouring energy; five minutes after the tempter returns, and if you are too absorbed to surrender what you are reading, you buy it. The sales do not appear to be large, except where the throat and stomach plead his cause; but chewing, sucking, and smoking go on with the quiet persistency of a water-mill. Occasionally there is a

tableau when he offers *tutti frutti*, or rival descriptions of chewing gum, to an old English squire *en route* for British Columbia, to see if he can make a provision for his younger children by investing in real estate at Vancouver; but so long as he confines himself to the American child he is sure to sell what he offers; the parents pay and the children show them no mercy.

It takes about a week to cross the continent, but it is not very monotonous; there are stations at intervals of about half an hour, and you generally get out at all of them, only jumping on again as the train is going off; there may be half a dozen other people who do the same, and the last is apt to have to jump on pretty briskly. Then there are meals three times a day, sometimes in a dining car, sometimes at a dining station, when it is too mountainous for the engine to be able to drag the extra weight of the dining car; and there is the occasional excitement of new passengers getting in, or the axle catching fire, or coming upon a wild beast by surprise. The day before we went from Peninsula to North Bay there had been a couple of bears upon the track. Unfortunately, for a wonder, no one on the train had a rifle; so the bears lived to tell the tale—as well as the human beings, who will always be thought liars for their pains.

In the dining car it is more like being at sea than ever, for you are waited on by stewards in blue uniforms with brass buttons. No superfluous money

is wasted on the haulage of these cars. As soon as



A DINING CAR.

the last meal is over, at the first convenient station, you drop them, and pick up a fresh one in time for

breakfast in the morning. The cooks vary in quality, and if you travel on the line often, your appetite rises or moderates as you recognise the stewards connected with a good or bad cook. The dinner costs about three shillings; breakfast and luncheon, two or three shillings; and wines and beers are by no means dear for American hotel prices. The first thing you notice on going into a dining car is the tomato catsup; it pervades them. The cruets are fixed in a sort of niche between the windows, each patronising a table large enough to contain four.

In the autumn the feature at breakfast is Lake Superior white fish or Great Lake trout; it does not matter which you order, they look and taste so much the same. However, one can always take refuge in tomatoed cutlets, which all the cooks turn out divinely. Somehow or other, I do not think the pretty girl appreciated the bill of fare, for the Canadian Pacific Railway cars were the only place I ever saw her taking porridge; and when we got to Vancouver she mentioned as the disappointment of the journey that we had had no canvas-backed duck, which she had heard was a feature in the car meals on the Pennsylvania Railroad. Switching off the dining cars when you think you have done with them is all very well; but sometimes the train gets blocked—in a snowdrift, for instance—and then the passengers feel that the railway arrangements have broken down. Sometimes, again, the train is so late

that the dining car does not arrive at its shunting place till the following morning. This is not pleasant, because one pictures the stewards sleeping on the tables. We missed a meal once by being blocked after we had switched off our restaurant; there had been a land slide. How we envied the female who fed out of a black bag, and only went into the restaurant once in a way when she felt particularly empty!

The principal nuisance is having your tickets clipped; the conductor, who is so like a captain, takes the tickets away and sticks a card in the hat of his victim if he is only a day traveller; but we, who were going the whole three thousand miles, had quite a "young book," and used to get so mad at the incessant clipping, that the conductor suspected there was something wrong about them, and would take them away to the back of the car to examine them under a microscope, or try them with acids. With the sleeping-car ticket it was even worse; the nigger used to punch the day of the month and the day of the week, and the number of the party, and make sundry cabalistic notes in pencil, which I suspect expressed his doubts whether I was really married. They do things so completely on the Canadian Pacific Railway.

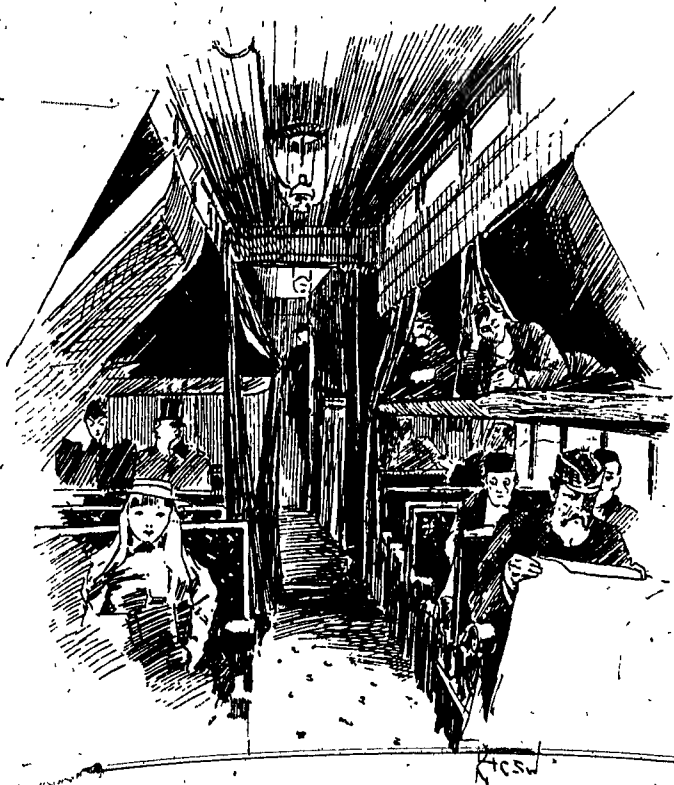
In the mountains a fresh variety of car is introduced—the "observation car," which is open like a verandah. For a man who wishes to find out what good the sparrows get from a dust bath, a hot-wind

day in Melbourne is not to be mentioned in the same breath with the "observation car" flying through the cool green mountains of Canada. You feel as if you were being hosed with dust, and that the thick blue or brown veil, in which the American female shrouds herself on her travels, is the one sensible garment in creation. But it is an immense assistance in taking in the view, for on the car tail you can only be "looking backward," like Mr. Bellamy (looking backward while always going forward), and there is the chance of having a private car tacked on behind, still further limiting the view.

Private cars, whether they belong to Boston millionaires, or only to the unfortunate officials of the company who have to wander up and down the road on business, are always intensely interesting to the ordinary traveller. There is the same kind of romance attached to the private car as to a yacht,—you always think the girls in them must be so interesting (and beautiful, too, if you do not get too close to them); at any rate, they always have cameras, and one feels that they must have lovely food, for one can smell the cooking all day long.

The Canadian Pacific Railway ought to have a commission on detective cameras, kodaks, hawk-eyes, etc., for the average passenger would as soon think of going without antibilious medicines as without a camera. Whenever you stop at a station, all the steps for getting down are packed with people taking pot shots with kodaks. American

children learn kodaking long before they learn how to behave themselves. As the train moves out there is always a scramble between the people who have got out and do not want to be left behind, and the



A COLONISTS' CAR, SHOWING HOW THE BERTHS LET DOWN.

people who are kodaking up to the last minute. Crossing the prairie, every operator imagines he is going to kodak an Indian; but the wily Indian sits in the shade, where instantaneous photography availeth not, and, if he observes himself being

"time-exposed," covers his head with a blanket. The conductors never seemed to grudge the Indians a ride on the train when they wanted one. The Redskins were always sharp enough not to understand tickets. I do not know whether they went in with the Irish or the Chinese.

In the colonists' cars used for emigrants, Chinese, if there were many of them, always had a car to themselves. Between the Chinese and the Irish there is a mutual repulsion. As a fellow-passenger I should prefer the almond-eyed; they do not cook so much as the ordinary emigrant, who brings his own food and bedding, and has a stove at his disposal for the preparation of the former. On a hot day, therefore, the atmosphere of the colonists' car borders on the indescribable. Such old, old women emigrate sometimes. I fancy that the Irish peasant, when he gets so successful that he has exhausted all the parents, brothers, and sisters he had to import, falls back on his grandmother. It is rather fun to pass down these cars and see the babies squatting round, and the people, some eating, some cooking, and some sleeping (they make up their beds for themselves, so they often go to bed at odd times), if only they would not all contribute to the atmosphere. I never saw any of them take the slightest interest in the scenery; in fact, they did not find anything to interest them except tobacco, tinned food, and bed. For us, when we were once past the prairie, it was as exciting as a theatre, with the glorious and

startling scenery. And there was quite a lot to keep us going.

To begin with, there were our fellow-passengers, who always fraternised if more than a day together, unless they were a complete party of themselves. As we had the honour of the pretty girl's company, the single male passengers were always most anxious for our acquaintance. She had a variety of admirers, from smart English ranche owners, in irreproachable riding-breeches and gaiters, to the little grizzled Frenchman, who had shot everything that can be shot, but had only one eye about the size of a well-developed flea, and an old American who was crossing the Rockies in a frock coat and a tall silk hat; he simply beamed on her till she had to know him. He had been flowing on for about an hour, with the volume and persistence of a water-pipe that bursts in the night, about the scenery and the Canadian Pacific Railway in particular, and American and Canadian railroads generally, till she pulled him up with,—

"You seem to travel a great deal?"

"Ever since I was a boy, ma'am. I've a son, too, who has just taken to travelling; he used to be in the Church."

"It isn't every clergyman who can afford to travel. We've been travelling for seven years, so I know what an expense it is."

"You've been travelling, ma'am; may I ask what in?"

"Railways, steamers, coaches. We had to go in a buckboard the other day."

A beautiful smile spread over that old Yankee's face. "I thought you were no drummer. 'Smart English,' that's what I say. Anyway, we don't run to female drummers much, even in the States. I travel in silk handkerchiefs; you won't take half a dozen as a little present from a silly old gentleman, will you? It isn't easy to have too many clean handkerchiefs in this dust-trap."

I have left the description of the cars to the last. A Canadian Pacific train consists of a mail car and one or more baggage cars, first-class cars, second-class (or colonists') cars, and sleeping cars, the sleeping cars, of course, being the most expensive, as you have to hold a first-class ticket, and to pay \$20 (£4 4s.) extra for the whole distance between Montreal and Vancouver, and in an increased ratio for shorter distances.

The first-class cars are the ordinary American railway carriages, without compartments, and with a passage running the whole length between rows of garden seats constructed to hold two each, and upholstered with red velvet. There is a retiring-room for ladies at one end, and gentlemen at the other, and a filter of iced water. The colonists' cars have bunks for letting down at night like the sleeping cars, but the passengers provide their own bedding. The sleeping car consists of three parts—the main body of the car containing a dozen berths on either side—terminating in a state-room at one end, and a

smoking-room at the other.. The state-room is for the convenience of honeymooning couples and others. By day it is a luxuriously upholstered little drawing-room, by night a cabin with three berths. You pay exactly the same for it as you would for any other three berths, and yet, when you have been lucky enough to secure it, you feel purse-proud towards the other occupants of the car. To ladies it is a genuine boon, because, by not letting their gentlemen come to bed until they are ready, and by making them get up first, they can stand up while they are dressing and undressing themselves, curl their fringes, dye their hair, and put on any other finishing touches at leisure. The main part of the sleeping car is divided into twenty-four berths by night—six upper and six lower on each side, curtained off from the central passage; by day it is divided into garden seats and sofas alternately, upholstered in sage-green velvet with most luxurious cushions. Besides the accommodation above mentioned, there are, of course, ladies' and gentlemen's dressing-rooms and retiring-rooms. These cars are always magnificently inlaid with rare woods, and furnished with the most costly appliances to ensure smooth running. They cost as much as five or six thousand pounds apiece some of them—more than the engines themselves which drag the trains to the top of the Rocky Mountains. In addition to these cars, which are attached to every train, there are the dining cars, sometimes detached.

No description of the Canadian Pacific Railway would be complete without an allusion to Sir James Grant, K.C.M.G., the stately Highland chief (Grant of Corrimony), who has been viceregal physician to the last half-dozen Governors-General. Sir James, the most distinguished medical man in Canada, though born in Scotland, was a graduate of McGill (Montreal). It was he who introduced the original Canadian Pacific Railway Bill, which has linked the scattered and conflicting provinces of Canada into the high-spirited, patriotic *imperium in imperio* which bears the proud title of the GREAT DOMINION.



SIR JAMES GRANT.

CHAPTER XVIII.

FLYING ACROSS THE PRAIRIE.

WE heard a great deal a few years ago about Australia being the Paradisè of the working-man, which meant practically the man who would not allow others to work. Without any doubt Canada is THE PEASANT'S PARADISE. There are instances too numerous to recount of men, who had worked for between half a sovereign and a sovereign a week at home, emigrating to the Canadian North-West, and being worth their ten thousand dollars in less than ten years. Here once more the old motto, *paupertas mater virorum*, holds good.

Canada has been only a stepmother to the young man of good birth and some capital, but dependent on others for experience and labour. Labour is not always to be procured, and experience is very expensive to purchase. Nor, as it has been well said, is the experience one gains as a pupil, paying a high premium to watch others working, the right kind. The sort one wants is the sort one gains by having to do a thing to the satisfaction of the master, who pays one's wages. The successful men have for the most part begun as farm labourers. Sometimes the

newly arrived labourer has a good fat sum in the bank, is in fact a much richer man than his master—sometimes his only capital will be a knowledge of things agricultural and a capacity to work. Even in the latter case, a thrifty man can save enough in a year or two to start on his own account in a small way. I heard of a man named Langmuir, for instance, who had been working on a farm in Kincardineshire for wages at which he could scarcely make a bare living for himself and his family. He emigrated to Carberry in Manitoba, and out of his first year's wages on a farm saved £60. With this he went to a place called Wellwood, a few miles away, where soil, wood, and water were all that could be desired. He bought a farm of 160 acres, for which he paid £20 down, and the rest in annual instalments. He paid £30 more for a yoke of oxen and a cow, leaving himself £10 to live on till his crops were in. All the farming implements he needed were willingly lent him by his neighbours. In four years' time he had paid for his farm, and owned all the farming implements he required, besides three good horses, twelve good cattle, and a good stock of poultry and pigs. And Mr. Legge records a still more remarkable instance:—

“A young farm labourer from Yorkshire went out in the spring of 1890. He readily found employment at good wages, which enabled him at the end of his twelvemonth's engagement to buy a yoke of oxen. With no other equipment, and scarcely money enough

to supply himself with the necessaries of life, he rented an improved farm of 320 acres at 400 dollars per annum, 300 acres being ready for seeding—a very unusual proportion. A team of horses, binders, mowers, and ploughs were hired, and working with prodigious industry, he succeeded in the spring of 1891 in sowing 250 acres of wheat and 50 acres of oats and barley. The yield more than realised his sanguine expectations, that of wheat being something over thirty bushels to the acre. With the assistance of one man to stook, he commenced harvest on the 24th of August, just escaping the frost. At the thrasher's measure he would thus secure 7,500 bushels of wheat alone. At 75 cents per bushel, which was the price at the elevator in the fall of 1891, he would realise 5,625 dollars, as the gross result of his first year's trading upon nothing; and after paying for labour, rent, and the hire of implements, would still have a net profit of about 3,000 dollars."

To the practical farmer, who can work with his own hands, and is not afraid of a severe climate, the Canadian North-West offers success on unusually easy terms, for two reasons. It was so long imagined to be a barren arctic region, that its value has not been discovered long enough for all the good bargains to have gone, and it requires less labour to cultivate than any known virgin wheat-raising country.

As an instance of the latter, I may quote what I was told of Mr. Blasson and Mr. Johnston, two young Englishmen, who went out to Manitoba in

1888 with £1,200 capital. They hired themselves out as labourers, and when they knew enough of colonial farming bought a farm of 320 acres from the Canadian Pacific Railway Co. By the autumn of the first year, with their own hands, they had prepared a hundred acres for the next year's crop, built a house and stable, sunk wells, built their fences. The first year they made £280 by their wheat crop, and another £100 by working with their teams for other farmers. The second year they tilled another 60 acres, and cleared £440 by their crops of wheat and oats; and the third year they bought another 160 acres, and tilled 100 acres of it. That year in all they had 200 acres under wheat, 50 under oats, and 40 under "Timothy," and could have sold out for £2,200 instead of the £1,200 with which they had begun three years before. And they managed all these improvements without any hired help at all, except at harvest time.

The settler in the Canadian North-West has one tremendous pull: he gets his hay for the trouble of cutting it. All over the prairie there are innumerable swamps, which dry up in the summer, and are covered with magnificent hay grass a couple of feet high, which the farmer is free to cut on unoccupied lands. Mr. Legge says:—

"About the last week in July hay-cutting begins. The exact date for cutting on unoccupied land is fixed by the Government. The time is probably not distant when, under a regular rotation of crops, every

farmer will grow his own hay and fodder corn. At present he depends almost exclusively upon the native wild grasses which grow luxuriantly in the sloughs, and which, cured to hay upon the ground, make excellent fodder. Where the sloughs retain water, the grass often exceeds three feet in height and three tons to the acre; and when they are dried out, a ton per acre is generally secured."

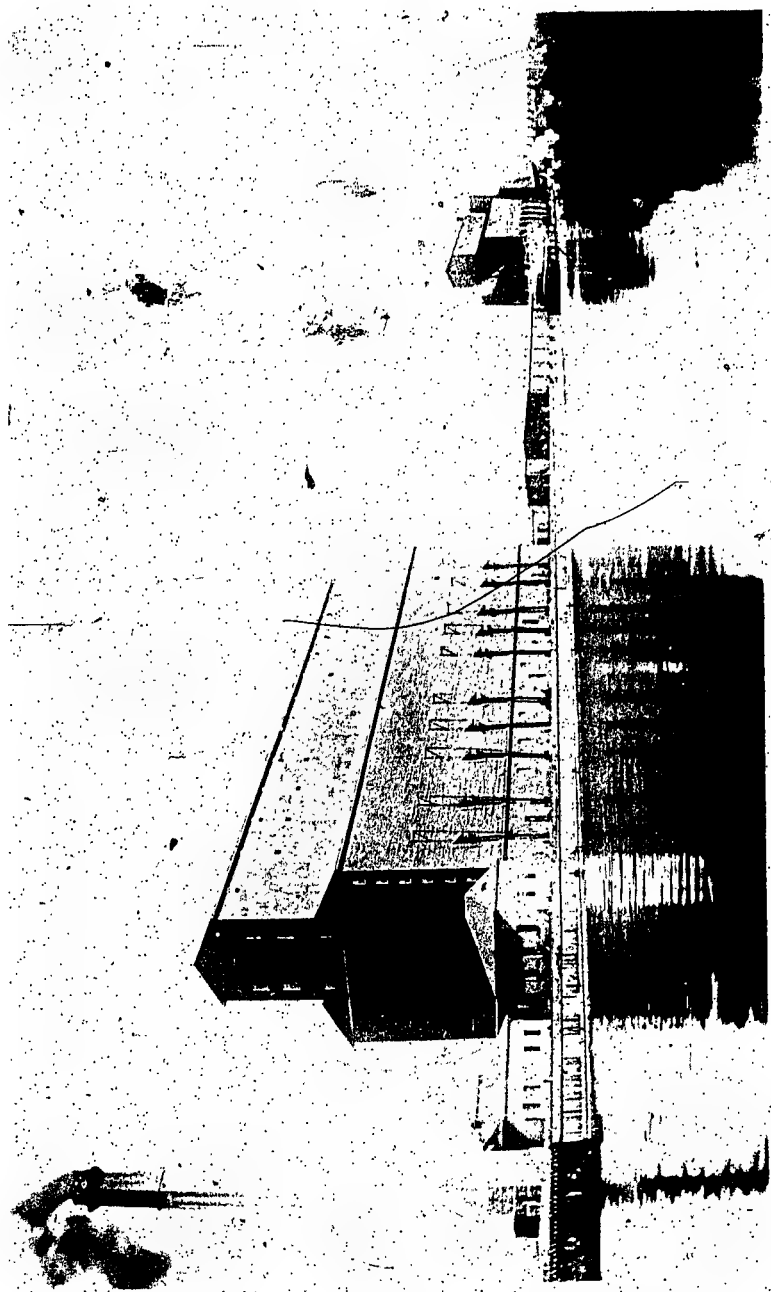
And the hay practically makes itself.

THE PEASANT'S PARADISE comprises about 440,000 square miles out of the 2,500,000 included in the Canadian North-West, and is divided into the four provinces of Manitoba, Alberta, Assiniboia, and Saskatchewan. All except the last-named are on the main line of the Canadian Pacific, and it is served by branch lines, while the southern parts of Manitoba and Assiniboia, from Winnipeg to Regina, have quite a network of railways. It takes three whole days, travelling day and night, for the traveller from the Atlantic to the Pacific to cross the Prairie, the *great fertile belt of Canada*, as it has been called. The prospect is not so interminably dull as might have been expected, for its characteristics vary a good deal. Now, it will be an interminable cornfield level as a billiard board, waving with grain, or busy with harvesting operations on the smallest or the largest scale; now, one will be passing a prairie town, with fine stone buildings like Calgary—a capital in miniature; now, one consisting of a few wooden houses dropped promiscuously in the middle of a

plain, looking like food for the first blizzard, and bearing an impossible name like Qu'Appelle or Moosejaw—which are both, however, considerable places as prairie townships go. Moosejaw is an Indian name, and is only an abbreviation for “the creek where the white man mended his gig with a moosejaw.” At any of these towns, large or small, you are likely to see one of the huge grain elevators, which looks like the lost transept of a wooden cathedral, but testifies so much to the trade of a place.

After a rich harvesting district one will pass a bit of unredeemed prairie, according to the season carpeted with a miniature forest of tall grass and glorious spring flowers, or bald and brown, and throwing up in strong contrast the piles of whitening bones—all that is left of the buffalo, which roamed these plains in such myriads that they stopped the traffic more than once, in the early days of the railway, only a decade ago. One sees big piles of these bones by the stations; for they have a monetary value now. They are used in the manufacture of sugar—for making the scum rise, I believe.

The Canadian prairie is by no means monotonous. Apart from the variety caused by cultivation, it contains here sweeping level plains, there bold undulations or fine wooded bluffs overhanging chains of lakes and swamps, sometimes covered with waterfowl. There are some huge farms like that of Major Bell. The formation of these is very much favoured by the excellence of the labour-saving, agricultural



FORT WILLIAM.—A GRAIN ELEVATOR.

machinery, manufactured in Ontario by such firms as Massey of Toronto, the principal manufacturers of the world in this line. The country between Port Arthur and Rat Portage, after passing Fort William, a Hudson's Bay post more than a century old, with its fur-house still standing and used as an engine-house, is not very interesting from a farming point of view—though Fort William itself, which is a sort of commercial port to Port Arthur, has some of the largest grain elevators in the world. It is a wild, broken country full of lakes and forests and cataracts, the Kaministiquia Falls near Murillo being almost as imposing as Niagara, and far higher. At Rat Portage, a city of saw mills, with a mammoth flour mill in its suburb of Keewatin, all of them turned by the fine Falls of Keewatin, the Indians for the first time become a question.

Red Indians are a strange mixture of up-to-date-ness, simplicity, cunning, and reliability. They have such a shrewd understanding of the civilisation they despise. Take, for instance, their oft-repeated discrimination between Americans and Canadians. The Canadians have treated them fairly. In Canada they are never robbed of justice because the wealthier white man has bribed the judge, nor do they suffer on their reserves by the peculations of the agents in charge. In consequence, all through the last two Sioux wars a waggon with a Union Jack displayed could go with safety through the districts where the Indians were on the war path. And the Sioux chief,

who annihilated General Custer's army, passed with his braves over the border and took farm work with a big Canadian rancher, and has never given the slightest trouble.

The case is even more marked where a tribe is located partly in the United States and partly in Canada, like the Ojibways, in whose country the Lake of the Woods is situated.

A few years ago some Baltimore speculators started a fishery-company in the American part of the lake. They used enormous nets, with such a small mesh that they ruined all the breeding grounds, on which the Indians relied for the fish which forms their principal article of diet. The Indians, infuriated at the spectacle of strangers coming a thousand miles to destroy their property, took the law into their own hands, drove the Baltimoreans away with repeating rifles and cut the nets up—into suitable lengths probably. Then the Sheriff of Michigan, I think, came upon the scene, but, as he brought no force, adopted the *suaviter in modo*. The Indians recognising his position, treated with him as a kind of foreign ambassador, but he was surprised that when a big council was called everything was referred to a chief from the Canadian side of the border, who was present. "What's he got to do with it, anyway?" inquired the plenipotentiary of the United States. "I'm dealing with American Indians, not Canadians. Has he been chopping at the nets too?" It was explained that he was the

head chief of the Ojibways on both sides of the border, and that anything he decided would be binding on the men, who had taken the law into their own hands.

What happened eventually I do not know. The matter fizzled out somehow without a war between the United States and the Ojibways. Now, we saw something of this imbroglio, for we were passing through the Ojibway country at that time, and stayed off a day or two at Rat Portage, the principal town upon the Lake of the Woods (which is connected by a river with another exquisitely named sheet of water—the Rainy Lake). All along the line we passed encampments, sundry tepees, and any amount of Indians—in fur and feathers I was going to say, by which I mean they were painted up and decked up, much as they were when on exhibition at Earl's Court. They were, of course, all armed to the teeth, but nobody was in the least scared of them, though at any minute they might be on the war path. The inhabitants knew perfectly well that the Indians would discriminate between Americans and Canadians, and only regarded them as an interesting show. Oddly enough there was a considerable encampment of them at a place whose name I forget, though I fancy it was Savanne, alongside of a couple of bateaux used by Lord Wolseley in his Red River expedition against the half-breeds of the North-West.

One more Indian story, and then I shall pass to

the other curiosities we saw at Rat Portage. During the last Indian war many of the braves who were so prominent at Earl's Court took part. I have heard since that the reason the chiefs were always drawn up between the spectators and their men at Earl's Court, facing their men, was that otherwise they could not be sure that some fanatical brave would not run a-muck and discharge his arrows into the crowd. I have also heard that the cowboys encamped at Earl's Court always had an armed sentry on the watch all night to prevent Indian maraudings. As far as I remember, the well-known Sioux chief called by the whites "Young man afraid of his horses" was at Earl's Court—at any rate, he afterwards proved himself the most *fin-de-siècle* Indian on record, for while he was out on the war path, actually engaged in fighting the forces of the United States, he wrote a letter to the *New York Herald*, complaining that it was most damaging to his reputation to have his name mistranslated as it was. The correct version, he said, was "Young man who made his horses afraid." The paper published his rehabilitatory letter.

This is what Mr. Legge, who knows much more about the farming districts of the North-West than I do, has to say about the Indians: "The Red Indian as we see him to-day in Manitoba, with everything that is grotesque in apparel, his black hair falling on both sides of his brown face, does not answer to the description of 'the noble savage' with which we

have been familiarised. But if the well-made and artistically embroidered white tunic and the gay plume of feathers have disappeared, so also has the bloody scalping-knife. With the old beauty of the free denizen of the prairie has also gone 'the vengeful fury that made man a mere hunter.'"

And Mr. Legge has a very picturesque description of "the grand old Indian patriarch, Father Lacombe," who was able to prevent the Blackfoot natives from rising to help Riel, but not to prevent little knots of them hanging round the cities, "with the excuse that the buffaloes were gone, and food was hard to get, and the white men brought money which the squaws could get. And what was the end? There are always tepees on the hills now beside every settlement near the Blackfoot reservation. And one old missionary lifted his trembling fore-finger toward the sky, when I was there, and said, 'Mark me, in fifteen years there will not be a full-blooded Indian alive on the Canadian prairie, not one.' . . .

"The Indians object that the teachers in the public schools are 'small' men; they 'seem to be the smallest men you have.' More reasonable was the objection to small schoolrooms. 'The Indian,' they urge, 'needs room; he has a big country, and you give him a very small house in it.' Therefore they ask for bigger rooms and bigger men—'men that are not afraid of the great Book.' . . .

"The Indian, as a rule, is not hostile to Christianity, but regards it as a superstition with which he

has nothing whatever to do. If he has any thought of a future life, it is of that new heaven and new earth, when the buffalo shall return to the prairie."

Mr. Legge allows that both the British and Dominion Governments have treated the Indians fairly, but he thinks that no real progress will ever be made by the Indians until the tribal system is altered.

Rat Portage was a much better place than it sounds, finely situated between the beautiful Falls of the Keewatin and the Lake of the Woods, which is even more beautiful than the Thousand Islands, for it has more than ten thousand islands instead of only a thousand, and they are mostly thickly wooded. They gain, too, by the presence of so many silent and uncivilised Indians gliding ghost-like in and out of the islands in their light birch-barks, and by the absence of summer-resort hotels and summer homes of patentees. The very obliging host of the Queen's Hotel did his very best to make us comfortable, baulked a little by the expletives of a country patron, whom we heard like a half-minute bell through the day and night. He was a man of great ingenuity. He had broken a moose to single harness, and a pair of elks to double harness, which could go quicker than horses for a short distance or a long one, I forget which; and he good-naturedly gave Charles a drive with them. And he had sundry other queer pets, such as a grizzly bear. In the summer Rat Portage is a very favourite resort of Winnipeggers. But

they don't patronise the hotels much, preferring to go in for canoe camps on the various islands—in eastern (Canadian) fashion. No one enjoyed it more than my poor friend, Hay Lorimer, a blue-eyed and fair-haired young Englishman, who had, while a boy, been as beautiful as a girl, and the possessor of a frank, generous disposition which endeared him to all Winnipeg. A summer at Rat Portage was almost the last gleam of sunshine which illuminated a life depressed by exile from England, and prematurely cut off by typhoid. "Poor, pretty Hay," was his sister's comment when she heard that he had gone, like her elder brother, Jimmy Lorimer, the hero of many a border battle in South Africa, only a few months before him, to swell the long list of Englishmen who have died far from all that is nearest and dearest to them, adding their mite that England might replenish the earth.

This is the day of small things for Rat Portage, for the islands and shores of the Lake of the Woods are known to be full of gold deposits. Unfortunately these are held for a term of years by people not rich enough to work them, and unwilling to sell their mining rights.

Rat Portage, which is on the Winnipeg River, is only about a hundred and thirty miles from Winnipeg, and about half-way between them the prairie begins. Winnipeg, which is to the North-West what Toronto is to Ontario, or Chicago to the American North-West, signifies "muddy water";

and any one who has been to Winnipeg in the wet season, in which you sink over your ankles in black prairie mud whenever you are not treading upon a dog, will recognise the appropriateness of this Indian nickname. According to the excellent Canadian "Baedeker," recently brought out by Dulau & Co., it has now 32,000 inhabitants. There has been a town upon the site ever since 1738, when the Sieur de Verendrye established Fort Rouge. The first English settlement was Fort Gibraltar, founded in the fork between the rivers by the North-West Company in 1803. In 1812 Lord Selkirk established his Highlanders at Fort Garry, and a sort of civil war went on until 1820, when the two companies amalgamated. Their united efforts only mustered 240 inhabitants when Lord Wolseley made his famous Red River expedition in 1870, but in 1881 there were nearly 8,000 inhabitants, and in 1891 25,000. At present it is much the finest Canadian city west of Ontario, though it no longer contains the crowd of well-born Englishmen who did so much for it in its struggling days. The English, especially the well-born English, are essentially pioneers. In the old nugget days of the Australian Victoria, so gloriously described by Henry Kingsley, and in the first days of Queensland, as in the first days of Winnipeg, well-born Englishmen were as thick as berries. They wished to escape the *res angustæ* of home, but scorned any occupation in which they were not their own masters. As Australia grew up

they had made their fortunes and returned to buy, or buy back, castles and manors in England and Scotland, or they had perished by the way from ill-health, ill-luck, extravagance, drink, or what not.

And so with Winnipeg. As Winnipeg has grown up, they have moved out farther west to Alberta and British Columbia. The pioneer in whatever continent is liable to be an Englishman, as distinguished from a Scotchman or Irishman. The Scotchman follows later, and the Irishman works for both with his pick and his spade, or his shearing clips. It is always said that it is neither the first nor second comer, but the third, who makes the profit in pioneering.

However, the pioneers of Manitoba were Scotchmen. Mr. Legge has much to say about that splendid episode in the history of pluck—the story of the growth of the little outpost fort on the historical Red River, maintained so heroically by Lord Selkirk's Highlanders for seven years (1812—1819) to the great city of Winnipeg, the Toronto of the North-West, the axle of ten lines of railway, not to mention the coming line to Hudson's Bay, which is to shorten the distance between Manitoba and Liverpool by five hundred miles for the six months of the year that the bay is open. And in the way of wheat-raising they have achieved marvels. In 1890, a bad year, Manitoba produced 14,665,000 bushels. Mr. Legge has to scold them for not paying sufficient attention to mixed farming. It is apparently their habit to grow wheat year after year on the same

ground, until a failing crop warns them to think of a fallow. The Manitoban despises root crops, and has paid very little attention to stock hitherto, except the team bullocks, so obvious an expedient as keeping hogs to turn to account the frozen wheat, which sells for next to nothing and is inferior for seed, having been overlooked.

The winter of Manitoba has, it would appear, been traduced :—

“A prevalent and very mistaken idea exists that half the year in Manitoba is a season of enforced idleness; that from the time when the frost gets its permanent grip of the soil until the end of March outdoor occupation becomes impossible. Nothing could be more erroneous. Very little snow falls on the prairie, a depth of fifteen inches being seldom exceeded; though in Manitoba, as we have lately experienced in England, there are exceptions to an ordinary season. Storms of sleet and wet snow are unknown; the snow is so dry and light that in sheltered localities cattle, sheep, and horses may be left out nearly the whole winter. Such, at least, is the opinion of stock raisers, who hold that even a low temperature is not injurious to cattle when the cold is dry.”

And in the hot Manitoban summer there is always a breeze. Spring and autumn and Indian summer baffle description of their loveliness, though Mr. Legge gives a good deal of space to describing them. Winter monopolises about half the year.

Winter has its uses. It is in winter, when hardly anything can be done in the way of farming, that the prosperous Manitoban goes East, or visits the Old Country. And if he stays at home he has no lack of amusements. Coasting, tobogganing, skating, sleighing, innumerable dances, junketings at each other's houses, and possibly ice-boating relieve the tedium of the long northern winter—not to mention running down deer and other game for the rifle, on snowshoes. And the winter has a further use, for the gradually thawing frost supplies the roots of the crops with moisture in case of a drought. The official report of the climate says:—

“The climate of Manitoba is warm in summer and cold in winter. The atmosphere, however, is very bright and dry, and the sensation of cold is not so unpleasant as that of a cold temperature in a humid atmosphere. Warm clothing, especially in driving, and warm houses, are, however, required. The snow-fall is very light.

“Manitoba is one of the healthiest countries on the globe for man and beast, and pleasant to live in. There is no malaria, and there are no diseases peculiar to either the province or the climate.

“The long hours of continuous sunshine and warmth afford the remaining conditions to bring the crops to maturity. Warm weather, usually very equable, prevails, but sometimes a heated spell develops. The nights, however, are always cool and most agreeable.

"Harvesting begins in August and ends in September. It is not an uncommon thing for a farmer to have his wheat all cut, threshed, and marketed before the end of September."

I have never been in Manitoba in the winter, but blizzards, fortunately, do not seem common, for driving across the prairie in the extreme cold under a high wind is terrible. I have heard of gently bred settlers feeling the cold most severely both in Ontario and Manitoba, their houses not affording a very adequate protection; but it does not seem to affect the peasant settler. It is the common sneer in Australia that if a gentleman settles in Canada, his children will very likely become peasants; and that if a peasant settles in Australia, his children will very likely become gentlemen. And they instance the millionaire partners, Messrs. Robertson and Wagner, grandsons of English officers and sons of small Canadian farmers, who have built up gigantic fortunes under the Southern Cross.

In some ways the Canadian settler is very favoured. He is almost always within a few miles of the great railway which links him with Montreal, New York, and the world; and where two or three are gathered together, schools and churches are there in the midst of them. Fuel, too, is a simple matter, though of the last importance in a country where the winter thermometer sinks many degrees below zero. The Government pledge themselves to supply coal at a maximum of fourteen shillings to a pound per ton, and in some

parts of the North-West coal may be had at from four to ten shillings per ton at the pit's mouth, apart from the fact that on the river banks it constantly comes to the surface and may be had for the taking. Another great help is the establishment of institutions like the Brandon Experimental Farm, where all results are tabulated and published at the end of the year. These give valuable information on the feeding qualities and cultivability of the native grasses, and on the widely different characteristics of the three plateaux into which the prairie divides itself. So too is the establishment of grain elevators, where the farmer can sell his wheat for cash, though if Mr. Legge is right, he has to keep his eyes wide open in the process.

“Thatching is unknown, and the art of stack-building is not advanced in Manitoba. The best prices for grain are generally realised before navigation is closed, and, as this may occur any time after the beginning of November, grain is rushed to the elevator, and prices consequently lowered. The needy farmer, who must sell his wheat at whatever price it will fetch, is thus very much at the mercy of the agents at the various centres of distribution. Wheat is graded into four qualities, the price for each being fixed in a rough-and-tumble way by the agents of the owners of the elevator. These men are always prepared to pay cash for wheat; but their avarice is, in some cases, only surpassed by their ignorance. And there are men

of high character who would stoop to neither. I fear that such constitute a small minority."

Mr. Legge was very anxious for the establishment of Government creameries to not only buy, but to collect, all the milk the farmers have to offer; he pointed out that to establish butter as a staple export to England it is necessary that the manufacture should command the best skill and appliances, and the supply be regular. Canadian butter might then have as good a chance as Canadian cheese, of which over 94,000,000 pounds were exported even as far back as 1890.

According to Mr. Legge there is hardly anything which cannot be done in Manitoba by institutions or ingenuity. Keeping off the frost, for instance, in a land where the mercury wanders thirty or forty degrees below zero, is quite simple. The frost apparently ends in smoke—that is, it can be ended by smoke.

One of the oldest settlers in Manitoba told Mr. Legge that he could keep frost off a square mile of land or more by simply emptying cartloads of straw on the north and east sides, along the road allowance, and setting fire to it when frost seemed likely to come on—that is, when the wind is from a north or easterly direction, or there is the unusual indication of fog.

Canada has, at any rate, an ever-increasing body of men who should be very well fitted to combat with frost and ice, for there are more Icelanders in

Canada than there are in Iceland. The bulk of the inhabitants of the island emigrated to this wintry land of promise a few years back. Mr. Legge says that they "regard Canada as their natural home, and maintain a sturdy belief in the legend of its discovery by their ancestors four hundred years before Columbus was born"; and adds that, though "less enterprising than the Mennonites, these Icelanders are steady and industrious, and are much valued as farm servants."

It seems to me much more important that hundreds of Canadians who were tempted to emigrate to the Dakotas and Montana, "debauched by the rainbow-hued statements of the Yankee emigration agents," are now finding their way back as fast as opportunity offers; and that immigrants are pouring in from the United States, both from the parts just mentioned, and from Michigan, Wisconsin, New York, and New England, acting on the reports of the delegates whom they sent to spy out the nakedness of the land. As I am talking more particularly of the North-West, I have said nothing of the lumbering in the wilder parts of Ontario.

Since I have been back from Canada, I have constantly been asked by people in the agricultural parts of England how much capital an immigrant requires. Of course, many of the most successful farmers in the North-West came out without a guinea in their pockets. They simply had to work as farm labourers till they had saved up their £60. to £80,

which covers the outlay that cannot be avoided by a single man beginning in a modest way—a man with a family requiring nearly double as much. As the former sum can be saved by a thrifty man in a year or two, and he wants that time to acquire “colonial experience,” not much time is wasted. But the possession of a small capital to start with is undoubtedly a great help, if the possessor is shrewd enough to bank it while he is gaining his experience as a servant. £600 is the sum generally mentioned for starting in a well-to-do way, though the starters in a well-to-do way do not often seem to succeed. Mr. Legge’s ideal emigrant is:—

“A man with practical experience in agriculture, and having £200 to £500 at his disposal, if he is industrious, sober, and provident, can hardly fail to do well. . . .

“As the labourer is always boarded, he may, practically, save all his earnings; and at the end of his third year a capable, industrious man, steady and strong of purpose, may find himself in a position to take up a free grant of 160 acres of land, build a log cabin, and adequately stock his farm for all essential purposes. . . .

“His wife and children may either earn wages or cultivate a garden, rear poultry, or look after a dairy, for all of which a farmer will afford a good servant reasonable facilities; or, in default of these, a good four-roomed house may be built for £15 to £20. Young women and girls accustomed to house-

work may always command 8 dollars or 10 dollars (£1 13s. 4d. to £2 1s. 8d.) a month, with board, in domestic service, the conditions of which are much less irksome than at home."

Mr. Legge should have mentioned that, in colonial towns at any rate, female servants have to work a great deal harder than they do at home—so few servants are kept. The same people who would keep a man-servant or two and several women here are content with two or three women there. Wages for farm servants are apparently higher in Canada than in Australia; for the Manitoban master gives 25 dollars (£5) a month and board, while the Australian station hand begins with "his pound a week and rations."

One of the things which I remember best about Winnipeg was at an admirably appointed dinner given by the Manitoba Club to Lord Derby, then Lord Stanley of Preston and Governor-General of Canada. He was extremely anxious to open his speech with some remark about Winnipeg which should at once be original and strikingly *apropos*, but he could think of nothing. Lord Dufferin with his genius for saying the appropriate thing had exhausted all the city lions. Suddenly a bright idea occurred to His Excellency. He picked with great care Lord Dufferin's happiest compliment to the city and began, "Lord Dufferin, who seems to have left nothing unsaid, called Winnipeg," etc.

Better luck attended him on this occasion than on

another, when he was present at a ball given in his honour by the mayor of a small North-Western township. Wishing to know whether the mayor was a grocer, or had a good garden, or went in for ponies, or what, so that he might pay him some appropriate compliment, he whispered to his aide-de-camp as he was about to be introduced, "What is he?" and his aide-de-camp, famed for his recklessness in treading upon colonial corns, said in a stage whisper, which everybody else in the room heard, if His Excellency did not, "A TONED-DOWN JEW." In the colonies—outside the Government House set—a shop-walker, with tact, would be more good as an aide-de-camp than a Guardsman, who does this kind of thing.

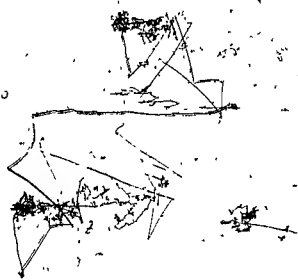
The prairie runs right up to Winnipeg, a blaze of purple madonna and golden-rod, for the country for some distance round is not cultivated, but held by speculators waiting for a boom. As we flew across the prairie from Winnipeg, with its long, wide, stately streets, to Banff, beyond the promise of fish and water-fowl in the numerous pools and nice open cover, and the handsome appearance of the cattle in the long grass, and the huge wheat fields which surround Portage la Prairie, there was little to notice till we got to Brandon, a town of five thousand inhabitants, and five gigantic elevators, sufficiently important to have the clock put back an hour.

Time changes five times in the journey to Vancouver to allow for westering. The railway



BANFF: THE VALLEY OF THE BOW, AND THE CANADIAN PACIFIC RAILWAY HOTEL.

Vide p. 262.



officials make a joke of it, and say that even the sun cannot keep pace with the Canadian Pacific Railway going west, and that it goes a great deal too fast for most people going east.

At Fleming, half-way between Elkhorn and White-wood, we passed from Manitoba to Assiniboia; and very prosperous-looking are these last prairie towns in Manitoba, with their great elevators, solid frame houses, and stations full of agricultural machinery waiting to be delivered. And beyond Whitewood, even if there were no Indian village of many tepees to emphasise the fact, the fishing and fowling looked better than ever, the country was full of fascinating pools and copses, and the tall grass of the prairie was ablaze with tall golden-rod and prairie marigolds and purple madonna. The variety in names was very amusing. Summerberry station was succeeded by Wolseley, and Wolseley by Sintaluta, where the great "Bell Farm" of a hundred square miles, with furrows four miles long, which take half a day a pair—out and home—to make, began. At Indian-head the cottages of the men employed on the farm filled all the view from the station to the horizon.

Another curious name was *Qu'Appelle*, quite an important town and river, though it hardly equalled the *Touchwood Hills* to the north and the *Dirt Hills* to the south. Regina, which followed soon, gets its name from being the headquarters of the Lieutenant-Governor and Executive of the four North-West Territories, Assiniboia, Alberta, Saskatchewan, and

Athabasca, the last, it may be observed, being too far north to enter much into immigration considerations until the first three and Manitoba fill up. Regina is also the headquarters of the North-West Mounted Police, a splendid body of cavalry, a thousand strong, recruited largely from dare-devils from the old country, who like the life; these splendidly mounted red-coats maintaining a galloping sway over hundreds of thousands of square miles. Their principal duties are to keep the Indians impressed, and exclude the importation of spirits into the North-West Territories.

As we sped away beyond Moosejaw, it was sad when we got out of the train to have old buffalo trails pointed out to us. There are literally no sadder footsteps of the departed.

It was at Moosejaw that we first saw the prairie by moonlight looking like a sea with a great black rim, bridged by two eternal and shining bars of silver—an empire of silence and loneliness. I shall never forget that moonrise, the great red moon slipping up over the beryl and orange and purple after-glow on the horizon into the dark blue dome above. When we woke again it was to see coyotes, even occasional antelopes, disappearing over the ridges; and hundreds of the funny little prairie dogs, sitting up like begging pugs at the mouths of their holes.

A little farther on, at intervals of thirty miles from Rush Lake to Calgary, we came across the ten Lister-Kaye farms of ten thousand acres each. The

Canadian Agricultural Company also had a number of large farms. From Swift Current to Medicine Hat the line skirts the base of the famous Cypress Hills, in whose valleys—well watered, full of choice native grasses, sheltered by woods, and with numerous salt-pans on the adjoining plains—stock do as well as anywhere in North America. At Dunmore we were reminded of the coal mines, a hundred miles off on the branch line to Lethbridge, by long rows of laden coaltrucks. The country between Dunmore and Medicine Hat seemed very like the country in Australia between Melbourne and Geelong: it has one unenviable peculiarity, no longer shared by any part of Canada—namely, the presence of an occasional rattlesnake. When the United Empire Loyalists first settled Ontario they were a good deal troubled by their prevalence, but there has no rattler been seen in Ontario for many a year now. There were steamers at Medicine Hat when we were there which had come up eight hundred miles from Lake Winnipeg; but we did not see much else except Cree Indians, very much painted and in very gaudy blankets, who were trying to sell cow horns as the real buffalo, while they kept one eye open for the snapping kodaker. For it was a very hot, bright day, as hot as one gets on the Murray in Australia. In the scorching streets not a human being was visible—the town looked as deserted as Geelong on a hot-wind day. Not a living thing broke the outline or the silence, except a donkey-team, which

stood like so many statues for the whole hour and a half we were detained there by the snapping of a bolt in the engine. And yet it is a brisk, busy town out of siesta time. Some fine day we felt that Medicine Hat would be very much awake, when the



BLACKFOOT INDIAN, WITH SQUAW AND PAPOOSES.

[Notman.]

enormous grizzly bear kept as a pet on the railway station broke out of his rather flimsy cage and set about recognising his powers. For the time he was a most reasonable beast, to be kept in perfect good humour by presents of single grapes; but bears will be bears—someday.

From Medicine Hat it was only a little over a

hundred miles to Gleichen, where I had one of the great disappointments of my life. There is a reserve of Blackfeet Indians there—the finest Indians on the prairie—and the splendid Scotchman, Magnus Begg, who was in command of them, had them all assembled to go through the Sun Dance and other typical performances for me to describe, but I had a touch of bilious fever and was completely *hors de combat*.

Gleichen is only about fifty miles from Calgary—the handsome little town 3,400 feet above sea-level, the capital of the plateau prairie country, which has such a delightful climate from being in the track of the Chinook winds—the warm airs from the Gulf Stream. It is beyond the power of the Canadian winter. And it was from Gleichen that we got our first peep of the Rockies to be described in a subsequent chapter.

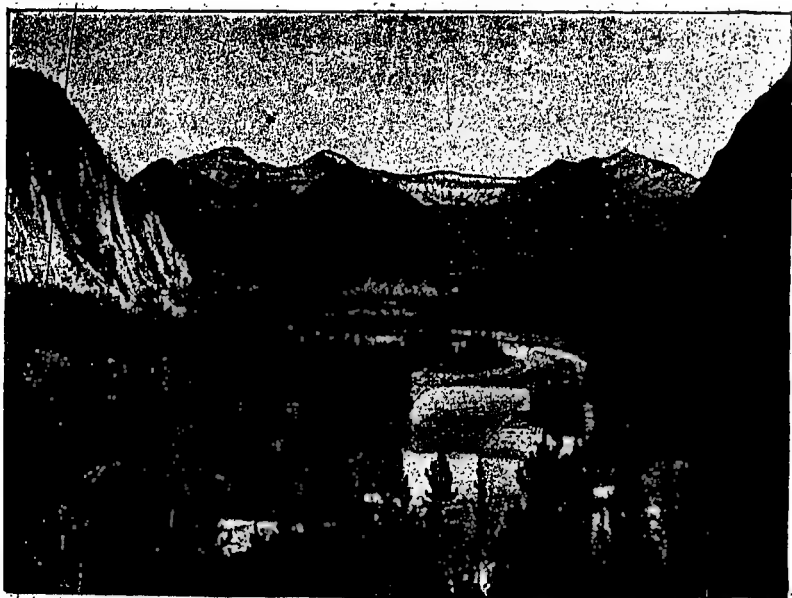
I cannot close this chapter without recalling the words of Sir William Van Horne, the President of the Canadian Pacific Railway, that of all the magnificent scenery on his line none impressed him like the prairie, with its sense of illimitability—even when it lacked its spring and early summer glory of flowers.

CHAPTER XIX.

BANFF: THE ROCKY MOUNTAINS MADE EASY.

THE popular show of the Canadian Pacific Railway is "Banff Springs," generally abbreviated to Banff. It might be described as the *Rocky Mountains made easy*, for it is right up in the Rockies, four or five thousand feet above the sea, though the Razor-backed Mountain does tower another five thousand feet above the company's hotel. It must once have been a place of commanding beauty; no finer prospect could be imagined than that from the hotel windows in front. On the right the great mountain rises like a shark's fin from southern waters; while on the left there is a sweeping view over the valley of the Bow to the tumbled sea of Alps beyond, streaked in the sun by snowdrifts and glaciers, and with a sky-blue river meandering to their foot hills, crowned by those strange natural monuments, the White Friars, locally known as the Hoodoos, though for all the world like barefooted friars with turned-up cowls. The hard conglomerate of which they are formed led to their preservation, while the softer deposits round them were washed away to the level of the "benches" on which they

stand. A marvellous river is this Bow River, as turquoise-blue as the Limmatt, where it leaves the Zurichsee, or the Lake of Zug—a deep, wilful river, tearing in one place through ridges of rock with a mighty cataract, which approaches a waterfall in altitude, and, just below, rolling floods of fabulous

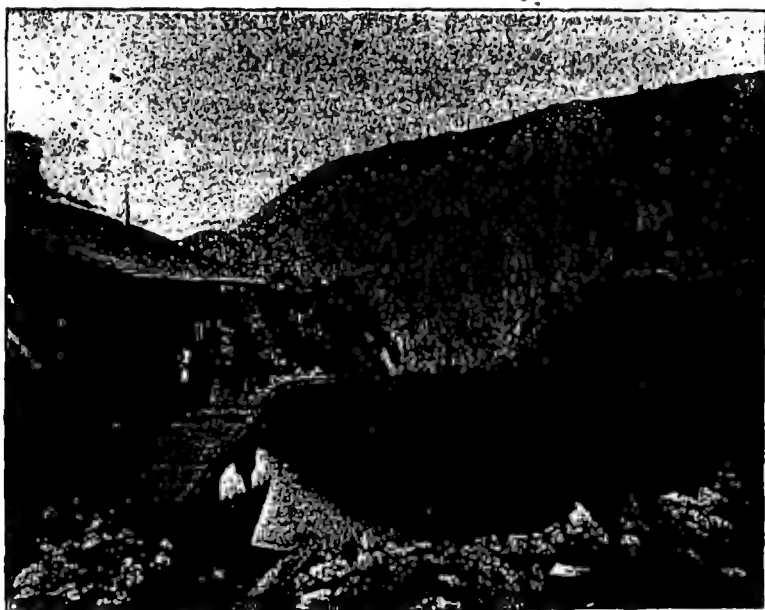


BANFF: VIEW FROM C.P.R. HOTEL LOOKING DOWN THE BOW VALLEY. [Notman.]

depth, like the mighty Fraser. The hotel, whose appearance is familiar to every one, from the famous view taken with the Peak Mountain and the Bow Valley in the background, is a most sumptuous affair, as palatial as a Monterey or Saratoga hotel, while right away up in the finest scenery of the Rocky Mountains.

Banff does, indeed, present the American cockney or invalid with the Rocky Mountains made easy. A very towny 'bus, a much more luxurious affair than the Fifth Avenue stage, which caters for the smartest people in New York, conveys the passengers for the two miles from the station to the Banff Springs Hotel, which is nowhere near the Springs. You can hire a fly, for all the world like a Brighton fly, with a pair of horses, to drive you over excellent, gravelled roads to the Devil's Lake, or to very near the top of the big mountain. The American cockney spends all day in driving about in these flies, and all night long in buying ten-by-eight photographs. The hotel is magnificently situated on the top of a little hill, a sort of cub to the big mountain, and is extremely picturesque in itself, something like a wooden combination of the Tudor hall and Swiss chalet; perhaps one might call it a Tudor chalet, so full of gables and terraces and Swiss balconies and tall chimneys is it. Inside, of course, it presents great attractions to the summer-resorter, with its hundred or two of guests, its great hall with baronial fireplaces, and three or four tiers of galleries and its luxurious drawing-rooms; though the dining-room is not so good, being too reminiscent of an Italian convent turned into a barrack. Banff really has springs, I never saw better; both the Canadian Pacific and the Sanitarium Hotels have their own, and the Grand View high up on Sulphur Mountain has a particularly virtuous spring, as is attested by the number of crutches

festooning the bath-house, like the miracle remnants
at the shrine of the good St. Anne below Quebec.
There are also battalions of empty Bass bottles on
the dust heap near the spring, significant, I suppose,



BANFF. "THE POOL."

[Notman.]

of the prevailing malady—spirits are not allowed in
the North-West Territory.

In these piping days of peace with the emasculated
Redskin, the North-West Mounted Police are chiefly
maintained for the supression of spirits, which may
only be introduced by a Government permit. At
odd hours during the day these stalwart, red-coated,
top-booted troopers, the most military men on the

continent, invade the cars, and organise a search for the forbidden fruit of the rye. They cultivate, with some success, a Life Guard appearance—not the Life Guard when he is in full armour sitting upon a great black horse in a sentry box, doing his best to look unconscious; but the same individual when he goes out with his little red jacket, and his forage cap trying to tumble off his head, and a fourteen-inch cane in his left hand—the Apollo of the nursery-maid.

But to return to the Higher Spring. It is not so much frequented; except by those who really are very bad, as the Middle Spring and Government Baths. The Middle Spring is not yet open for bathing, but it is a little gem—just such a fountain of eternal youth as one can imagine the Indians leading Ponce de Leon to visit, or a Greek Naiad choosing for her home, so I called it *The Naiad's Dell*. The water, it is true, is sulphur-blue, and has a beard of white flux and dark emerald-green moss. But it issues from a cave shaped like a vast shell, with dark passages leading off to unknown distances, and it flows into an ideal little dell, with concentric rings, rising from the water's edge, of red sedge; tall grass; white daisies and purple madonnas; thickets of shrubs; and pine trees.

The Government Baths are a delightful institution. For twenty-five cents one gets a bath and towels; and these sulphur baths are as delightful as they are health-giving. There are two of them used alternately, one time by the gentlemen, and the next

by the ladies—the open basin and the cave. Both are highly sulphuretted. The basin is a pool in the elbow of the hill-side, clear as glass, with big springs bubbling up into it. One, eight feet deep, and with a sandy bottom, is surrounded at the edges with a queer honeycombed formation dripping with water, which fossilises everything, like the famous dropping well at Matlock Baths in Derbyshire. Its temperature is about 80° Fahrenheit, and it is big enough for a good swim and deep enough for a good dive.

The cave is the weirdest place. One walks along a long stalactite passage, dimly lit, reminding one of the cave temple of the Japanese Venus at Enoshima, and suddenly emerges into an exquisite cave thirty or forty feet across, the shape of the interior of a beehive, with its rocks in the form of so many gigantic shells, dimly lit by a hole in the roof, and filled with deliciously warm water by ever-flowing sulphur springs. Before one plunges in, the atmosphere seems as warm as a Turkish bath; when one comes out it is delightful to stand about in the voluptuous air, leisurely drying oneself. Here, too, one can have a good swim.

There were two beautiful swimmers at Banff when we were there, a Mr. B—— and his wife. Oddly enough, they lived in ordinary life on a ranch somewhere in the Calgary district, which was so dry that not only was bathing, but washing, out of the question. Plenty of times they had more spirituous liquors to

drink than water. They had taken an empty cottage, and had to bring down pots and pans and everything with them, including the table, which lost its legs in the action, but they cut new ones in the garden.

Next in attraction to the baths comes driving



BANFF. "THE CAVE."

[Notman.]

(Natural grotto, containing warm sulphur pool.)

to Lake Minnewonka, more popularly known as the Devil's Lake, and canoeing to the beautiful swamp known as the Vermilion Lakes. The latter is more popular, because it does not dig so deep into your purse; but the former is well worth doing, if it is only once; the drive is but eight miles, and you pass under the Cascade Mountain with its stone

top and mysterious cascade, through a valley not often equalled for wild desolation; for its queer "benches" have been swept by fire, and the gales of the equinox and the snows of the winter have strewn



CASCADE CAÑON ON THE ROAD TO THE DEVIL'S LAKE. [Notman.]

the blackened pine trunks until the valley reminds one of Ezekiel's vision of the dry bones. It is a weird, black lake, the Devil's Lake, and full of monster lake trout. Dr. Webb, who married Miss Vanderbilt, caught a forty-eight pound trout there on

his great trip to the West. On the way to it there is as beautiful a little cañon as one can see in America, a clean cut through perpendicular walls of rock.

Another charming lake near Banff is Lake Louise, (best reached by taking the train to Laggan), at the foot of the vast helmet-shaped mass of Mount Lefroy, the monarch of the Canadian mountains. Thence a three-mile walk through delightful woods brings one to a lake about two miles long of turquoise-blue water, fed by a vast glacier running almost down to the water, and two still smaller lakes on the fringe of the glacier higher up the mountain. All around are vast dark pine woods, and at the nearer end a sweet little chalet, with a big dining-hall, a kitchen, and half a dozen guests' rooms. One of the greatest living landscape painters, Albert Bierstadt, whose pictures have immortalised the forest primæval of California and the buffalo days of the North-West, spent much time there a few years back preparing a great canvas.

A mile from the falls, a couple that can handle a canoe pass up a clear creek, now a grating shallow, now a deep glassy pool with a white sand bottom, almost untenanted by fish, into a most fascinating little slough, where nothing but a birch-bark could thread its way through the tall over-hanging tufts of hay-grass, fireweed, and golden-rod. Anon it widens and loses itself among the reeds; a startled, white-tailed eagle soars, some ducks whirr away,

and the *tête-à-têtes* find themselves among the red sedges of the Vermilion Lakes, with a diadem in tiers of tall reeds and dark pines, foothills, and distant faint blue mountains.

Both on the river and the Devil's Lake there are plenty of boats and a steam launch, and there are plenty of fish in the Bow River, but I am afraid that the vacuous-looking Anglican clergyman, who comforted me for not catching anything by the suggestion that the fish were not yet sufficiently accustomed to the sight of people, turned the bag inside out. If the fish are shy, they are at any rate plentiful, which does not apply to bird or beast, or flower of the forest. Banff, once roamed over by buffaloes, and with great forests haunted by bears and wolves, is now singularly devoid of life. It is not "of the earth earthy," but "of the Rockies rocky."

How well these mountains were named! Banff is a Paradise for the lover of fantastic rocks. The Cascade Mountain is a glorious pyramid of naked rock, and the Castle Mountain, a few miles away, has such a curiously architectural appearance that it recalls King Edward I.'s famous castle at Conway, immortalised by Gray in his "Bard," with its round brown Saracen towers in tiers. And on a smaller scale there are what I have christened the White Friars, from their colour and their curious resemblance to the cowed monks one sees on the Continent. They stand on one of the curious natural "benches," looking like the Roman earthworks of

Dover Castle, characteristic of river valleys in the Canadian North-West.

Our last two days in Banff were clear, cloudless days, so gloriously fine that "the grasshoppers were a burden," and the river the purest turquoise, and nights so moonlit that one could trace the outline



BANFF. THE WHITE FRIARS (NATURAL MONUMENTS). [Notman.]

of every peak in the amphitheatre of the Rockies that encircled us. One lived the lotus life; bathed in that most romantic bathing-place Nature ever devised—"The Cave"; paddled up the grassy creek into the reedy lakes; and after moonrise sat out in the soft night far enough from jarring voices to be able to hear the gabble of the river and the hoarse roar of the waterfall.

We tried both principal hotels, the Canadian Pacific and the Sanitarium; the former cost nearly double as much as the latter, but then it is a palace hotel, whereas the Sanitarium is the ordinary hotel which is put up when the virtue of a spring first becomes recognised by the visitations of rheumatics—I mean the *patients*, not the *malady*.

The Canadian Pacific Railway Hotel has a charming terrace to sun yourself on, and a walk leading down to the cascade; but then a difficulty comes in unless a walk of two or three miles is a trifle not to be considered.

The Sanitarium is just outside the town, at the very end of the bridge, over which horses have to proceed at a walk—a maddening way that they have in America to ensure one against the delinquencies of bridge engineers.

Not that the town of Banff is much to boast of. It has a few hundred inhabitants, who have succeeded in making the surrounding woods and mountains more destitute of bird and beast and flower than the Park at Montreal. Though it consists of but a single street, it is horribly over-civilised. It has even a chemist, from whom, as far back as three or four years ago, you could buy Kipling's books in the unauthorised editions published by the Harpers. To make up for this, it has or had a very fine story-teller—the Government Inspector of something or other, to whom Lord Wolseley's successful conduct of the Red River Expedition was apparently due. He had

schooled himself for this by destroying whole armies of grizzly bears.

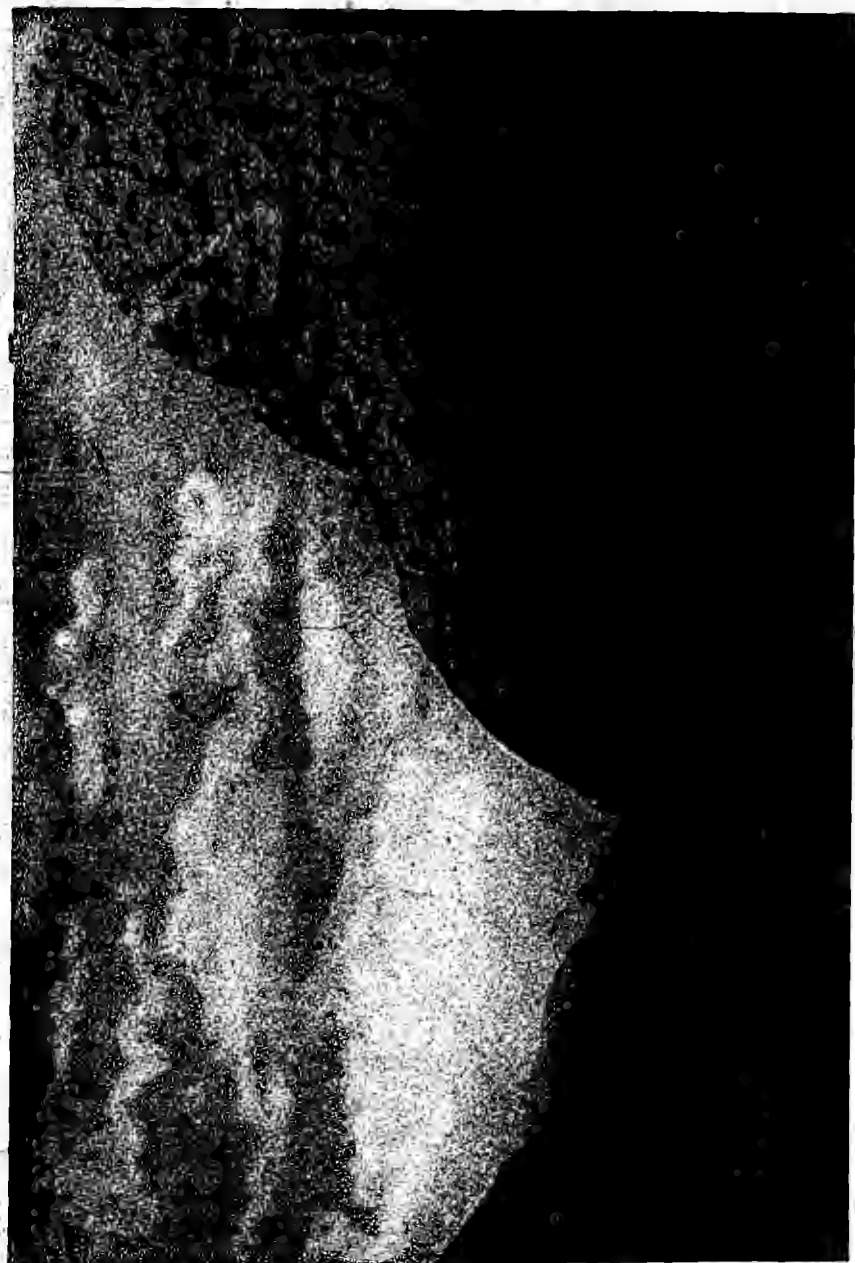
Banff is one of the new stations of the North-West Mounted Police; their barrack was a smart-looking bungalow. It was at Banff that we met our first China missionaries. They were not of the sort which puts on pigtailed to join Mr. Hudson Taylor, or the famous cricketer Studd, in the risks and isolation of an up-country mission, but the other sort. It was four o'clock in the morning, in the midst of a glorious sunrise, owing to the lateness of the train, when we started. I had been standing outside in the bitter cold, watching first the orange bars, and then the pink glow, fire the bluff white heads of the Rockies. In the only waiting-room a mission-house service had been proceeding since midnight for the missionaries going to the wilds, though the wilds they were going to were probably a deal more civilised than the wilds they were leaving. There are less luxurious things in the world than living in a "settlement" in the East, secure from risk, in a fine house, with a liberal income, and a capitation grant for every additional child. The ostler at the Sanitarium Hotel had suffered more in the service of Christianity than they were ever likely to suffer. He was, by the way, a nephew of the composer Brinley Richards, and had just received a legacy from him; but that is neither here nor there, except to illustrate the kind of antecedents many a man holding a menial position in the great North-

West or the Australian Bush may have. He was minus some fingers and toes, which he had lost the year before, when he accompanied the Bishop of Rupert's Land to the Ultima Thule of Hudson's Bay Posts, right up in the Arctic Circle. When they got there they found a famine in progress, so there was nothing to do but to turn out of the fort and throw themselves upon the mercy of a tribe of Indians in the vicinity, who were moving off to a fresh hunting ground farther north. All the winter through, with the thermometer 50° and 60° below zero, the bishop and the ostler lived in tents with the Indians. A frostbite speedily deprived the latter of some of his toes, and soon after a gun accident blew the fingers off one of his hands. The good bishop doctored him—surgery comes between cleanliness and godliness in the Arctic Circle—and they got back in the fulness of time to civilisation, after living for weeks on moose meat, without any attempt at bread or potatoes.

The principal inhabitant at Banff was Dr. Brett, a man of really uncommon energy. He was not only a very clever doctor, whose discovery of the value of Banff Springs had established the fortunes of the town as a summer watering-place; but he had also established the first hotel, the Sanitarium; a livery stable with capital horses for riding and driving; a chemist's shop, both at Banff and Canmore (which latter, in the decline of the mining town, looked after itself for six days out of the seven); and

was, to boot, Speaker of the Parliament of the North-Western Territories, which meets at Regina.

But, with all his energy, he was not so much in evidence as a Canadian Pacific Railway conductor, who was giving himself a week off. ~~This~~ worthy took out a presentation gold watch all day long, and was quite offended because we would not let him "hire a team" and take us out for the day. His only real rival was the man who "had been a gentleman," and now ran the Bow River steamer, a row boat with a wood-fire engine, which took up nearly all the room that was left by the proprietor's sense of importance.



MOUNT STEPHEN, THE TOWN OF FIELD, AND THE VALLEY OF THE KICKING HORSE.

CHAPTER XX.

FLYING THROUGH THE MOUNTAINS: FROM BANFF TO THE GLACIER.

FLYING through the mountains from Banff to North Bend presents a diorama not easily matched in the world. It begins even earlier, for as soon as daylight overtakes you, somewhere on the foot hills round Calgary, it confronts you with a spectacle beside which the Bernese Oberland sinks into insignificance, the long line of the Rocky Mountains, which you have been reading about and dreaming about since you were a child; filling the horizon west and south with a mighty wall, whose battlements are alternate rock and snow. The queer, river benches, through which you are passing, rise terrace above terrace, planed off with the geometrical regularity of military earthworks, and, some sixty miles on, you come to the gate of the Rockies—The Gap. Once admitted, and hurtling on towards Canmore and Banff, besides the sky-blue river, you see that the wall was no mere illusion of distance, but that the whole range in this part is a castellated formation of an extraordinary beauty, the castellations being picked out with snow. No sooner is Banff passed than you are under Mount Edith,

surely the world's most precipitous peak, soaring to heaven like an upturned wheel of virgin rock. Then flow by mountains upon mountains like waves of the sea, stormy white waves round Mount Edith, waves as rosy as the rocks of Devon on the opposite



CASTLE MOUNTAIN, AND A C.P.R. VELOCIPEDE.

side, dominated by the climax of the castellated formation, the great isolated Castle Mountain, rising like a veritable castle of the Middle Ages. It recalls King Edward's Castle at Conway, with its tiers of round brown Saracen towers cursed by Gray's "Bard." It is, as it were, an outer ballium of six great towers, with a turreted keep above, and topping that, a

conical monolith like the Castle of Nagoya, Japan's noblest legacy of mediæval architecture. More mountains succeed: Lefroy, the monarch of the Canadian Rockies, the shape of a knight's helmet left by the brink of a dark lake; and Stephen, perhaps the most imposing of all from its massiveness and position. Its huge dome and compactness reminded me curiously of St. Paul's Cathedral, and it rises sheer from a flat river bed, stolen from itself in the course of ages by the Kickinghorse River, which sometimes makes the whole valley look like a lake with a huge yellow flood, and at others is an insignificant rill, smothered in broad sands like a brook on the seashore.

Mount Stephen, with its terrific shoulders and flanks cloaked in grim matted forest, is most awesome, like an evil giant guarding with supernatural terrors its vast treasures of silver. High up on the mountain-side you can see the galleries of the silver miners, who let their ore and themselves down by an almost vertical cable tramway.

Right under the mountain is the little Field Hotel, a pleasant chalet, like the Glacier House, mostly dining-room, because the train stops here for meals, to save the haulage of a dining car through the mountains. It is said that neither hotel manager nor servants ever stay here long, fearful of going melancholy mad, so depressing is the personality of the mountain. The manager when we were there had stayed longer than usual; he said he "wasn't

afraid of the blue devils"; perhaps this was because he was a very active man, accustomed to beard the mountain in pursuit of the bearded white Rocky



EMERALD LAKE.

[Notman.]

Mountain goats, which are as large as antelopes. He had also a great eye for the picturesque; he showed us a wonderful natural arch, where the fierce torrent had with a cataract torn its way through the rock, leaving a thin turf-covered stratum completely,

bridging the fall; he showed us, too, the Emerald Lake, with the glorious mountain, half pine forest and half precipice, reflected in its placid green waters, as beautiful a *coup d'œil* as there is in Canada. I am bound to admit the very food seemed to have felt the depressing influence of the mountain.

Field is the weirdest place at night, with its wild black hills and spectral pines outlined against the sky, especially if there be forest fires or the moon shining over the dome of Mount Stephen and the grotesque white sands of the Kickinghorse.

While we were there it was made picturesque by a working camp; it had been quite a town in construction days; there are still three hundred and fourteen log shacks (huts). It is a famous place for children; they never tire of watching the antics of one of the four great seventy-five-ton engines of the company stationed here like a tame elephant to help haul any unusually heavy load. The engineers are very good-natured about taking children in the cab. I suppose that this is highly irregular, but "it is a far cry to Lock Awe"—and rules are liberally interpreted in the Rockies.

The scenery that succeeds Field is almost indescribable. Long before you get to Field you catch your first glimpse of Hector and the big green glaciers, which look like overflowings from "the glassy sea" on Hector and the hills beyond; for, with the hills above and the rivers below, this scenery is unsurpassed even on the Canadian Pacific Railway. The

fierce torrent, from which the Kickinghorse Cañon is named, stampedes like a waterfall all the way through a deep gorge, that almost rivals the peerless gorges of Australia. As you fly past you cross a valley glorious with the glacier of Mount Hector and the green terraces of Mount Stephen, and an infinite depth of dark pines. What follows simply baffles description.

Leancoil, with its clustered pyramids of grey stone streaked with white, where they are not too steep for snow to lodge, Lady MacDonald, with its noble peaks, Sir John MacDonald, with its bison back and classic front, have few equals in pyramidal mountain scenery; and the Otter Tail and Kickinghorse Rivers, French-grey with glacial waters, race side by side. How glorious the beautiful open valley looked in the sunset, with its pines and the tree-topped river benches, and the shining delta and Leancoil lifting its steeple to heaven! Beyond Palliser the mountains come together, within a stone's throw, soaring thousands of feet from the black chasm disputed by the railway and the river—the famous Kickinghorse Cañon.

The railway crosses and recrosses the torrent, like a salmon fisher, to utilise every available ledge. At last Golden City is reached, and you get the first view of the Selkirks—more majestic even than the Rockies. Golden City is about the most inappropriately named in the world. It is called “golden” apparently from the silver mines of Spillimichene in

the neighbourhood—by no means the immediate neighbourhood. Why it is called a “city” heaven only knows, for there is nothing of it beyond a post-office, a public-house, and a store or two—all built of wood. At Golden you first strike the mighty Columbia, one of the great rivers of the continent; and once a week the funniest little steamer in the world, a sort of stern-wheeled scow, takes you up to the source of the river in the exquisite Canadian Windermere, about a hundred miles above. At Golden there was a very genuine Western hotel, in which the landlord thought us exceedingly impertinent for troubling him with our presence. Apart from elemental considerations, there is nothing old about the mountains. The oldest inhabited spot in them is Moberly (half-way down from Golden to Donald), and that only dates from 1871. Mr. Walter Moberly, C.E., had a cabin there. From Golden to Donald the railway runs between the rival ranges, the rugged Rockies and the steeped Selkirks.

Donald is quite a town, so important that it is one of the places where they put back the clock for an hour to correct the sun’s ridiculous habit of orientation; it has also nine hundred inhabitants, and a resident engineer, for it is the headquarters of the mountain section of the railway, and has the repair shops. But even the engineer has not got beyond a shack, or log hut. We stayed with him a night, our only experience of log huts. Mr. G——, the engineer, a most brilliant Welshman, and his pretty

young wife and sister, had made the shack a most delightful place to live in ; it was just like living on board ship, except for the creepers which climbed over the huge logs of which it was built. It is wonderful what a lady's taste will do with the roughest material.

Just below Donald the Columbia is magnificent—a fine broad river sweeping round an angle between lofty, wooded banks. Twenty or thirty miles from Donald one cannot repress a feeling of exultation ; the scenery is an inspiration ; the railway mounts a hundred and sixteen feet to the mile for miles together. A thousand feet below is a broad sweeping valley, with a green glacier river winding through it, and huge tree-clad hills beyond, now, alas ! desolated by fire. It was the likeliest thing I have seen to an Australian gorge, and, though the Blue Mountains of Australia are flat-topped hills of no commanding height or form, their gorges, such as Govett's Leap, are unmatchable—clefts into the earth's great heart, league-long and mile-wide, so sheer that they look as if their sides had been united once and torn asunder by the hands of gods. The gorges of the Selkirks lack the tremendous precipices and the vast green cushion of forest at the bottom, but the mountain-tops are incomparably finer. Nothing in the world could excel the majesty of the pass between MacDonald and the Hermit, a few miles on ; with their gables and pinnacles and spires, they make one feel as if one were borne between the walls

of a roofless Gothic minster. But to hark back ; as the train climbs the steep mountain-side overhanging the valleys of the Beaver and Bear Creek the mountain air grows simply intoxicating, nor is there any lack of marvels. At short intervals noble



THE HIGHEST BRIDGE IN THE WORLD (STONY CREEK).

[Notman.]

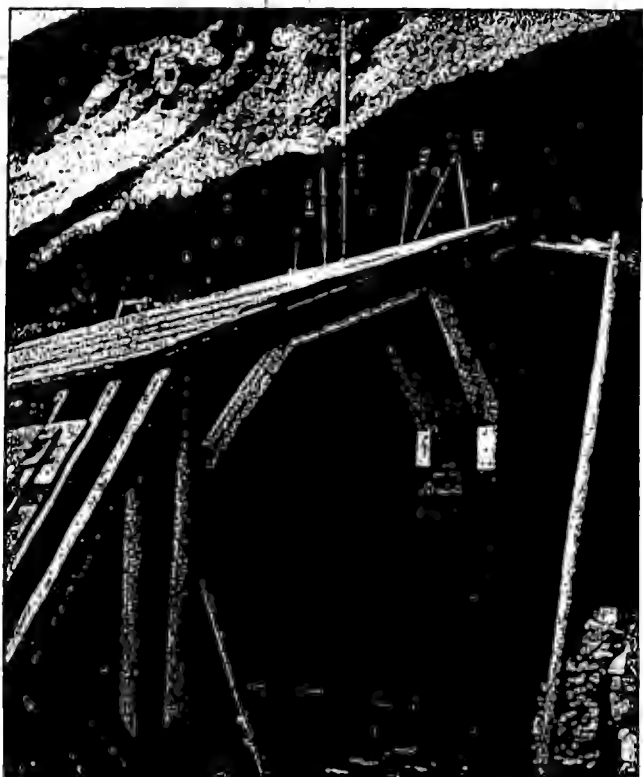
cascades tumble down the mountain-side spanned by timber bridges of tremendous height, one of them, the famous Stony Creek Bridge, having timber piers no less than two hundred and ninety-six feet high, perhaps the highest in the world. A watchman examines it day and night to see that no flaw develops in the massive bolted and trussed timbers.

Looking up another of these cascades, one sees a nameless mountain almost as graceful as Mount Edith in the elbow of a wooded gorge.

Mount MacDonald towers a mile and a quarter over Rogers' Pass, the gap by which the railway crosses the Selkirks, and the Hermit on the left is almost as high. Both rise, a stone's throw apart, almost sheer, and must surely have been one. For a long time there was believed to be no gap, and the singularly hardy exploring party, whose success is recorded in the name of the station (Rogers' Pass), nearly perished in the attempt.

The hardships the party went through I heard from the lips of one of them, the hardy and adventurous French Canadian who commanded and almost manned the little stern-wheeler in which we navigated the great Columbia. The chief of the party, an American, was an insomniac. His one chance of getting sleep was to work himself to exhaustion in the bulk of the hours usually devoted to slumber, and he expected others to do the same. Added to overwork were cold and starvation. One of the most difficult forms of nourishment to do without, in the frosts of Canada as in the burning deserts of Australia, seems to be sugar. Captain Armstrong told me that the only time he was ever a thief was when he had walked about twenty miles from their camp to a settler's hut to try and get some provisions. His mates were all ravening for sugar, and the settler gave him a pound which

had gone bad. On the way home he apportioned himself his fair share of this perished sweet, because he felt that he could not wait a minute longer; and



EXTERIOR OF THE SNOW SHED AT THE GLACIER
HOUSE STATION.

[Notman.]

then, like a tiger which has tasted human blood, he could not resist the temptation, and, stealing the others' share, he ate it all, and ignored the subject on his return.

Rogers' Pass is by way of being a town. It had,

when we were there, to support this claim, two hotels, the "Queen" and the "Brunswick," a post-office, a general store, and a bush-fire; it is also a Government Park, but up to date it had no outward and visible sign to distinguish it from the most undistinguished portion of the ocean of mountains all round. The Glacier House is but four miles from Rogers' Pass, and just before you reach it is one of the finest snow sheds on the line. It is this part of the line east and west where the snow gives most trouble in the winter; in the summer, snow sheds are more of a burden than the grasshoppers, which is saying a good deal in the North-West. There are fifty-three of them almost as close as lamp-posts, and they have not all the luxury of an outside line for summer use, though the one at the Glacier House, being in the midst of matchless scenery, has. Snow sheds are pent-houses built of enormous beams of Douglas fir, fifteen inches square, and with prodigiously thick sloping roofs, with all sorts of slants and guards. They are fortifications against the artillery of the mountains, the dreaded avalanche that follows the mountain fire, for when once the trees are burnt off these steep slopes there is nothing to break the incubus of the snow. Standing on the roof of this particular shed we saw clearly the resistless might of the avalanche, which had swept across the valley and many feet up the opposite mountain-side, mowing down the trees as if they were grass. The

valley was littered with the trunks like split matches.

In the summer the sun-dried sheds are in peril of fire from chance sparks, and barrels of water stand at short intervals along their roofs. In this mountain-hemmed valley the roof of the snow shed



THE LOOP.

[Notburn.]

was one of the most popular promenades. The snow shed was our *pièce de résistance* above the station as the Loop was below.

The Loop is a marvellous piece of engineering. In order to make the swift descent of five hundred feet between the Glacier House and Ross's Peak the railway describes two circles, twice doubling back

on itself, as will be seen from the picture. One of the timber viaducts or trestles employed in the operation is more than a mile long.

Most places in the world are oppressed by having to live up to the memory of some illustrious personage who has visited them. The waiter at the hotel at Lynton will not give you your breakfast till he knows if you have read "Lorna Doone"; and in Edinburgh Mary Queen of Scots sticks to you like a poor relation. In the Selkirks you suffer from Lady MacDonald, or I should say Lady Earncliffe. The very porters know her description of the line by heart. Lady MacDonald, it appeared, had gone down the Loop on the cow-catcher in front of an engine. Wishing to show us the height of hospitality, Mr. Marpole, the divisional superintendent, invited us to do ditto. There was no engine at hand with a cow-catcher attached, but he said this did not signify; we should be all right on the platform to which the cow-catcher ought to be attached; the platform was only about a foot wide, and had nothing to hold on to, but he did not seem to think this signified either. "If an old lady like that can do it," said Mr. Marpole, with a merry twinkle in his eye, "surely young people like you can venture." So off we started. When we were on the mile-long trestle, he observed cheerfully that it would not be thought right to take a passenger train at the rate we were going. We felt all the time as if the engine was a big dog which we were

leading, doing its best to tug itself loose, and the breeze it made swept up our legs as if they had been ventilators. But we did get back, and then Mr. Marpole divulged that Lady MacDonald had sat in an



THE ALBERT CAÑON, THREE HUNDRED FEET DEEP. [Notman.]

armchair made fast to a platform built out on the cow-catcher. He personally was as wiry and active as a panther, and did not know what fear meant.

The bottom of the Loop lands one in the beautiful Illecilliwaet Valley, soon to be defaced for its

treasures. Already its lofty mountains, bristling with pines like the quills of a porcupine, are spattered almost to their summits by little holes with heaps of yellow earth outside them, like the work of human rabbits; and lying unguarded under a shed are bags and bags of silver ore, brought down on mules' backs. Not far below is the finest cañon, the famous Albert Cañon, where a wild cataract tears through a black, precipitous gorge, three hundred feet deep and only about twenty feet wide. The mountains overhead are forested to their summits.

The railway company has obligingly built a platform over it, and the passengers swarm out in a "Mansion House, all change here" sort of way, and most of them either turn back with a dissatisfied air, or try to take vertical shots with a kodak. After this we descended rapidly to Revelstoke, but not any too rapidly for people going down hill in an *Observation Car*. I spent most of my time in trying to invent a patent to prevent the waste of coal dust with which the engine funnel doused us, and the pretty girl fled from the coal storm into the sleeper and read "Geoffrey Hamlyn" for the twentieth time, which recalls a double-distilled reminiscence.

When I was in New York in the spring of 1891, I had occasion to refer to "Geoffrey Hamlyn," because I was doing the Australian part of the great "Century Dictionary." I went to the Mercantile Library, and asked for "Geoffrey Hamlyn." The clerk, with

young American assurance, said there was no such book. I pointed it out to him in the catalogue, and he at once said, "You should have asked for the 'Recollections of Geoffrey Hamlyn.'" I thereupon gravely asked him for the "Posthumous Papers of the Pickwick Club." He had not the least suspicion that I was "guying him," and, after bustling about, came back to say that this was not in the library either. I told this story at the time over my own name in a New-York paper. A year ago a Chicago correspondent palmed this "literary" experience off on the *Daily Graphic*, as having happened to himself at a public library in Chicago. The story had apparently been two whole years "on the road" in America.

CHAPTER XXI.

THE GREAT GLACIER OF THE SELKIRKS.

IF Banff represents the Rocky Mountains made easy, the Glacier House represents the Selkirks made easy—a much more notable performance, for these mountains had long been regarded as impassable by engineering. The Glacier House is a few miles beyond Rogers' Pass, in the midst of the line's greatest marvels of nature and engineering. Just before comes the monarch of snow sheds; just above the monarch of glaciers; just below the monarch of viaducts. The Great Glacier of the Selkirks comes to a conclusion within a couple of miles above it. The moraines and splintered forests at its foot tell a frightful tale of destruction, and the glacier advances every year; but only a few inches, so the hotel is safe for the present.

The hotel is a pretty little chalet, mostly dining-room, with a trim level lawn in front containing a fine fountain. A fountain is so easy when you have a lake at the top of the mountain above you; it is also useful if you have a grizzly bear that sprays himself whenever he feels the heat oppressive.

This particular grizzly was there by invitation;

he was chained and not large, but he had a number of savage kinsmen in the neighbourhood, whose presence was laughed out of court or dilated upon according to the age and sex of the listener. To ladies about to take the American child through the woods to see a glacier, the prospect of meeting Mrs.



THE GREAT GLACIER OF THE SELKIRKS.

[Notman.]

Grizzly with a family, or Mr. Grizzly on courtship intent, was not reassuring. But to gentlemen in quest of cheap adventure, what more attractive advertisement could you offer than to step off the cars, hire a guide and a *Winchester*, camp out one night, and slay the monarch of the Rockies? The guide carries the blankets, provisions, and rifle; or, if he is a prudent guide, two rifles.

We never saw or heard any grizzlies while we were at the hotel; but that they do exist is certain, for they get killed in the immediate vicinity when there are not too many tourists about to frighten them. Even the grizzly bear is shy of the American tourist. There was one killed just before we went there that weighed over twelve hundredweight. His fine dark skin, as wide as a tall man could span, was hanging up in the hall. The Glacier House deals in bears. Besides the little grizzly of the establishment, there was a comical black bear not quite so little, whose great delight was to splash himself under the tap; his name was Jack, and his godfather was the lame man, who took him for a walk every day to browse upon his favourite berries. It is amusing to learn that the hugest American bear would rather regale himself on wild gooseberries and such tart fare, than fish, fowl, or flesh; but when fruit is scarce the bear takes to hunting or fishing, mostly the latter in British Columbia, where the fish are in such a hurry to get away from the sea that they kill themselves by the thousand, when a good salmon run is on. Beside the two resident bears at the hotel, there were two visitors who had walked, or perhaps danced, all the way from Montreal in company with two Pyrenean Frenchmen, who exhibited them. In the large Western towns these bears had been very popular, because when the crowd grew too familiar they hugged one or two of the most prominent citizens, usually with fatal

results. As the entertainments were supported by voluntary subscriptions the onlookers could get all the excitement they wanted for their money. We were sitting at breakfast one morning when suddenly we heard "reveillé on the bugle horn," and looking out of the window saw two tall figures in mountaineer costume (which seems to consist of big hat and big boots all the world over), with the peculiar trudge significant of a long march. Each was leading a large bear. "Ah!" said a railway man, directly he heard the bugle, "that must be the bears. They've come right across the continent on foot, and have been a year and a half getting here."

Mr. Arcturus sent in word that there would be a performance as soon as people came out from breakfast. I went out and found two very fine-looking fellows, Frenchmen, from the Pyrenees, with the romantic features and haunting eyes one often sees among the country French. They came from St. Gérons, in Ariège, and their names were Ajas Jean Paul and Ajas Pierre—perhaps it is customary in the Pyrenees to put the surname before the Christian name. They were powerful, upright, well-set men, one of them considerably over six feet. One bear was Pyrenean—a grey fellow with claws almost like a grizzly's, but with a long nose the shape of a pig's; the other was black, Canadian, born on Turtle Mountain in Southern Manitoba, who, like many of his fellow-countrymen, had made his way across the border to get a living. He had been purchased in

Dacotah, and was about three years old, and three hundred and fifty pounds weight. At the Leland House, Winnipeg, he hugged a man, who was teasing him in spite of the warnings of his owners, and broke his ribs so badly that he died. The grey one was, very good-natured, but had a playful way of lunging with his terrific paws. "Outside the chain's length" was a good motto.

The performance began with the grey bear sitting in an armchair like a child on a high chair with his legs dangling. In this posture, M. Pierre said he would like a glass of beer; a pint bottle of Milwaukee was brought, and the glass poured out for him. The bear took it in his paws, lapped it up, and when he could get no more by lapping, tilted the glass over himself, and licked his fur. He was delightfully human, and did not want to miss a drop. Then his master said, "Now den, your farder is dead, and your mudder is dead, and you have no moneys. You must go and be a soldier man; take your gun," at the same time throwing his pole, which the bear caught in an offhand way between his arms and his shoulder, and strutted off, taking funny little short steps, like a very fat man out of breath. "Shoulder arms!" The bear promptly "sloped arms." "Order arms!" Down came the pole with a bang.

"Now den, as a soldier man you not make no moneys, and your farder is dead and your mudder is dead; and you have nutting to eat. You must take de plough." The bear put the stick between his legs

and sidled across the platform like a child playing horses. "Oh, you not make nutting grow, you must play you up in de mountains and catch sheep, horse, anyting." The bear grabbed hold of the end of the pole, shook it savagely, growled and hung on to it like grim death. "Oh, you been up in de mountain and not get nutting—you not shot nutting. I shoot you—bang!" and he held the pole as if it were a rifle aimed at the bear, who rolled over shamming dead. "Now den, if you not really dead, I tink you lift up de right paw to let me know you not dead." The bear testified, and was immediately requested to dance. The man stood in the middle, holding the chain at full length (it was fastened to a ring in the bear's nose), and sang a pleasant song with a charming air and refrain, which sounded like "Daddy, daddy did come, did come, did come." Of course, I could not understand the Pyrenean *patois* well enough to make out the words.

He was a well-bred as well as a highly educated bear, because, after dancing, nothing would do for him but sitting under the big garden-hose tap to get a shower bath, which he sprayed all over the garden in his delight. I never knew until I went to the Glacier how fond land bears were of bathing. While he was having his bath a man ascended one of the telegraph poles—the hotel and railway station are as intimately associated with each other as bread and butter. No sooner was Bruin out of his bath than he up and did likewise to the next pole, avoid-

ing the wires and insulators as carefully as if he were acquainted with the deadly nature of electricity, and squatting on the cross-trees when he had gone through all his antics. When his master sat down to rest, the bear nestled up behind him and stuck his nose in his hand. "When I travel," said Pierre, "I pay nutting for a bed; de bear is my blanket—he is very loving."

From the sublime to the ridiculous is often a very abrupt transition; from the ridiculous to the sublime is a long climb—usually. I do not know that I ever did it so cheaply as when, within half an hour of a dancing-bear show, I stood at the foot of the largest glacier in the world. Eighteen miles broad is the great glacier of the Selkirks, one foot of which is planted so threateningly above the hotel and the railway station, that it looks as if it meant to stamp them out of existence with the stealth of a thief in the night.

A marvellous and delightful walk is it from the hotel to the glacier—at first through dry woods of fir and spruce, and balsam and tamarack, carpeted, wherever the sun breaks through, with purple blueberries, wild raspberries, pigeon and salmon berries. Here you might meet a grizzly bear any minute. You pause, if you are only a man and a woman, on the lovers' seat under the thousand-ton boulder hurled down by the glacier in the childhood of the earth. Then you pass the fierce glacial torrent of grey-green water, so cold or charged with impurities

that fish refuse to live in it, swelling, as all snow-fed rivers do, as the heat of a summer's day waxes. Some of its pools are huge and deep; some of its falls



[Notman.]

THE FAIRY CAVERN IN THE GLACIER.

and rapids as fierce as the cataract at Lorette, rounded boulders and splintered trunks everywhere attesting its fury. The path crosses and recrosses the river over bridges of tree trunks, with smaller trunks loosely pinned across them, like the little

straw mats in which cream cheeses are wrapped. As the path mounts, the scenery becomes more open, and you are greeted, according to the season, with Canada's gorgeous lily or Canada's prodigality of wild fruits; for you are in the track of the glacier and the avalanche, and in the death of the forest is the birth of blossoms and berries. All around you now is a scene of awful grandeur—boulders as big as settlers' huts, and giant tree trunks, many of them blackened with fire, tossed together like the rubbish on a dustheap, and, brooding over all, the great glacier like a dragon crouching for the spring. One can hardly believe it is the glacier; the transitions are so abrupt. A turn of a path brings you almost in contact with a piece of ice larger than any lake in the British Islands. From under its skirts trickle tiny rills; a few feet below, the rills league themselves into a river. Even a first-class glacier is a disappointing affair if you go too close. Its blueness disappears, also its luminosity, except in crevasses deep enough to show you the pure heart of the ice. The surface is a dirty-looking mixture of ice and snow. There were two lovely horizontal crevasses, one so spacious and shining that it is called the Fairy Cavern. The pleasure of standing in them is spoilt, because they look all the time as if they were going to close on you. At another foot of the glacier there are immense moraines, looking like the earthworks of Dover Castle. I examined them one October day when I went with a guide to

the top of the glacier, eight thousand feet above sea-level, to see the splendid glacier-girdled head of Mount Fox on the other side of the abyss.

I never intend to do any more mountain climbing through deep, fresh snow. For the last hour or two of the ascent the snow was as deep as one's thighs at every step, and though the guide was towing me by a rope tied round my waist, it was intolerably



MOUNT FOX. CREVASSES IN FRONT.

[Notman.]

wearisome. To begin with, he had to sound with his staff at every step to see that we were on *terra firma*, and not on the *soufflet* of a crevasse; and though there had been such a snowfall the night before, the sun was as hot as summer overhead. The sight was worth doing once, with the miles and miles of the sea of ice all round one, and the long white slopes of virgin snow.

If it had not been for the aggressive visage of

Mount Fox, it would have answered to the description of the interior of Greenland given me by Dr. Nansen, where the world consists of yourselves, the sun, and the snow. We started at eight o'clock in the morning, but in some way or other I was not quite as rapid as the guide had calculated, for a couple of hours before nightfall he began to get excited, if not alarmed. We were at the time clear of the deep snow, and muddling about in a mixture of drifts and moraines; but after dark he was not sure of his way until we struck the path at the foot of the glacier. It was pretty dusky by the time we did, so dusky that a spruce grouse that we came across allowed him to take cock shots at it with stones until he killed it.

Jim, the guide, was a great institution at the Glacier House. He was not a Canadian, but an American from Missouri. He wore a handsomely fringed buckskin shirt, a sombrero with a strap round it, and very often mocassins. He had a strong face, but it looked as if it had been used for prize fighting and afterwards stained with walnut juice. When no guest required his services at three dollars a day, he shot game for the establishment, receiving in return a room and "the run of his teeth" all the year round. It was he who carried the blankets and provisions and rifles to one of the back ranges when a guest came along with sufficient energy to care for camping out, on the off-chance of shooting the snow-white mountain goat or the golden-haired

cinnamon bear, which hunters persist in differentiating from the grizzly, though scientists defy them with an identity of skeleton. If more than one sportsman was going, or the kit was beyond the capacity of the human beast of burden, he had to fall back on the *vayuses* of the wicked-looking "Stony" Indian, who erected his tepee in the hotel grounds, and kept a few horses, in return for pasture for his beasts, and broken victuals for himself and his squaw and the dear little papoose.

The Indian was the most stolid of mortals, except when you photographed any of the family, when, as soon as the operation was completed, he would advance toward you and intimate with blood-curdling signs that the person who was photographed ought to be paid—there are nervous persons who think so in the most civilised countries. A dollar a sitting was his view of equitable remuneration, but twenty-five cents restrained him from actual assault. That no one hired his horses while we were there didn't trouble him in the least. He was at liberty to gorge three mouths on the wasteful leavings of three or four dozen, and his horses were feeding themselves free of charge—and what more could an Indian want? He was a tall man, six feet high, and had a very fine-looking face of the pitiless and unfathomable type used by the Pharaohs, if we can trust the wholesale Egyptian sculptor. His squaw was not bad-looking; both of them wore fringed tunics and trousers, and cultivated a sufficiently

Red Indian aspect. The papoose was a dear little thing, just like one of those delightful Jew children that one knows will grow up into a wide-nostrilled tobacconist, or caterer, or monster tailor. It wore a good deal of red about its costume, and two or three amulets hung round its neck, the most valued of which was a little brass imitation of an English sovereign, detached from a bottle of some rubbishy new brand of champagne. The papoose, which had bright, bead-like eyes, and a complexion as lovely as a Japanese mousmee, played round like a Jew child, or a puppy just old enough to gnaw your boots. Its straight black hair was done in dozens of little plaits, almost as stiff as porcupine quills, and not much wider, each terminating in one large bead, like a Japanese reed-blind.

The Indians and the bears were splendid stage properties to have at a station where both the east and west bound trains, No. 1 and No. 2 (they have only two passenger-carrying and continent-crossing trains a day on the Canadian Pacific Railway), stop for lunch. There is nothing of "twenty minutes at Normanton for refreshment" about a Canadian Pacific Railway dining-station; the train just stops till the last passenger is finished, and, as far as I remember, the manager of the restaurant despatches the train. The second-class passengers, who came on board the train with knapsacks full of unsavouries, usually lunched off—teasing the bears. The first-class passengers hurried through an ex-

cellent menu at the restaurant, and then had half an hour to dawdle about the platforms, gazing at the glacier, while the conductor and sleeping-car porters took a comfortable lunch. A surprisingly small proportion of the passengers take even a day off at the glacier, though any amount of them will



THE HERMIT.

make quite a stay at Banff, where there is much less to see. The Glacier House has not only its noble and easily accessible glacier; it is in the very heart of the finest mountain scenery in the Selkirks, which is so different to the scenery of the Rockies. The Canadian Rockies are blunt-topped, *fisty* mountains, with knuckles of bare rock sticking out

everywhere. The Selkirks are graceful pyramids and sharp sierras, up to their shoulders in magnificent forests of lofty pines. The trees on the Rockies are much smaller and poorer. Right above the hotel, to the left of the overhanging glacier, is the bare steeple of Sir Donald, one of the monarchs of the range; Ross Peak and Cheops frown on the descent of the line to the Pacific; and the line to the Atlantic is guarded by the hundred pinnacles of the rifted mountain, formerly known as the Hermit, and now, with singular infelicity, re-christened, in an eponymous fit, Mount Tupper.

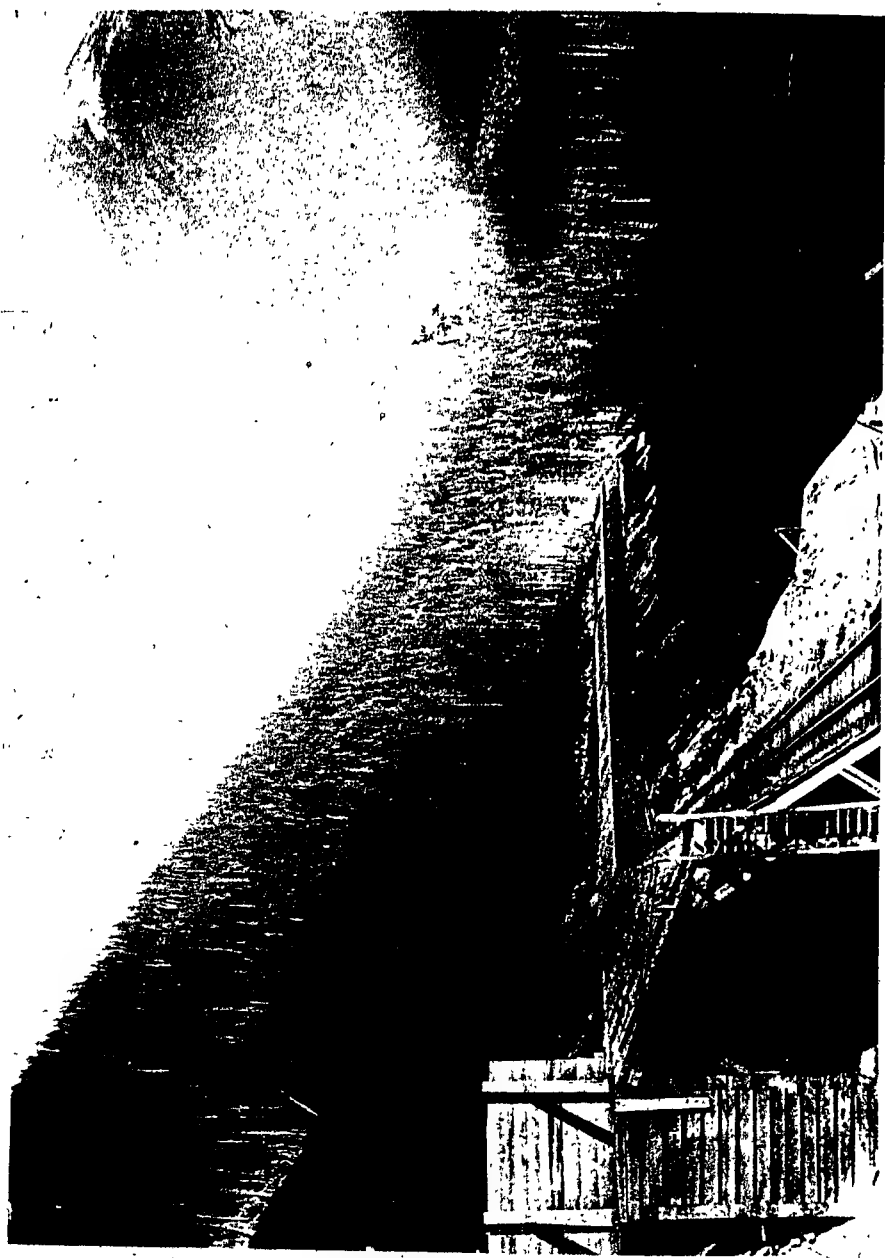
Sir Charles Tupper is one of Canada's greatest men, but his name is more suitable for a great man than a great mountain, especially since there is a very perfect effect of a hermit and his dog formed by boulders near the top of the mountain. The men in the railway camp have got over this difficulty with the doggerel:

"That's Sir Charles Tupper
Going home to his supper."

We made two long stays at the Glacier House, and I never enjoyed anything more in my life than the effect of the snug little chalet, with its velvety lawn, in the stronghold of the giant mountains, brought into touch with the great world twice a day by the trains east and west, which echoed their approach and departure miles on miles through the ranges.

Living in a narrow Alpine valley, hemmed in with





SNOW SHED AND A SUMMER TRACK AT THE GLACIER HOUSE.

giant trees and giant mountain peaks towering above them, and at the foot of a monster glacier, some people get very depressed. The pretty girl always expected to be swallowed up by the glacier in the night, even if the mountains failed to fall upon her. When we grew enthusiastic over the glory of the scenery or the gloss of Western life imparted by the railway camp, with its red shirts and card playing, she would retort: "You might just as well be in prison. The only path in the place leads up to the glacier. When the natives are sick of that, the only exercise they can take is to go on handcars (railway velocipedes) up and down the line, and then they run the chance of being overtaken by a luggage train when they're on a trestle. The only thing which makes life endurable for them is that the porter and the telegraph operator have to be male and the waitresses female. They might just as well be buried alive, if it wasn't for trains coming in at lunch time; and they don't get much fun out of that, for the passengers try how much meat they can get down, and how much fruit they can sneak into their pockets while the train waits. And then the day is over until lunch the next day. Fancy a place where existence is epitomised into the luncheon hour!"

A woman who gets the chance has less soul than a man. She only begins to cultivate one when she has nothing to spend, nothing to do, and not much to eat.

CHAPTER XXII.

CONCERNING TWO HOTEL-KEEPERS, AND THE DESCENT OF THE MOUNTAINS.

AT Revelstoke we struck the Columbia again, now a magnificent river half a mile wide, with the added magnificence of three glorious mountains for a background—Twin Butte, the double mountain Mackenzie-Tilley, and the imposing and glacier-studded Mount Begbie. Revelstoke is a mere trifle of 1,475 feet above the sea; one has to climb a little to cross the Gold Range. The Eagle Pass, with its four lovely lakes sleeping peacefully in a prison which has sheer walls of huge fir-clad mountains, seems to have been especially designed by Providence to accommodate the Canadian Pacific Railway. At Craigellachie, in this gorge, the last spike of the railway was driven in on November 7th, 1885, when the rails from east and west met here. It was something more than the completion of a railway road; it was the knitting together of an empire: it was the Canadas and the Maritime Provinces grasping hands with the Pacific, on whose shores shall one day be the consummation of the Great Dominion.

Directly you are through the Eagle Pass you are

in the midst of country precious alike to the artist and the sportsman. For quiet scenery, and mirrored lakes, surrounded by gently swelling, tree-clad mountains, that only need the long, low, yellow villas, and terraces of lemons and vines to recall



AN EARTHLY PARADISE (THE SHUSWAP LAKES).

[Notman.]

Como and Lugano, the Shuswap Lakes are unsurpassed in the New World, especially in autumn, when the yellow foliage of the poplar, common here, is added to the tints of birch and maple, so familiar in Eastern Canada.

The Shuswap Lakes are the sportsman's Paradise. The best deer-shooting in Canada is within thirty

miles of it, and at the season of the year it swarms with water-fowl. The black bear is exceedingly common. The great lake trout abound in the depths, and here the salmon end their long migration from the Pacific.

The capital of the Shuswap country is Sicamous. We are not likely ever to forget Sicamous. The hotel, such as it was, was, as is usual in Canadian Pacific townships, a little along the line from the station. The only way of getting to it was by walking along the line. It was kept by the greatest character it was ever our lot to meet among the out-of-the-way innkeepers of the world—a colonel in Chinese Gordon's "Ever Victorious Army." To support his claims to distinction he kept a copy of a book on the subject, which certainly mentioned a Colonel Forrester. People capable of identifying him only paid angels' visits to Sicamous, and in the interval he had no delicacy on the subject. Colonel Lee Forrester he called himself, and he had a reputation on the Pacific coast as the most accomplished storyteller north of the United States.

The last crusader, the stern martyr, who died as he had lived at Khartoum, only attained command of the Ever Victorious Army on the refusal of Colonel Lee Forrester. He was too rich, he explained, to be bothered with commanding an army; so he recommended a promising young English officer—a Captain Gordon, of the Engineers. This gave General Gordon his chance, with what result

all the world saw. Colonel Forrester himself went to San Francisco, where he landed with 3,000,000 dollars in his pocket, which he lost immediately afterwards in a deal—the Canadian Pacific Railway superintendent of the division said it was a whisky deal. The Colonel had a long white beard, like Michael Angelo's Moses, full of little curls and knots. It was the popular tradition that he was afraid of what might happen if he combed it; it was one of those things better left uncombed. He had a red, bony nose, and walked goutily.

The pretty girl considered that he gave "the broken-down West" effect better than any one she had ever met, and he worshipped her. He showed her every bedroom in the place, and persisted that none of them was fit for her; and, in her heart of hearts, she probably did not think any of them were. It was one of the places where she felt certain the sheets would be damp and dirty, and took the blankets off for fear of "insects." She ended by sleeping in her ulster, while the Colonel raved upon her charms in the bar, and tried to inspire the only storekeeper with a hopeless passion, rather than that one so charming should be loverless, even in the deserted Eden of Sicamous.

The bar was managed on most original principles. The Colonel, wishing to set a stern face against intoxication, decreed that not less than two drinks should be sold at one time, so that, whether you had one or two, you paid for two; some people took two.

One or two drinks were a matter of twenty-five cents (one shilling); four drinks were fifty cents; and six, a dollar. Nobody ever took six drinks; they preferred two lots of four drinks; but the Colonel made his reckonings not as a matter of arithmetic, but as a matter of principle. They were a broken-down lot in the bar—all colonels. Only one of them had any money; he did not order any drinks. You could not appreciate the full flavour of the place until you partook of a meal. The food was uninspiring; the mutton smelt of wool, and there was not anything else to speak of, except flies. If the Colonel had been discreet, he would have used black table-cloths. He made up for it by calling the maids "Polly dear"; "Sally dear"; he introduced them to us as "my girls." When we went away we left all our newspapers behind, because we felt that they were wearing every newspaper that had ever come into the house in their undiscarded "improvers." But they were nothing to the "boots," who was only a job boots, and took us out fishing for a consideration of ten shillings a morning. He wasn't really a "boots" at all, but a budding poet, and a printer, who did odd jobs like cleaning boots and taking the hotel guests out in the canoe. He was not a bad fellow—better as a poet than as a fisherman. We had to fall back on him. The local Indians were having a strike because of the Chinese, the exact reason being unexplained; but, short of violence, the Irish in San Francisco could have done no more.

The storekeeper, who was to have had the hopeless passion, was the pick of the township; he lent us fishing tackle for nothing, and told us fish stories—about bears. He asserted that the Indians during the past month had killed no less than eighty at one spot on the Sicamous Lake, while they (the bears) were fishing for salmon, owing to the short supply of wild raspberries and blueberries. He could not show us the eighty skins, but it is a fact that bears fall back on the dead salmon which strew the banks during a heavy run if they cannot get a sufficiency of their favourite berries.

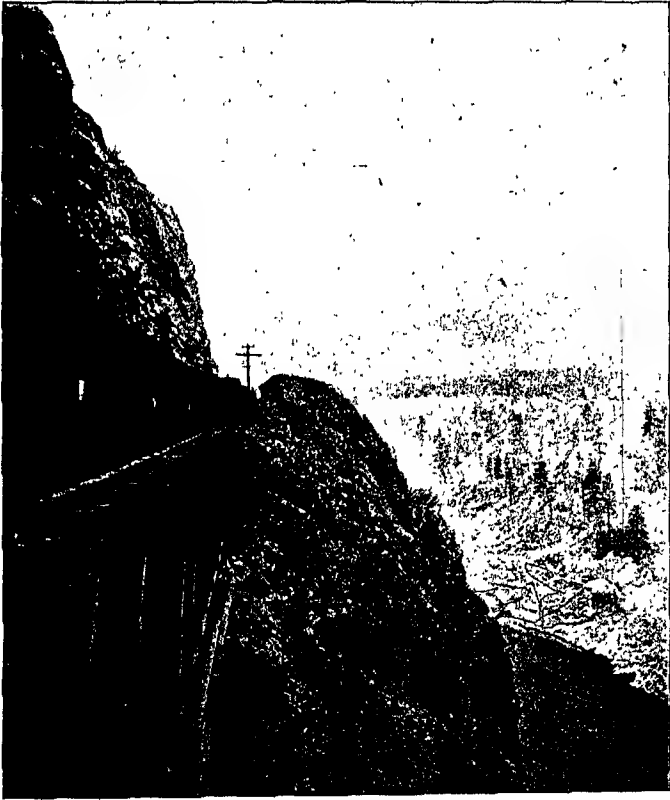
We felt rather diffident about having to pay such a swell as the Colonel, but he permitted us quite gracefully, and protested all the time so profusely about the bedrooms being so poor and nothing fit for us to eat, that we sent him a Christmas card from Yokohama, which was really a silk shop advertisement, saying that the only silk handkerchiefs sold by the firm were Crosse and Blackwell's. But this guarantee of excellence was printed in Japanese, so it did not detract from the Christmas-card effect.

Earth has no fairer spot than this. It was between the dawn and the sunrise that we caught our first glimpse of the Shuswap Lakes, girdled with swelling hills, and reflecting in their pellucid waters the high-prowed *siwash* canoes, telling that we had at last fallen on the queer-looking Mongolian Indians of the coast. Crowds of ducks rose, and ~~lake~~ beyond lake in a vista; a thin powdery mist floated over

reedy swamps and forested hill and valley. Two glorious, wooded arms ran out into the lake, with an island in their embrace, dotted with a few poor Indian huts. The island in the sunrise-lit lake reminded us of the mighty Thunder Cape of Lake Superior, which fronts Port Arthur. The lake lay far below the line, framed gloriously in pine forests. We tore through underwood gay with purple madonna and the scarlet berries of the mountain-ash, a great blue kingfisher racing us, the haughty fellow which loves to sit on dead trees over hanging rivers and lakes, till a boat comes almost within shot, and then shoots ahead like a diving seal. The oat harvest had just begun; and the Indians were drying salmon in their camp on the gables of their log huts. The sun came peering over the eastern hills, where the river broadens into a lake; it lighted up the farther bank and the waters, it poured on to the terraced river benches. The mirrored river was black with ducks; a lark sang on a fence; and rooks were cawing over broad patches of maize and bulrushes and golden-rod. Soon the birch flats and the hills around orange'd, and the cattle began grazing, and the fish rising, and the ducks whirring across the grassy lake. And then a heron flapped its wings, and the first fire lit the western hills.

Our stay at Sicamous was cut short by a telegram, which informed us that, in the dusk of an autumn morning, the general superintendent of the Pacific division, Mr. Harry Abbott, brother of the late

Premier, would meet us in his private car and take us leisurely down to the coast, so that we might only travel by daylight through the scenery in his



A FREIGHT TRAIN IN THE JAWS OF DEATH.

[Notman.]

division. We were to meet at Kamloops. We are not likely to forget Kamloops; we arrived there at midnight, and proceeded to the hotel, or, I should say, the principal hotel, Kamloops being the fourth town in British Columbia, with two or three thousand

inhabitants, to an undue extent Mongolian. The hotel was like a city of the dead; the fly-spotted electro-plate in the parlour and the drinks in the bar were alike at the mercy of the midnight marauder. Presently we discovered that a corpse was keeping the hotel. Crape was fluttering at every available point in the parlour, and in the bar and from the door handle fluttered a piece like the streamer of a cruiser running to Plymouth or Portsmouth from her full five years in Eastern seas.

No one was in the house but the corpse: the maids (Irish) were in the backyard burying their faces in their aprons; the barman, who was acting-governor during the interregnum, had gone across to the other hotel; but a fat Irishwoman, who was, I think, the cook, lit a candle and went to see which rooms the corpse was not in, holding on to all of us. Finally, we got three rooms. The pretty girl's room smelt suspiciously of disinfectants, and the candles were all alight, and the looking-glasses turned face to the wall, but the cook strenuously denied that the function had taken place in this room. She explained that the dentist came to Kamloops once a week, and that this was the room he would use.

Food and drink we could not get until another guest turned up. He was the son of an English bishop, who had fallen on Bohemian days, and was utility man to a famous war-correspondent on his lecturing tour. He went to new places a day in advance, secured a hall, and worked up an audience,

and on the arrival of the lecturer he conducted him, amid the plaudits of any populace he could assemble, to the most impressive hotel accommodation in the town, bespoken in a showy, flourish-of-trumpets sort of way, which was an advertisement in itself. On the evening of the performance the correspondent assumed his fighting costume of Norfolk jacket, knickerbockers, and field glasses, with which barbers' saloons, drinking saloons, pharmacies (where they sold ice-cream sodas), and music repositories (where there were any), had been gay, photographically and lithographically, for a week past. At the performance the bishop's son "operated" the magic lantern, and on the following morning he went on to the scene of the next night's triumphs. We never could discover whether he collected the photographs and lithographs after a performance for paulo-post-future use. He wore very high collars, and was a man of such energy that he had not time to change them. He sometimes wore his ties too long, and sometimes not at all; and throughout the wild North-West he wore a frock-coat and a silk hat, which he kept so assiduously brushed that it was getting bald. I do not know if he slept in it, but he always kept it on in the room (unless ladies were present, for his politeness was oppressive). He had pink cheeks, and yellow hair, and a florid manner. He had no counterpart, as far as I know in the world, except the agent for the great Burlington Route in San Francisco, whose hats were the mirror of the

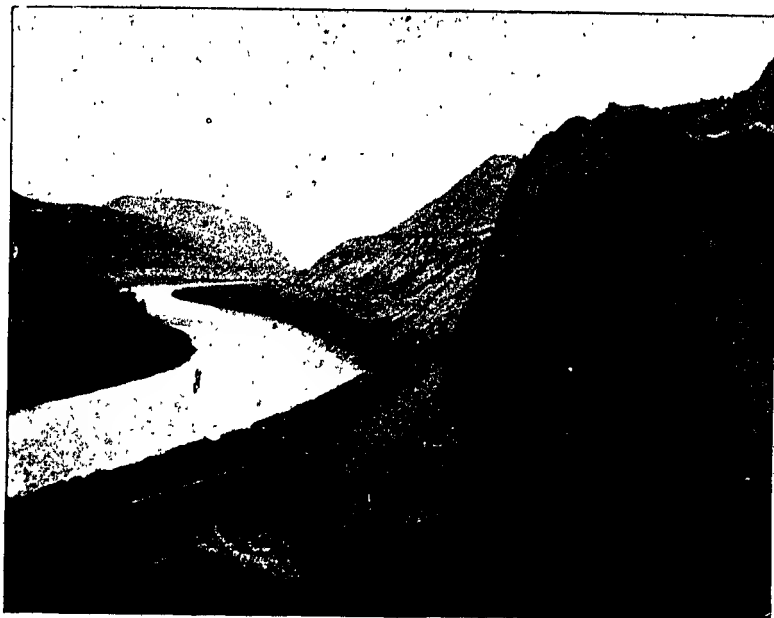
universe. He was a man of resource, was the bishop's son. Inside of a few minutes he had despatched the mourners for the barman, and himself produced from the bar-parlour bread and cheese and unlimited beer. We never saw him but once afterwards, and that was at Vancouver, where he was the same light-hearted and irrepressible being—a sort of human grasshopper, hopping about and shrilling, who would some day be snuffed out without any one noticing.

We had to be up betimes in the morning, for at seven we were to go on board Mr. Abbott's car, which was hitched on to a "freight train." We had such a scramble to get such a miserable breakfast; and we might have spared ourselves the trouble, for there was a lovely meal in the snug little dining cabin of the car. We shall always remember this car for its "pears in syrup." Breakfast over, of course the very first thing we did was to leave the car to explore the caboose of the "freight train." The guard's van has a sort of miniature lighthouse on the top glazed all round, and with a couple of seats and a brake. When this brake is not sufficient for the decline there are other brakes on the tops of the carriages, which he scampers out on the roof to manipulate. If you are agreeable to your blood being on your own head, no one makes the least objection to you, too, wandering about on the train roof while it is in motion. We always used to sit in the caboose, or on the roof, when we were travelling about in "freight trains" without the luxury of a

private car, though there were seats (long benches) in the lower part of the guard's van, but with nothing to look at except the dead wall, and with a stove alight in almost any weather.

The scenery was now entirely changed. First came twenty miles of Kamloops Lake. Kamloops might well have been called the Chinaman's grave, for in construction days they died like flies, their countrymen refusing them the slightest aid when they sickened, and generally being suspected of quickening the happy consummation. After leaving Kamloops Lake, one whirls round the valley of the Thompson, and half the time believes that one is going to whisk into eternity; so perilous seems the railway hung on the river ledges, leaping ravines on high trestles, and burrowing through topply-looking promontories, while the river below looks as pure and innocent as a trout stream. Except for the rampart formation of the river benches, the scenery is now for all the world like the "stony rises" of Australia, with its brown pastures and skimpy trees. Later on one gets plenty of glimpses of wild life. At Ashcroft it is nothing out of the way to see stages departing for the distant mines of Cariboo, drawn by six or eight mules, and freight waggons with as many as twenty oxen, or long trains of pack mules. At Lytton, where the mighty Fraser comes down from the north between two great lines of mountain peaks to receive the waters of the Thompson, there are often swarms of Indians. The angle between the two

rivers is the Flanders or Lombardy of the North-West—scene of many an Indian Waterloo. Flint arrow heads and the like bestrew it. We were presented with some very perfect specimens, and a number of valuable agates found in the neighbour-



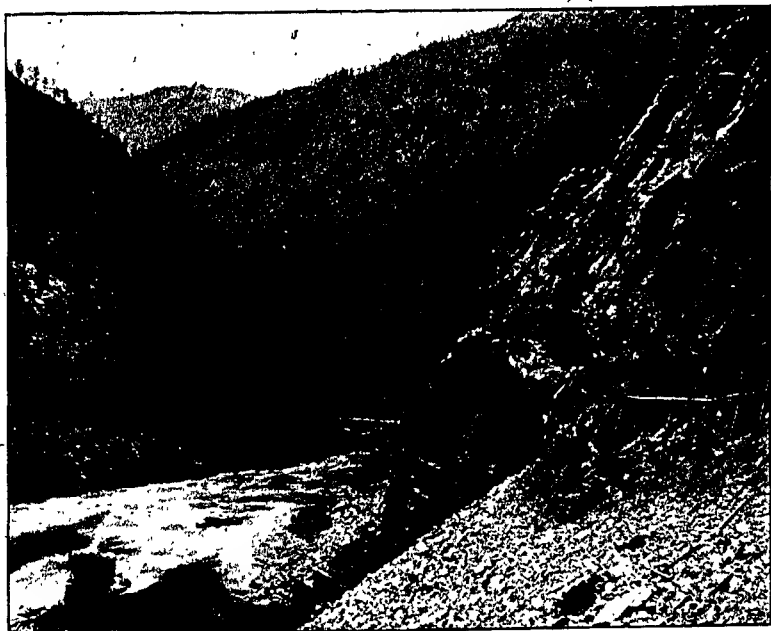
LIKE AUSTRALIA.

[Notman.]

hood, by one of the roadmasters of the line, who thought nothing of the gift, assuring us that they were as common as dirt.

From here to North Bend is an easy enough trip for us (however stupendous the engineering may have been), running straight down the valley of the Fraser. What a trip it must have been from the

coast when the only route was the old Cariboo Road, pinned to the face of the precipice a thousand feet above us, with poles that look no stronger than pipe stems!



"THE OLD CARIBOO ROAD, PINNED TO THE FACE OF THE
PRECIPICE A THOUSAND FEET ABOVE US."

[Notman.]

CHAPTER XXIII.

THE GOLDEN CITY OF THE ROCKY MOUNTAINS: AND RACES PRIMEVAL.

AFTER weeks of roughing it in the baby townships of the Canadian Pacific Railway, the pretty girl had "just lived" for Golden City; to use her expressive words, she was going to have a "celestial beanfeast and day out" there. She had pictured a lovely city rising out of the plains, like the New Jerusalem drawn in such glowing tints by St. John. It really consisted of a log hut, where they sold Beecham's pills and Cleaver's soap and cheap calicoes; and a log inn, where you sat down to dinner with about twenty men in red shirts and Buffalo Bill hats, who talked nothing but prospecting. But then the only finished building in the place was a real-estate office, which had an English public-school man, not long from Repton, as manager;—and very fine and large he was in spotless flannel trousers, very much turned up, and very much browned brown boots. He did the importing for the store, and I should say that browning was a very large item in the list. He and his partner were putting up a big wooden smelter for the silver ore from Spillimichene; he showed it

me with great pride. I thought the material a trifle inflammable for a smelter, but supposed he must know his own business best. We dined at the brigands' *table d'hôte*; everybody drank tea with this dinner, as they do in the Australian bush. You only paid fifty cents (two shillings) for this, tea included,



THE GOLDEN CITY OF THE ROCKY MOUNTAINS.

but you had to pay a dollar or two a head to be driven to the steamer in a two-horse buckboard, whose horses had scarcely any harness, and whose driver drove in his shirt sleeves. Expensive as it was, it was packed with prospectors and their luggage, and the people and luggage were mixed up anyhow, and as often as you thought it was full there was another hot man jammed in beside you.

The most interesting man of the crowd was a man who had been at Oxford with me, and was now a packer. He had come out to Canada with a little money and gone into ranching, with the usual results. Young Englishmen of the better class, who start ranching on their own account, without previous experience in farm service to other ranchers, get terribly fleeced by every one who does anything for them. They know nothing of Canadian prices, and their employes, of all sorts, lie through a two-inch board, when they do not actually rob them. The Canadians themselves are loud in their complaints of the system—not only from the moral point of view, but because where there are English lambs to be fleeced no one will do any work for the man who pays merely the current wages. My Oxford friend was a man of great resolution; when he found he had been swindled, he paid the rates he had agreed, and a good thrashing apiece into the bargain. With the scrapings of his money he determined to start in as a packer, having a taste for horseflesh and adventure. Packing means the keeping of pack-horses, and he chose the trail between the silver mines of Spillimichene and Golden City, over steep mountains and thick forests, as his route. It takes sixteen horses to carry a ton of silver ore, and costs forty dollars a ton to pack, its value at "Golden" (as that mining metropolis is familiarly called) ranging from a hundred to five hundred dollars, according to the richness of the assay.

My Oxford friend had been into Golden to buy a boiled (linen) collar for the races, in case any ladies should be present; the ordinary full dress of the city of Spillimichene not going further than a dark blue flannel shirt and moleskins. The trail from Spillimichene does not run right into Golden, but to a landing some way up the Columbia, whence the ore is transported by steamer. The packer was going on business as well as pleasure; for after the races he expected to pick up cheap a lot of the Indian ponies, locally known as cayuses, which, like China ponies, have an extraordinary proportion of whites and greys among them. Nor was he idle on the way; at more than one landing-place as he went up, when he saw a likely-looking cayuse, he got the captain to stop the steamer, jumped on the mud (for the river was too low for the stages to be of any use), and bought a horse while the steamer was waiting. As far as one could judge, he bought them for their badness, paying, I suppose, knacker's prices; he had one miserable-looking brute on board.

He was a charming-looking man, an unmistakable aristocrat (he was very clean shaven), for all his dark blue shirt and blue butcher's cloth over-trousers. He never put on the historical collar. He said it was because he was so chaffed about it, but my private impression was that the pretty girl told him that he looked so manly in his working clothes. His vanity was a good deal tickled by her recognising and treating him as an equal, in spite of his get

up and surroundings, before I told her who he was.

It was about a mile from the hotel to the wharf of the Royal Mail steamer, which carried Her Majesty's post-bags up the Columbia to the Kootenay, the little stern-wheeler *Duchess*. To describe her adequately I shall have to quote from a letter written



THE ROYAL MAIL STEAMER "DUCHESS"

at the time: "She is not large, only a hundred and nine tons measurement; but then she only draws two feet of water, or, with careful trimming, nineteen inches, a fact to be considered in crossing the clear, rippling, gravelly shallows of the salmon beds at the entrance of the lower lake. She has sleeping berths for about twenty people, and can accommodate as many more as like to sleep in the wheel-house,

alongside the boiler, on the top of the cargo, and in other eligible places. The beds are really very good, and the food capital picnic fare. The intending traveller must undertake the trip as a picnic. He can expect nothing else a hundred miles from the nearest town, away up in the Rocky Mountains, among packers, prospectors, and unspoiled Indians. But the captain, as good a fellow as ever stepped, uniting in himself the virtues of both breeds of Canadians, makes every one feel as if they were his guests, and works like three to anticipate their comforts."

The crew would supply Mark Twain with material for a book—the lithe, dark-eyed, plucky captain, full of French liveliness, the Herculean English engineer, the long, wiry Scotch fireman, the tubby little Chinese cook and stolid Chinese steward, not to mention Abe. The captain was his own captain, purser, chief steward, quartermaster, and deck hand rolled into one, withal a thorough gentleman, with the gentlest manners. He only worked, he said, about twenty hours a day; for the remainder he liked to have a kind of easy. Abe was a little Irish boy, who was only seventeen, and looked fourteen, but was astonishingly strong. On the strength of taking the wheel whenever the captain was tired, he looked upon himself as chief officer. He was also deputy purser, second steward, second quartermaster, deck hand and general roustabout. The first time he relieved the captain, while we were

there, he relieved his feelings by saying that he should like to run the old boat ashore once a day, only he was scared of a licking.

The trip was a superlatively lovely one. The upper waters of the Columbia run between the savage rocks of the well-named Rocky Mountains on one hand, and the fantastic, pyramidal snow-piled Selkirks on the other. It is full of islands,



THE MIGHTY COLUMBIA. ROCKY MOUNTAINS IN THE BACKGROUND.

some of them covered with pines, some with cottonwoods and alders, and has quite a delta of channels separated by them, besides endless backwaters, both called sloughs. These swarm with ducks, and geese, and ospreys, and kingfishers, and white-headed eagles. I shot a fine grey goose with my Winchester. I also saw three coyotes, but was not quick enough to get a shot at them. No one made the slightest objection to your sitting in the wheel-house with a loaded Winchester, heavy enough to stop a "grizzly,"

and blazing out of the windows at anything that took your fancy.

It was a glorious day when we left Golden City. We had come from Donald in a freight train at the unworldly hour of six in the morning; the sky was blue, the sun shone brightly, and there were no forest fires to speak of—they are worse than a fog. We had an assorted list of passengers, including an assayer from Idaho; an American mining speculator who wanted to buy up anything that was big enough; the Oxford man who had been in turn rancher, deck-hand, and packer; two splendid boys from the Royal Military Academy at Kingston, Ontario; prospectors, settlers, cowboys, miners, a poet, and an amateur auctioneer, who was going up to run the pools at the races; besides several ladies (more or less ladies), children, and babies; a one-eyed white cayuse and about a mongrel apiece for the entire party, who were well armed with Winchesters and shot-guns and canoes.

The steamer simply bristled with canoes, for which only a dollar freight was charged in order to make universal the pleasant vice of having your boat towed up the stream, a similar freight being charged on horses to encourage settlers into embarking on the smallest provocation, which they are already educated up to doing, rather than ride six miles. The landing-stages were mostly mud. What they are like in the rainy season, Heaven only knows. Sometimes they would be at the foot of a mining

trail, where there would be bags of silver ore, brought down on pack-horses. At other times there would be a settler's shack, made of axed logs, filled or unfilled with plaster, with or without doors to the door-holes, and often without windows where it belonged to a miner. They only go out on these hills in summer. There were generally plenty of horses about, loose, tethered, or in the pound. Sometimes the steamer blew her whistle fiercely, stopped at what seemed to be nowhere, in the rich vegetation of the river bank, and threw a letter ashore, tied to a stick. But the inhabitants were generally assembled at every landing. We came to a ranch, a fine, park-like looking piece of country taken up by a captain in the Gordon Highlanders and two other young Englishmen, gentlemen. There was a telegram for them, which had probably been waiting in Golden about a week, the boat being only a weekly one. No one was at the point. It was thrown ashore, letter fashion, tied to a stick. It overshot the mark, and fell into a tributary the other side. The steamer blew her whistle and passed serenely on. We afterwards learned that the intended recipient, not finding anything at the landing, had, in the most matter of course way, examined the water to see if there had been a bad shot, and found his telegram floating down stream.

The next ranch we stopped at belonged to a very different kind of rancher, the father of Abe's (the chief officer's) intended. The captain always stopped

the steamer for five minutes when he came to this point for Abe to go ashore and kiss Rose. Rose was on this occasion very splendid, expecting that there would be a stylish crowd on the steamer for the races. She was on horseback in one of those long black riding-habits fashionable in the Row a few years since. Abe had to help her down to be kissed, and did it all before everybody. When five minutes was up the captain blew the whistle and the chief officer came on board again, looking not particularly abashed; the captain chaffed him a good deal, but he salved his feelings by telling us what a splendid girl Rose was.

In this way we steamed up, only seven knots an hour, against the formidable current which rivers affect in British Columbia, gliding between beautiful green banks, sometimes a regular avenue of cottonwood trees, sometimes like the Thames below Royal Windsor. Over the banks rose park-like bluffs or benches of solemn pinewood, and over the benches, on the one hand the Rockies with their wild rocks, and on the other the steeple-studded Selkirks. Now and then one would come to a mud-bank with its wild geese—only once within shot—and anon a great forest fire filling the heavens with its smoke.

We were now at the future mining metropolis of Spillimichene—pronounced suggestively like Spill-the-machine—and tied up for the night. There were only berths for half the people on board, and only blankets for three-quarters. The rest kept them-

selves warm with struggling to get nearest the boiler.

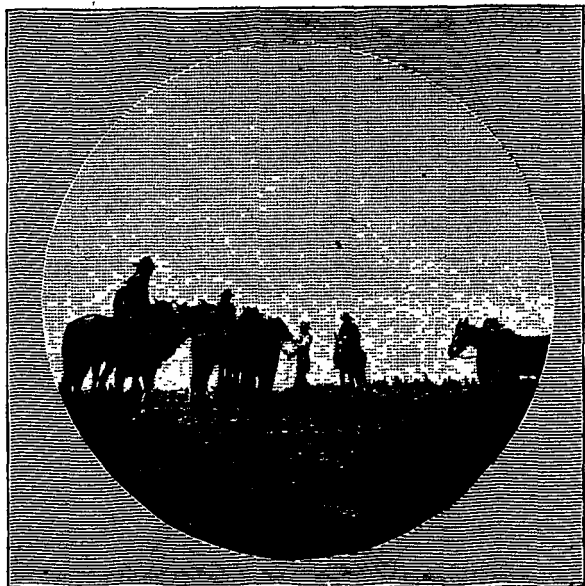
Early on the following afternoon we were at Lake Windermere, the lower of the two Columbia Lakes, from which the Columbia River flows, christened from its resemblance to the English Windermere. There is also a town of the same name, consisting of a hotel, a store, and a couple of storehouses. This was to be the scene of the races. We were all afire to be fishing, we had seen such splendid trout and salmon lazing in the clear shallows where the river receives the waters of the lake. This was too far from the anchorage to go back to, so we went in search of a brook which ran near the hotel. There were plenty of trout in it, but they were not of North-Western dimensions, and the only bait they would take was the grasshopper, which, for the first time in our North-Western trip, was not a burden. It is slow work catching grasshoppers in thick bush when they are scarce. You tap them down with your stick and catch them if you can while they are stunned. We caught few grasshoppers and fewer fish. When we got back to the steamer we found that fishing extraordinary had been going on there. The matter-of-fact woman, who had been left in charge of Charles, had a theory that it was all stuff and nonsense fussing over children; that they could look after themselves—poor people's children always do, and so on. In the middle of it all, Charles, aged nine, who was on the ungunwaled

lower deck, slipped on some potato peelings, the Chinaman had been too lazy to throw overboard, and tumbled head over heels into the lake, here some six or seven feet deep. Nobody saw him but the lame man, who was exactly the right man to see him, because he could give him a crutch to haul up by. Charles came up looking like a retriever after its bath, protesting that he was not wet—experience having taught him how ladies dislike having to rake out changes of clothes from the bottoms of their trunks for small boys. After this we thought we would wait and see if fishers of men would be wanted again.

We spent the afternoon in fishing for the big squaw fish that came crowding round the steamer for its offal. Only most of them were provoking enough to take the food without hooks in preference. Some Indians rode down, and a couple of young Englishmen, one of whom proved to be a nephew of Valentine Baker, of the same dare-devil stamp; and at night there was revelry and poker at the hotel, and a mild sort of revelry in the little kind of round-house under the bridge. The steamer was run on temperance principles, but they sent for a little beer from the hotel, and sat round smoking and listening to the captain's hairbreadth stories of his experiences in the Rogers exploring party which discovered the pass through the Selkirks.

The Oxonian packer in his working clothes, as handsome and gentlemanly looking a fellow as you could meet in Rotten Row, played poker all night

at the hotel, and never came back till long after daylight. He was to run and jump and do all kinds of things at the sports. He just lay down on the deck when he came in, and was roused from a sound sleep an hour afterwards as fresh as paint. The ladies had a new excitement that morning. The



CAYUSES AND COWBOYS.

Chinese steward did not consider it any part of his duties to supply water for washing while the Royal Mail steamer was in port, so they were discovered in the act of letting down a bucket by a rope with fair nude arms from their cabin window.

There was plenty of interest for an Englishman to see that day. First came the Indian bucks, with long plaits ending in strings of glittering brass balls,

and with bead work on their breasts and legs and mocassins; with belts studded all round with Winchester cartridges, and armed with formidable-looking knives. They wore straw hats, with straps stuck over the crown and through the brim to under the chin, and fringed blanket trousers, such of them as were Kootenays. The Shuswaps dressed like ragged white men. After the Indians came the teamsters—great-bearded, long-booted, coatless fellows, with their light boarded-up drays, looking like mud-carts, drawn by four or six mules with bells.

Soon after breakfast—it was already about ninety degrees in the shade—we went up to the hotel, which was to be the centre of the scene of action. Presently there was a rattle of hoofs and a cloud of dust, and over the hills came galloping a cowboy on a white horse, driving in a herd of other horses, possible performers. Then it was announced that, as the folk were not turning up fast enough, the races would be postponed till the afternoon.

When the races actually did begin, no more picturesque sight could have been imagined. On two hill-brows close to the course, with the magnificent bit of "the Rockies" round Sinclair's Pass as a background, were groups of Indians, some on their horses and some dismounted, with their bright ornaments and fluttering hair giving the life which their impassive, preoccupied faces lacked. Bierstadt would have designed a great picture there and then. Under some tall trees were some little knots of squaws and

papooses; miners, settlers, and cowboys in their broad sombreros, with straps for hat bands; a buckboard and a dray as grand stands for the white ladies; and that most important article, the pool table, which had last been used in a kitchen.

When the captain informed this motley assemblage who I was, they insisted on paying homage to literature by appointing me one of the two judges, my learned brother in the pulpit—for they had erected a sort of log pulpit for us in a line with the winning post—being a prospector, who was probably a deal more learned in horse-racing than I was, though he officiated in his shirt-sleeves, and at odd intervals between the races pulled out specimens, to prove that Spillimichene was going to leave California and Colorado combined in the cold shade.

We judges were out in the full glare of the sun, but we only clambered up the ladder for the actual races.

The system of pools was very simple. Instead of betting direct, you did it through the auctioneer, and paid ten per cent. to the club for the privilege. This was the prize fund, to which there had been quite a number of subscriptions, headed by our generous captain with twenty dollars. He also embarked recklessly in the pools to promote speculation, with the result that at the end of the day the yet unformed Windermere Race Club had the handsome sum of sixty-five dollars to its credit. To the credit of the hotel-keeper be it said that not one

glass of liquor was sold upon the field; and to the credit of the whole assemblage be it said that there was not one man, white or Indian, drunk, noisy, or quarrelsome from first to last. The most perfect order prevailed. The horse races were a little sprinty (the first was only two hundred yards), and were



A "SANSCELOTTES" COMPÉTITOR.

not "sudden death," but the best out of three heats. The highest prize was fifty dollars; and the horses were ridden bare-backed by Indians almost as naked as themselves, assisted to keep their seats by a loose strap passed round the horse's belly at the shoulder, into which they thrust their knees. Of course, Baker Pasha's dare-devil nephew rode in one of these races bare-backed. The nomenclature puzzled

me a good deal, as they called chestnuts sorrels, creams buckskins, and piebalds pintos. However, judging was easy. There were no disputes, except in the squaws' race, when the prettiest of them, who had got a bad start, wanted to have the race run again, on the plea that she had not understood the starter's instructions. As she could talk the prettiest English, this was evidently a quibble. The squaws all rode straddle-legged, but, unlike their lords and masters, they kept their legs in their trousers of fringed blanket. In the foot races the Indians would take no part in the hundred yards, which was won by the ex-Oxonian, in spite of the scantiness of his slumbers; but in the quarter of a mile none but the red-skinned and naked savages finished. In the running long jump the ex-Oxonian was once more to the fore.

What a day it had been, with its picturesque groups of Indians and settlers, and its *al-fresco* arrangements!—one of the greatest picnics I ever had in my life; and the site was uniquely lovely. Just before dinner I resigned my judicial functions, and went to wallow in the warm, clear waters of the lake. How delicious it was to lie down in it, with just one's face out of water, looking through the waving reed beds at the glorious billowy Rocky Mountains in the pink haze of sunset! After dinner we went over to wood the ship. The water had gone down so that she could not get within ten yards of the shore; but that did not daunt the

resourceful captain, who jumped into the water with his nephews and Abe, carried three or four volunteers ashore, and left another three or four in the bows of the boat. The logs were passed from the wood pile to the ship in great style; and in a matter of minutes the passengers were rushed aft,



RACES PRIMEVAL.

and the steamer "poled" out into deep water again and puffing merrily down the lake.

The voyage home was not an eventful one. It was the same tale of roughing it comfortably—in other words, camping out—mitigated by the table's being loaded with every conceivable sort of sauce and pickle, and varied by loading and unloading cayuses and potatoes, taking on 2,500 feet of sawn

timber at the captain's mill, twelve miles above Golden, for the great silver smelter in course of erection at that city, and hearing the strange adventures of the ex-Oregonian.

With a merry, hospitable captain, a crew in himself, good appetising food, superb scenery, and a glimpse into backwoods life, this little picnic to the source of the mighty Columbia is one to be commended to every traveller in the great North-West.

[Three of the sketches which illustrate this chapter were drawn originally, I believe, by Mrs. Arthur Spragge, whose pen and pencil sketches of the North-West are alike admirable; but they have filtered to me through so many newspapers, that I do not like to state it for certain.—D. S.]



CHAPTER XXIV.

FISH STORIES OF THE FRASER.

WHAT a journey it used to be down to North Bend! The tall wooden bridges—"trestles," as they are called—always gave heart-rending creaks in the most dangerous places; and what awful places they did cross! But trestles in British Columbia were like wounds in Texas—

"Scratches don't count
In Texas down by the Rio Grand."

At one place we were only saved from a ghastly accident by the velocipede, which goes in front of the train to see if the line is clear. A heavy shower of rain had dislodged a gigantic boulder and toppled it on to the line. "This is a nasty place," said Mr. Abbott. "An engine ran off just here, and shot down the embankment, like the herd of swine into the Lake of Galilee. The driver stuck to it, and was rewarded by Providence arresting its progress with a jutting rock just on the brink of the river, where it is about a hundred feet deep."

"Did you leave his reward to Providence?" I asked.

"Oh! no; he has one of our best driverships, two

hundred dollars a month," which is better pay than a judge of the Supreme Court gets in some parts of Canada.

We were now right in the Siwash country. Siwash is the name you apply to the male Coast-Indians; a woman is a Klootchman. All down the valley of



KLOOTCHMAN WITH PAPOOSE IN MOSS-BAG.

(Fraser River in Background.)

the great river—the lordly Fraser—one sees at short intervals the pathetic little graveyards, with crosses and flags and fluttering rags, and evidences of your being amongst fish-living people. The salmon is to the Indian of British Columbia what the maize was to the Six Nations, and the aloe to the Aztec. In the summer he eats it fresh; in the winter he eats it

the reverse of fresh. Salmon on the march up the Fraser are a sight never to be forgotten. Far above North Bend, not very much below Lytton, we first saw them—the rather inferior variety known as Sock-Eyes. Five different families of salmon migrate up the Fraser every year. The column was many miles long, and, as far as one could judge, about ten feet wide and several feet deep. They had been so buffeted in their long journey from the sea that the column looked blood red, for the Fraser is a masterful river, running like a mill-race, and in its narrow gorges, where there are immense bodies of water to be carried off through gates of rock, often from fifty feet to a hundred feet deep. Even steamers can make no headway above Yale, and the poor salmon have to creep up the sides out of the current, and are often half an hour in doubling the angle of a jutting headland. The Indians take advantage of this, and build stages, rickety enough to give a white man the vertigo, against the face of the rocks at these points, where they stand with a pole-net made like a huge lacrosse bat, and, as the unfortunate salmon is struggling round the corner, scoop him out. They can often get them much more easily, because the salmon, in their anxiety to lay their eggs, press up every little creek in search of a resting-place. In the main stream they are driven ruthlessly on by the vast army of their fellows behind till they reach the Shuswap Lakes; just as the Irish were crowded out of Europe into Ireland by the Teutons.

and Scandinavians and others of the Indo-Germanic family, who were in such a hurry to get away from the roof of the world (if the Pamirs were really the cradle of civilisation).

When the Indian has caught his salmon he splits them up and hangs them in the sun to dry on a frame, which looks as if it was the skeleton of a barn.



AN INDIAN SCOOPING SALMON.

Higher up, in the Shuswap country, he is apt to use the gables of his hut; the Siwashes have such degraded-looking noses, that the smell does not signify. The closeness with which salmon pack themselves is marvellous; they might have studied the arrangement of a sardine tin. I have seen several hundreds of them in a pool that would not hold a billiard table; people have swept them out with branches before now from such pools and the smaller creeks. These salmon average from eight to nine

pounds apiece. It is very pretty to see them crossing an eddy. They do not seem to feed when once they are fairly in fresh water; they have never been known to take a bait in the river. It is always said that a certain noble lord signed away the whole of Washington State to the Americans, because the salmon



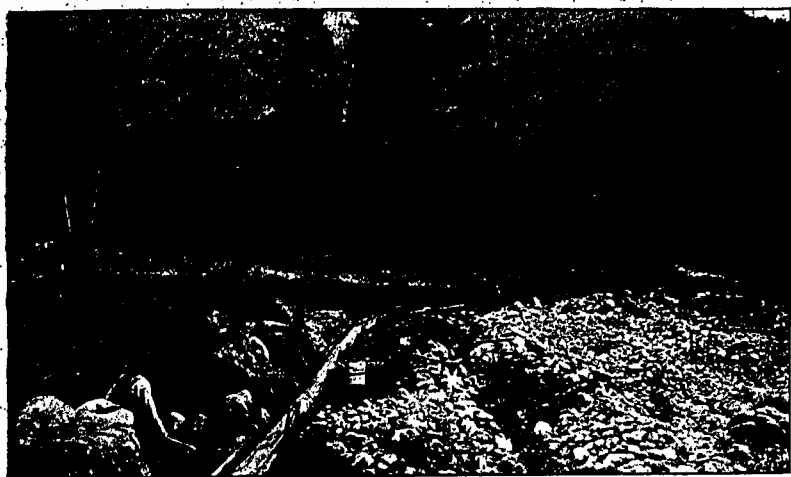
SIWASH DRYING SALMON ON THE FRASER.

would not rise in the Columbia. It will give an idea how thick the salmon were, when I mention that you could get plenty of excitement by standing in the edge of the river and grabbing at the fish as they went by with your hands—you did not catch any, but you could catch hold of lots. Down below North Bend the Fraser, though it still runs between

lofty mountains forested to their summits with pine, winds and twists about like an eel through sand-banks and shingle beds, whose monotony is varied with Chinamen sluicing the gold washed down from the Bonanzas, which all the miners of the Pacific coast believe to line the mountains of British Columbia, as well as California. How much the Chinaman gets out of this business no white man ever could ascertain; the white man only gets starved.

There were a great many Siwashes round the pretty little hotel at North Bend. Their best cemetery was within a mile, and missions were active. They were having a camp meeting when we were there, and had borrowed a cannon for it. What part the cannon took we could not find out, but probably it represented Hell or the Day of Judgment. Catholic missionaries are as astute in organising the superstitions of Indians as Columbus was himself. All who have read the glorious pages of Washington Irving will recollect the great Don Christobal hunting up an eclipse of the sun in his almanac, and inflicting it on the Indians on the day on which it had to happen, because they would not bring him enough gold, or tapioca, or something. One gets quite fond of these poor, helpless, grotesque brutes of Siwashes, they are so gentle. In appearance they are rather like debased specimens of the lowest order of Japanese. They are just as undersized, but not so wiry or active. They are about the same colour, but their heads, their mouths, and

their nostrils are broad to a deformity. They are very apt to be pock-marked, and have pitcher-handle ears. They are feeble in constitution and intellect, and live almost entirely by fishing and doing pottering jobs for the white men; but they are inoffensive and good-natured—even to the extent of having their photographs taken without asking the photographer



CHINAMEN "WASHING GOLD" ON THE FRASER. [Notman.]

to pay for the privilege. They have the misfortune to be civilised—that is, they wear white men's rags instead of native costume; this they do irrespective of sex. A Klootchman is literally willing to "take the breeks off a Hielandman." They live in wooden cottages that do not differ seriously from a white man's, except in their emphasised *shiketiness* and their curative properties (olfactory). They generally have a sort of verandah in which they keep their cooking

utensils, such as they have, and fish in various stages of preservation; they always have their kitchen fires outside, and cook very much in gipsy fashion. The women with papooses interested us very much; they carried their papooses on their backs in such picturesque "moss-bags," a sort of cross between a coffin



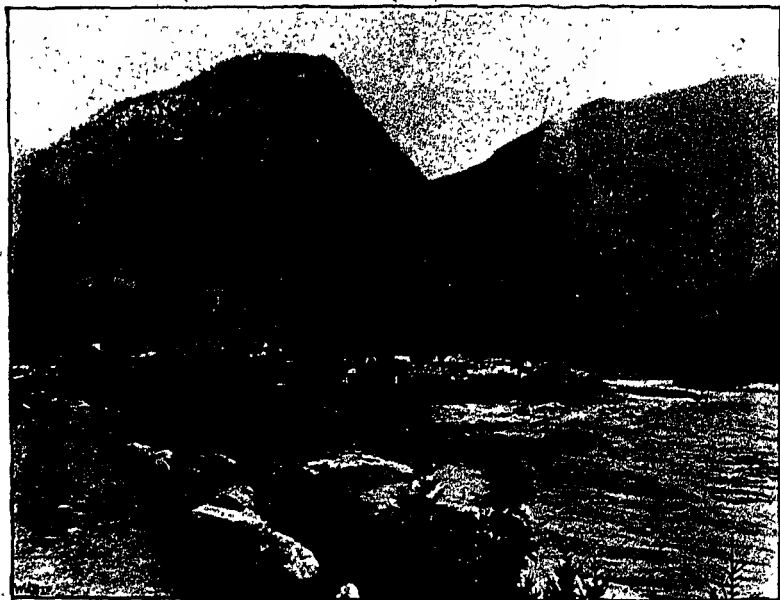
SIWASH'S HUT AT NORTH BEND.

and a splint made of birch bark. The world is a small affair; time and space really hardly signify; the little papoose, bound arm and leg in swathes of bark, which make it a mummy with a moving head, is for all the world like the Child Jesus on an exquisite white majolica alto relievo of Luca della Robbia. Even a Siwash looks passable when a baby.

The papooses, moreover, fully live up to the Indian reputation for taciturnity.

Down the great river we tore, with its glistening white stony bed running between finely wooded banks, which had mountains rising out of them like bee-hives, or the Laurentides of Quebec. Going into Agassiz, called after the family of the great naturalist, who are settled in the neighbourhood, there were grand bluff rocks rising out of the lake-like river; and away to the south beyond, its head and shoulders towering above the clouds, Mount Baker, the Fujisan of the North-West. We came back to Agassiz again at a later period to visit the famous Harrison Springs, about five miles distant in the bush. These springs are locally dedicated to a saint not found in the old-world calendars, though worshipped in many incarnations. Hotel and springs alike are called the St. Alice. Harrison is very much what Banff must have been like in its infancy, when it only had the Sanitarium Hotel. It is struggling for itself, with no omnipotent Canadian Pacific Railway to build it in a day. Its hotel, a wooden mountain hotel, is certainly better than anything Banff had in the day of small things; and it has a capital sulphur swimming-bath, very large, and furiously hot where the springs come in. It stands, moreover, on a very large and beautiful lake, with a magnificent view of mountain and glacier, not unlike the view of the Bernese Oberland from Zurich. In front is a chain of finely wooded islands; at intervals up the lake

there are lovely waterfalls and picnicing places; and round the second point, with its bold rocks like the ram of a warship, the fierce Harrison River commences its descent to the majestic Fraser—a famous point for fishing, this. At the end of the lake is a



THE FRASER AT YALE.

[Notman.]

dead city, Douglas, once the second or third town of British Columbia, with a good many hundred inhabitants, for in the old, old days the Queen's high-road from the west was by way of the Fraser and Harrison Rivers and Harrison Lake. Harrison is one of those places which have such glorious fishing until you get there; its trout, both the speckled and the great lake trout, are very fine, but they are as

frightened of American tourists as the grizzly bear, and most of the people who go to Harrison are Americans, except the good Vancouverites, who want a little mountain air after the round of dissipation in that seven-year-old Melbourne. The American who is taken to this kind of place by his family does not look for colossal sport; all he demands is a steam launch for pleasure parties, and a barn to dance in. The springs, for swilling and swimming, tickle his hypochondriac fancy, and if there are the facilities, above mentioned for giving his family a good time, he is not bullied so much. I forgot to add that the fishing-tackle shop sold candies and the sea-side library and Harpers' unauthorised versions of Kipling. They manage "gunning" very cleverly at Harrison; bear and deer abound, but they refuse to be shot unless you get up before daybreak and post yourself about half-way up the lake, and get a lot of dogs, with men that own them, to drive the game into the water. This kind of sport is not severely tested, and the lake maintains its reputation. From here down to Vancouver is the garden of British Columbia; the forest has been cleared away for the most part, and there are a good many fruit ranches and milk ranches, nearly all of them run by Englishmen of good family, without any help except Chinese. As a rule they make nothing beyond a bare living out of their ranches, but one and all of them are certain that their particular ranch will be a town site; and so long as their old clothes hold together and they

can get enough to eat and drink, they sit and wait for the town sites to come more patiently than Mahomet waited for the mountain—that is, unless anything in particular, such as races or a vice-regal progress, is going on at Vancouver or Victoria, when they promptly abandon their ranches to the depredations of their faithful Chinese servants, and, clothing themselves in what is left of their former grandeur, hurry down to the coast. I met in one of the twin metropolises of British Columbia a smart cavalry officer with a lovely wife who had been the beauty of a season in London. A few months afterwards I was up at The Mission, the next station west below Agassiz. While the cars were drawn up in the “depôt,” a heavy waggon came along in charge of a weather-beaten man in a tweed suit bleached by the sun. “You’re not going to cut me because I’m in my working clothes?” he called out. I recognised the man who had looked the officer as much as any man in the dockyard storehouse at Esquimault, the night it had been transformed with bunting into a naval ball-room, and was filled with the officers of five of the Queen’s Ships. Perhaps the most amusing instance of this kind that came into our observation was the *ménage* at Seymour’s Creek, four miles outside of Vancouver, across the inlet. This really had some chance of becoming a town site in the not unfathomable future. It was run as a milk ranch by four young Englishmen, two stockbrokers, a soldier, and a man of no importance.

We went out to Seymour's Creek from Vancouver one afternoon. I did not think we should ever get there, for we were in a little cockleshell of a rowboat rigged with a big sail, and as we were going through the upper narrows the tide came up like a bore-wave, making a tremendous "rip." If one of these waves took us broadside on, nothing could have saved us from being swamped, and it was all Captain M—— could do to manage the sail, leaving me to keep the boat's head up, and I know no more of navigating than I do of theosophy. It is very dangerous to go out in a boat with good sailors. They take things too much for granted. When we got to the house we found no one in it, and so we took possession of it in true colonial style, the pretty girl establishing herself in the verandah with a "yellow-back," and the matter-of-fact woman going in search of the Chinaman for the inevitable tea, which the Australian would drink in the middle of the night if he found it ready when he woke up.

Captain M—— devoted his search to whisky and soda, and I cooed for our hosts, and shortly after got a cooee back from the creek; so off we went, and found them fording it with a load of hay. They were so chagrined at the sight of a lady, having on, all of them, their very ranchiest clothes, that they let the waggon into a hole and spilt it, and sent the hay floating down stream. Having steered the hay safely to shore, they came forward to make us welcome, and escort us back to the house, a very

good one, built of wood, though they had to leave us almost immediately, for it was milking time, and cows are like trains and tides, and wait for no man.

They invited the ladies to poke their noses into everything in the house, because they could hardly take them into the cow-byre. We had to go, and precious dull work I found it, the only alleviation being a cow that would kick the pail over. But they had quite a lot of cows, and were the principal milkmen of Vancouver. They kept a launch in their creek, and a cart and horse at the *terra firma* metropolis of British Columbia. The youngest member of the firm always had to take the milk to the city, and hawk it round from door to door. He often sold milk to the slavies in the morning, and danced with their mistresses at a swell ball in the evening. He wore a diamond ring while he was retailing the five-cents worth of milk, because he knew the Chinaman would steal it if he left it at home. When we got back from milking, and in our turn were shown over the house, we could not help thinking what a queer "show" it must have seemed to the ladies fresh from London and New York.

The salmon were "running" when we paid our visit to Seymour Creek, so the Chinaman went down just the minute he wanted it, and "scooped" one out as you would pick a vegetable-marrow. There were only chairs enough for the owners, so they gave them up to us, and made shift with provision boxes, which was quite in keeping with the rest of

the *ménage*; for though their bedrooms bore evidences of their former state in the rows of smart London boots, and their handsome dressing-cases and portmanteaus, they slept on wooden bedsteads knocked up by themselves, with mattresses and pillows made of sacking full of chaff, red Indian blankets, and no sheets at all. Their washstands were equally impromptu, and for looking-glasses they "did" with the surviving chips of the mirrors which had fitted into the lids of their dressing-cases. While we were waiting for dinner the man of no importance, who took the milk into Vancouver every day, played the tunes which had been in fashion (for they had a piano) while they were "painting London red." Music-hall choruses often brought pangs, for to each one this or the other melody brought tender memories. One of them left off talking to us, and took no end of pains over filling his pipe, with his back to the company, to the air of "Myosotis"; then he suddenly remembered that we were there, and for once did not light up and smoke till the very moment for pitching food down his throat. The Chinaman who waited on us was very funny; when the pudding came, he looked first at the pretty girl and then at the senior partner, with the compromising remark, "Ladee likee lice?" When she shook her head, he continued, "You no likee lice, you tly apply sauce, better no can do." The "lice"—the Chinese always pronounce "r" as "l"—certainly looked the reverse of appetising in an un-

polished tin dish, but it did not prevent us enjoying ourselves immensely, and by no means sharing the ladies' disquietude at the delays interposed by the lowness of the tide, which looked as if it never would come in. And when it did, it was slow, slow work getting back to Vancouver in a heavily laden



KLOODCHMAN (FEMALE COAST-INDIAN) WITH
PAPOOSE IN MOSS-BAG.

boat, with the tide running strong against us, and not enough wind to blow out a match. But, heavens! how beautiful it was, with the moon turning the broad waters of the inlet to a sheet of silver, and picking out in dark relief against a dusk blue sky the tall trees and mountains of the farther shore. Against the black wall of pathless forest shone out

the little white Mission with its cheerful lamps—
“pour éclairer ceux qui demeurent dans les ténèbres
et dans l'ombre de la mort, et pour conduire nos pas
dans le chemin de la paix,” to use the language
most familiar in the conversion of the Indian. Very
literal the last part seemed to us, battling against
the tide to reach earth's youngest city.

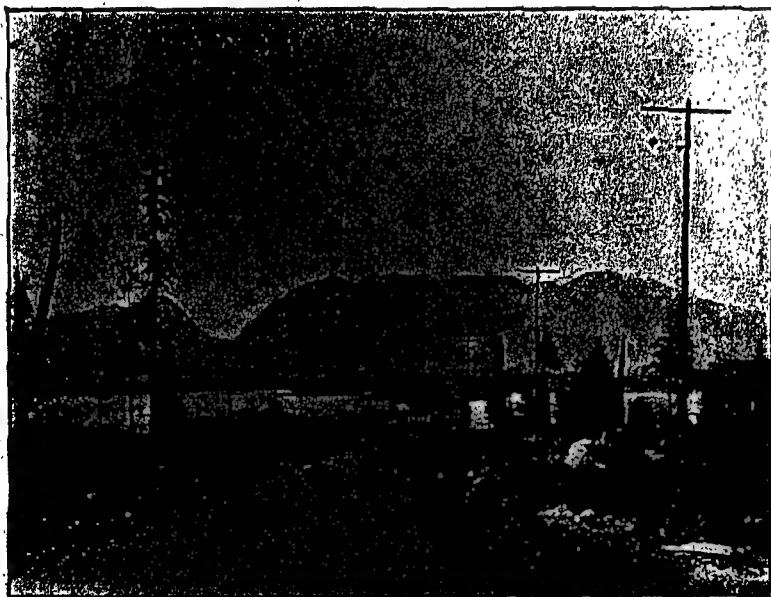
CHAPTER XXV.

VANCOUVER: THE GLASGOW OF THE NORTH-WEST.

THE seaport of the twentieth century ! the Constantinople of the West ! are the names which suggested themselves to me the moment I set eyes on Vancouver.

Nature and circumstance have been prodigal to Vancouver. Nature has given her the situation of Stamboul—the Turkish part of Constantinople—with the deep waters of Burrard Inlet to replace the Sea of Marmora, and the False Creek to rival the Golden Horn as a natural dock. Like Stamboul, the city of Vancouver stands on a peninsula, with the cypress groves of the Seraglio Point represented by the forest primæval of Stanley Park, and with a “hog’s-back” running the whole length, on which it is to be hoped that the public buildings will break the sky-line, as it is broken by the domes and minarets of the mosques in the capital of Islam. Across the Golden Horn of False Creek there is not only the slope (reminding one of the lie of Galata and Pera) comprised in the Canadian Pacific Railroad grant, but roads leading across to the rich alluvial lands at the mouth of the Fraser, which will be occupied in the

immediate future by countless fruit and hop ranches, pouring their produce into Vancouver for the consumption of its growing thousands, and for transportation to the ungardened cities of the prairie. While by sea all the booming cities of the Sound, from Seattle and Tacoma downward, act as feeders



THE CONSTANTINOPLE OF AMERICA.

: Notman.

to the traffic of Vancouver, as witness the crowds travelling to them over the Canadian Pacific Railroad, and the way in which the Sound steamers act as tenders for the China mail-ships trading from Vancouver.

So much for the south side. On the north side, across Burrard Inlet, are myriad islands and inlets

destined to be the seat of a fishery trade as important as the fisheries which are such a bone of contention in Eastern Canada, not to mention lumber and minerals.

All these places, north and south, find their natural focus at Vancouver, the head of navigation and the terminus of the only transcontinental line on the American continent belonging to a single company—the Canadian Pacific.

But I must not forget that I am starting with the natural advantages of Vancouver. Its site is really exquisitely beautiful. It is planted, as I said, on a gentle hill, between two arms of the sea, and this peninsula terminates in a promontory ten miles round, still covered with the forest primæval, over the depths of which tower giants two or three hundred feet high, cedars and spruces and Douglas firs. One cedar measured fifty-six feet in girth round the boll proper, above the roots. This is the public park named after the late viceroy, and presented by the province to the city—one of the most delightful parks imaginable, with its gigantic trees and ferns, and undergrowth and moss, so luxuriant that the effect is semi-tropical. This is the day of small things, and in its little coves still float flocks of duck and teal and diver and auk, while on the Bay and Narrows, between which it lies, are little flotillas of Indians in their quaint Squamish and Chinook canoes, trolling for salmon, or deep-fishing for the famous black cod, called *skil* by the Indians, and becoming an article of commerce, as

becirel, by the labours of Captain Lundberg and the score or two of hardy Norsemen who have formed themselves into a colony under him.



A CEDAR, FIFTY-THREE FEET ROUND, IN THE STANLEY PARK, VANCOUVER.

All round are mountains. Far away south is the magnificent white mass of Mount Baker rising from American territory with an English name, as a monument of boundary negotiations. Across English

Bay are mountains, right ahead are mountains, and across Burrard Inlet are the noblest heritage a city could have, range beyond range of mountains rising thousands of feet high and coming down almost to the shore, covered with forest to their peaks, with a fund of wild life that could not be exhausted in half a century, if Vancouver grew as large as San Francisco. Here for many a year yet the Vancouverites, going a day's journey into the wilderness, will be able to chance on bear or goat, deer or panther, and wild fowl galore.

At one point this range draws in toward the peninsula, making the salmon-haunted Narrows, picturesque with the lofty precipice of the Observation Point, and the steamer slain upon the rocks below, a mere skeleton now, but historical as the first steamer which ever ploughed the Pacific—that *Beaver* which rounded Cape Horn before the long Jubilee reign began, nearly sixty years ago—breaking up now with decay and storm, but I hope, ere its final dissolution, to be removed to the city and made the nucleus of a Vancouver museum.

But the most picturesque object in this noble harbour lies on the other side, behind the mountains which make the Narrows. For on their shoulders, as bold and distinct as on the granite plinths in Trafalgar Square, seem to couch The Lions, the most perfect resemblance in nature to the couchant lions of the statuary. I say seem to couch, because these lions in reality are peaks of a range many

miles behind, showing over the front range. The resemblance is not a far-fetched one. It strikes every observer before it is pointed out to him, and it was this which made the late Judge Gray suggest to Mr. O'Brien "The Lions' Gate."

"The Lions' Gate" is, certainly, an admirably apt name for the harbour of Vancouver. Its Narrows, fenced in on one side by the precipice of Observation Point, and on the other by the mountains encroaching on the shore, are a gate; and on a larger scale Vancouver itself is the gate at the end of the pass through the terrific mountain ramparts of British Columbia; and on a yet larger scale the few degrees of latitude in which British Columbia touches the sea are the only gates of the British Lion between the barriers of Alaska on the north and the United States on the south—in fact, the only gate on the American side of the Pacific. Besides, with the United States finding their "Golden Gate" at their great Pacific port of San Francisco, it is appropriate and epigrammatic for England to find "The Lions' Gate" in her great Pacific port of Vancouver.

The traveller steaming through "The Lions' Gate" need not stop at Vancouver; he can steam eighteen miles up, past Vancouver, and past Hastings, but leaving Port Moody on his right, into the majestic fiord of the North Arm, hardly to be equalled in Norway, with its two grand waterfalls, its black and fabulous depths, its precipitous mountain walls, clad with forest to their lofty plateaux, embosoming

lakes on their summits, and populous with the antelope-like mountain goats. It is just as if a valley of the Selkirks had been filled half-way up with the deep sea, terminating in a fine river, and a vista almost as beautiful as the far-famed valley of the Bow at Banff. It is sublime, this fiord, so long, so deep, so deeply sunk; and as Vancouver and Tacoma and Seattle expand, its grey granite, used in their principal buildings, will make it important to commerce.

Commerce! At present we talk of the scenery of Vancouver, but in a few years all the world will be talking of its commerce. Even now it has several avenues of commerce defining themselves.

Vancouver, which has now twenty-three thousand inhabitants, will be the Glasgow of the North-West as surely as Melbourne will arise from its ashes; they are both beyond the reach of permanent misfortune. It needs no prophet to foretell the future of a city which is at once the terminus of the biggest railway in the world and the head of navigation for the trunk lines of steamships from Asia and Australia. Vancouver was designed by Nature to be one of the world's great ports; like Constantinople and New York, it has an all-round frontage of deep water; like Hong Kong, it is the outlet of half a continent. If it were possible for Canada to be lost in the United States, there might be some risk of Vancouver's future, for it would have to contest with places like Seattle, a terminus of half a dozen

lines of railway; but while the Lions' Gateway remains the sole western outlet of British commerce to the Pacific, from Alaska to Cape Horn, its future is assured. Vancouver, at the head of navigation, well protected from assault, will always



THE SKELETON OF A GIANT IN A VANCOUVER STREET.

be the commercial port of Western Canada, as Victoria, or rather Esquimault, will be the naval port, lying as it does on the open sea, with no torpedoed channels to run, in command of the entrance to Puget Sound, the Mediterranean of America. It was only in the spring of 1886 that pioneers began to build among the gigantic cedars of the forest between Burrard Inlet and the False

Creek. In the North-West it is necessary for a town to be burnt to the ground before it can be of any account. Vancouver was lucky enough to secure this favour at once. "Its citizens were not to be daunted. The civic authorities met in tents, and auctioneers established their dragons' dens in hollow tree stumps that would hold the average windmill. The great railway poured money into the development, and three years afterwards, when we first saw it, it had no less than sixteen thousand inhabitants, three or four banks, and numbers of stately stone buildings.

I have always had an affection for Vancouver. Off and on we have spent months there. It is so fresh and young and full of youthful pluck and spirit, but withal so absolutely home-like in its orderliness, the newest of new cities, unforgetful of an old-world ideal. Vancouver never was like Seattle. There has been no Pacific coast rowdiness, no revolvering, no instance or need of lynch law. The only danger there ever was of disorder was nipped in the bud by the remarkable man who has so often filled the Mayoral chair, Mr. David Oppenheimer, who was one of the earliest business men of the town, as he is one of the largest. His fortunes have grown with the city's, and the development of Vancouver has in no small degree been due to his foresight and energy. He has been a man of great ideas and ambitions for his city as well as his own business, in which he fortunately has, as partner, a

brother of equal capacity, but devoted to trade. This has enabled Mr. David Oppenheimer to devote to municipal affairs more time than is possible for the leading business man in a new city under other circumstances. For once in a way, the man who

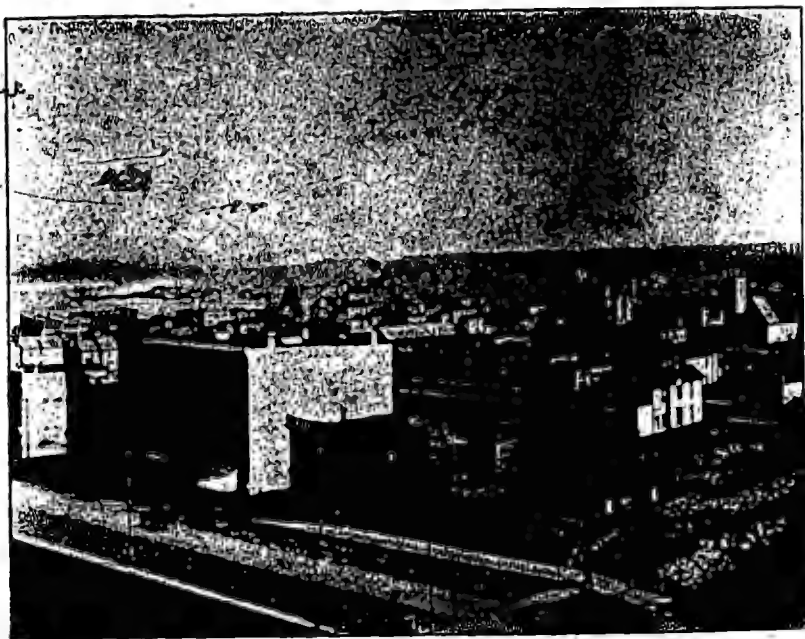


THE WHITTINGTON OF VANCOUVER,
MR. DAVID OPPENHEIMER, THRICE MAYOR.

was most capable of minding his own business has had time to attend to the municipality's. When the strike came, he was Bismarck and William Whiteley rolled into one. The strikers found themselves confronted with crushing force to control them, and men to take their places.

Vancouver in 1889 presented curious contrasts.

Take Granville Street, for instance, in which we were living. One end led to the docks, with 3,000-ton steamers lying in them, and the terminus of a transcontinental railway; the other left you at the end of a bridge which led to the forest, and, after



BIRTH OF A BOULEVARD, VANCOUVER.

[Notman.]

miles of mud, to New Westminster. This street, like all boom-town streets, was divided off (on paper) into lots for building. One lot would have a grand grey granite building in the primitive Romanesque style, costing 100,000 dollars; and the next a wretched little wooden shanty, or a bit of the original bush, with tall mountain ferns and mountain

ashes and dogwoods. This was in the main or civilised portion of the street; higher up, as you topped the hill to go over to the False Creek, there were stumps of trees in plenty—trees that had been a couple of hundred feet high in their day. Vancouver has miles and miles of wooden paving—wood is cheap in Vancouver; long before they make a road they make the pavements, the inequalities of the road being got over by raising the pavement on piles to a common level. In the winter one blesses the municipal paver, for the mud is oceanic. There are also wooden crossings. The extraordinary thing about Vancouver is that in the midst of all this wildness it is so absolutely modern; no one would think of putting up a house without a telephone and electric light. Tramways all run themselves by electricity, and there are two or three daily newspapers printed by electricity. The pretty girl was equally impressed by this and by the conversation of the real-estate men. Their system for making a fortune in twelve months by investment in Vancouver lots was reduced to such a science that they did not feel themselves bound to hurry about putting it into practice; they knew that they could get just as rich as they liked whenever they wanted, but they did not like strangers with a little money, who were only going to be in Vancouver for a few days or weeks, to go away without assuring their futures. The pretty girl begged me to invest in a shilling piece for her—it seemed quite enough in a place

where money was made so easily; and when she got back to Montreal she told people that she wanted to get married so that her great-grandchildren might be millionaires, for she had won a seventy-five cent bet at the Vancouver Regatta, and spent it on land as near New Westminster as the mud would let people go. There never was anything like the mud on the road through the forest to New Westminster in those days—Winnipeg was nothing to it, and at Winnipeg in the autumn, as I said, you sink over your ankles whenever you are not treading on a dog.

On the way to Westminster (the New one) there were panthers thrown in, and they had a disagreeable way of following you like your shadow, uttering gruesome yowls, after nightfall; but they are said never to attack human beings, and they certainly will not face the real-estate men long. In Vancouver, it is the great thing to be connected with the real estate or the railway station; it assures your position in society, these being the two excitements of existence. Residents had all invested their bottom dollars, only reserving enough for pleasures, so the real-estate excitement was rather like cold meat to them. They had to fall back on the arrival and departure of the train (which only happened once a day, and not that on Mondays, barring the local traffic to Hastings and New Westminster), and the arrival and departure of the Victoria steamer, varied occasionally, about once a month, by the coming in and

going out of the great China steamer. The bare fact of a man's coming to Vancouver by train was almost sufficient introduction. Inside of an hour every real-estate man in the place would know him and his business in Vancouver, and probably whether he had any family or a hereditary disease. There was always grand excitement when a steamer came in from China or Japan. The young men of Vancouver were fluttered with the idea of smart women *en passant*, and only those who have lived in the wilds know the exquisite pleasure excited by the sight of the dainty womanhood, between which and themselves they have set a great gulf. The real-estate men dreamt of winging a first class globe-trotter, and the whole population expected something to turn up, though it was usually only silk and tea, which were shot into trucks as promptly as all the labour in the place could shoot them, sealed up, and sent tearing across to Montreal and New York as fast as engines could haul. They do fly across the prairies, for they cannot take liberties with the mountains. It is said that more cigars come in by a China steamer than ever pass through Her Majesty's Customs, and that many passengers are lost while the ship is almost at the dock—Chinamen. Their bodies are never found—dead! The arrival of a China steamer made a great difference in our lives. I had been out to English Bay one night, where the wash of the Pacific comes right into the Strait of Georgia; standing on its white sands beloved of the

bathers of Vancouver, and watching the sun set over its waters, and the long line of forest primæval on the left, I had said to myself, "Here am I on the last mainland of the British Empire, at the western end of the English world on which the sun never sets. To cross these shining waters to the world's eastern end, in place of the weary circumnavigation of the Cape of Storms, was the dream of great sailors like Columbus and great adventurers like La Salle." When I went back to Vancouver, lying against the wharves was the sturdy *Parthia*, fresh from China and Japan, and looking as smart and taut as if no wave had ever swept her decks. Leaning over her side was a splendid-looking man well over six feet high, with the typical insouciance of the sailor and a remarkably handsome face. "Can we see over the ship?" I asked. "Come on," he said, and showed us over every nook and cranny, and talked up the attractions of China and Japan so gloriously that we did not see how we could stay away, and thus it was that at a week's notice we started for that never-to-be-forgotten year in the divine East.

The environs of Vancouver could hardly be lovelier. The city stands on a gourd-shaped peninsula, only joined to the mainland by an isthmus. The smaller and seaward globe of the gourd is occupied by the Stanley Park, a bit of the forest primæval, "unimproved" except by carriage roads and woodland tracks to the grandest trees—of which hereafter;

the large or landward globe of the gourd contains the city, mostly on its northward, or Burrard's Inlet, shore. On the other side of the broad inlet, dotted with huge ships, is the little white mission station for the Indians, growing up under the shadow of a monster saw-mill, and the splendid Capilano Mountains, several thousand feet high, which culminate in two most remarkably natural lions, almost as lion-like as the great beasts that guard Nelson in Trafalgar Square, and are forested with huge trees almost from their summits to the shore. On the southern side of the gourd is the False Creek, widening out into the noble expanse of English Bay, perhaps to be the harbour of the future. Across the False Creek is the forest primæval; eastward from the city runs the noble North Arm, likewise embosomed in hill and forest, as beautiful as a Norwegian fiord.

Stanley Park, in spite of its cheap suburban name, is exquisite. There are trees in it—Douglas firs and cedars, forty and fifty feet round, and two or three hundred feet high, based in a tropical wealth of lichen, fringed lianas, and gigantic ferns. It has a few maples, not enough to lighten its depths of sombre foliage, but with leaves as much as fifteen inches across. In some places it shelves gently to the inlet; in others, as at the first Narrows, it terminates in lofty precipices, under the most majestic of which lies, on the crags, the skeleton of the plucky little *Beaver*. She would not be considered large

enough to cross the Channel nowadays. The Siwashes, the feeble Indians of the coast, are allowed to camp on its fringes as they choose, and in the little bays round their favourite camping-ground the various kinds of ducks are apt to flock, because there is no shooting them from the land. One day, when I was out shooting in a dugout with an old Siwash, we had shot after shot spoilt because there were Indians in a line with the ducks. The Siwash was very angry because I would not fire. He said, "Indians don't mind"; but when I told him that it was the close season for Indians he was quite convinced; he knew that ducks had a close season, and he did not see why the Indians should not. "Are not five sparrows sold for one farthing?"

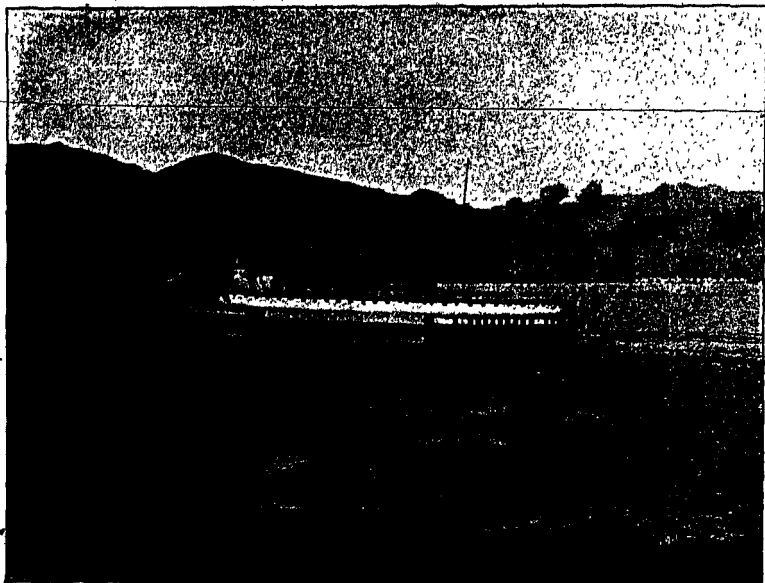
We had capital sport going out with a Siwash in the Narrows. On the first day the matter-of-fact woman refused to risk her life in a Chinook canoe (which is dug out of a trunk of a tree), so I took the pretty girl. Trolling a spoon on a handline, she soon caught two splendid salmon, which will bite in the salt water, though never known to take a bait in the fresh; one weighed thirteen pounds, and the other fifteen.

I spent most of my time in losing spoons in the lianas of seaweed, fathoms and fathoms long, and in wishing that I had a gun. The pretty girl would sooner trust a widower than trust herself in the same boat with a gun, so the next day I went alone. The funny old Siwash known as Alexander's William—

they take a Christian name and the genitive case of the employer's name—was ungallant enough to say, "Good! good! gun more good than Klootchman" (woman), and off we paddled. We could not get near a duck, and last of all we were caught in the rip. Now the rip in the first Narrows at Vancouver is an awesome thing, for the changing tide rushing in from the Pacific suddenly finds itself strangled in a narrow gorge, and has to pile its water through. You find yourself without any warning in the middle of a condition of waters which seem as if all the steamers in the universe had just passed. I looked at William; far from being disconcerted, there was distinct elation on his debased Mongolian countenance. He mentioned that if you let the dugout look after itself, it was so buoyant that it topped the waves of its own accord, and said, "Now you get duck." And surely enough I did. To an Indian's canoe, bobbing up and down in the rip, half the time hidden in the slough of the waves, the ducks paid not the slightest attention, and I had soon killed over a score of black duck and teal, not to mention the handsome fish-duck (sheldrake), auk, and diver, which are useless for the table. The worst of catching salmon was that you did not know what to do with them when you had caught them. They were not worth a cent a pound, and it was an insult to offer them to anybody as a present; not even a music-teacher would accept them. The only place we ever had salmon at Vancouver was at the house

of an inventor, with whom we boarded for a while. There we lived on salmon and tinned tongue.

Of course, the invention was called the C.P.R.; everything in Vancouver is C.P.R., from the big hotel downwards. When we landed at Vancouver by a coasting steamer from San Francisco, on our



[Notman,
STEAMER "ISLANDER," AT VANCOUVER, WITH THE MISSION AND FOREST
PRIMEVAL IN THE BACKGROUND.

return from Japan, an American working man landed likewise. The first thing he did, being accustomed to ruling a great country, was to inquire of a man working on the wharf, "What's the Government here?"

"The C.P.R.'s the Government here," was the sage reply and virtual truth.

In our day, though the city had 16,000 inhabitants, they were none of them postmen, so the General Post-office was the general rendezvous. About half an hour after the arrival of No. 1, the transcontinental from Montreal, a girl could be almost sure of meeting all her lovers, and a man could be perfectly certain of meeting every idle girl in Vancouver. The Vancouver girl lives on love-letters from the East (of Canada), and her shopping is done in Montreal or San Francisco, or even London, groceries being about the only decent thing you can buy in Vancouver, except Siwash curios and Chinese gold bangles, which nobody ever bought except Mr. Logan, M.P. He considered them a more reliable investment than real estate. Mr. Logan was very much impressed with boom city methods (the advanced type of boom city such as Seattle); he would introduce many of them into England. If any one wishes to see the Caliban of labour in his most brutal shape, let him go to Seattle. This is the kind of thing which happens: I was kodaking a public building, which I suppose had taken a couple of days or so to build, when a navvy left his work about a hundred yards off and swaggered up to me.

"Say, sonny, I want you to fix me."

"I'm not a photographer; I only take the pictures I want myself."

"I don't want any of your style. Just say what it is, and I'll put the money up."

"But I don't live here."

"What do I care where you live? Give me your address, and I'll mail you the money; and you needn't send the pictures along till you get it, if you don't trust me."

Then a self purpose entered my heart. I knew the address of a struggling photographer at Vancouver, so I gravely wrote it down for Caliban, and told him the charge was three dollars, and then took his photograph without taking the cap off. He did not understand kodaks, and was quite satisfied with the click of the button. I hope he sent the three dollars, and that the needy one stuck to them.

The commerce of Vancouver is very large; she almost monopolises the silk and tea trade between America, China, and Japan; and her three great China steamers—the *Empress of India*, *Empress of China*, and *Empress of Japan*, the equal of the Atlantic liners in everything except the size of the very largest—have reduced the journey between Liverpool and Yokohama to within three weeks. And in the last few months I see that the line, for which I wrote and agitated so much, between Canada and Australia has been started by the energy of Mr. James Huddart, of Huddart, Parker & Co., Melbourne.

I cannot conclude better than by quoting the estimate made of Vancouver's future after I had left it for the first time in 1889.

"I fancy that I can see Vancouver when her hour has come, as Melbourne's came. Great docks lined with ocean steamers fill the mouth of the False Creek,

and front the future terminus of the Canadian Pacific Railroad, in the heart of their broad transpontine grant, on which the tall forest primæval will have given place to the huge chimneys of the manufactories of machinery, furniture, cottons, refined sugar, wood-ware, hardware, fruit canneries for the produce of the Fraser delta, smelting furnaces for the reduction of the iron and copper ores of the islands, saw-mills,



MR. HARRY ABBOTT,
The Principal Inhabitant of Vancouver.

foundries, yards for building and repairing the iron shipping of the Pacific, and a score of other industries at present unguessed. I see the whole delta of the Fraser and its tributaries one vast orchard and hop-garden, smiling like Kent or Sussex. I see the residences of the well-to-do crowded out of the narrow limits of the peninsula, and spreading, some down the opposite side of Burrard Inlet from Moodyville to Howe Sound, some through a chain of suburbs, replacing with their neat gardens the whole

forest between Vancouver and New Westminster. Street railways, suburban railways, and many ferry-boats give rapid communication with the heart of the city—the original city on the peninsula, where are the cathedral, some of the finest churches, the finest hotels, the clubs, the theatres, the banks, the wholesale warehouses, the boarding houses, the Broadway and Fifth Avenue, the Fourteenth and Twenty-third streets, with their magnificent stores—a part of the city too expensive for ordinary folks to have houses there, not private or select enough for the very rich, except in the remoter part facing English Bay, with its fine sandy beach and its proximity to the park. Here there is quite a colony of them—an aristocratic suburb. But many of the very wealthy prefer to have villas on what plateaux can be found amid the precipitous shores of that peerless fiord, the North Arm, or on the foothills of the grand mountains which line the north side of Burrard Inlet—the north side made beautiful by its avenue, miles long, alongside of the water, and planted with beautiful maples, whose carmine leaves in the fall show up gloriously against the dark spruce and cedar of the original forests. Nothing could be finer than the City Park in the twentieth century. Following the water, a drive of ten miles encircles it. Round the water's edge are growing famously the maples, sumachs, cherries, and oaks, birches and poplars planted to make it brilliant green in spring, and brilliant flame colour in the fall. The

forest is left untouched, with its stately trees, its mighty ferns, its hanging mosses.

"Pleasant paths for lovers to ramble in the summer shade are cut into its sylvan recesses, and in it roam all the wild animals and birds of the country that are not dangerous to man, introduced and habituated with infinite trouble, and protected from wantonness by public opinion. There are other parks in various parts of the city, and a superb athletic ground, where, by the influx of English and Australians, cricket is restored to its legitimate pride of place. Between the city and the great cannery and saw-mill town of New Westminster is a fine race track, called Flemington by the enthusiastic Australians, who got it up to console them for their distance from Melbourne. At the very highest point of the peninsula stands the finest building in the city—the magnificent Episcopal cathedral of the united diocese (united much to the disgust of Westminsterians) of Vancouver and New Westminster; and not far off is its rival in popularity and opulence—the rebuilt St. Andrew's Presbyterian church.

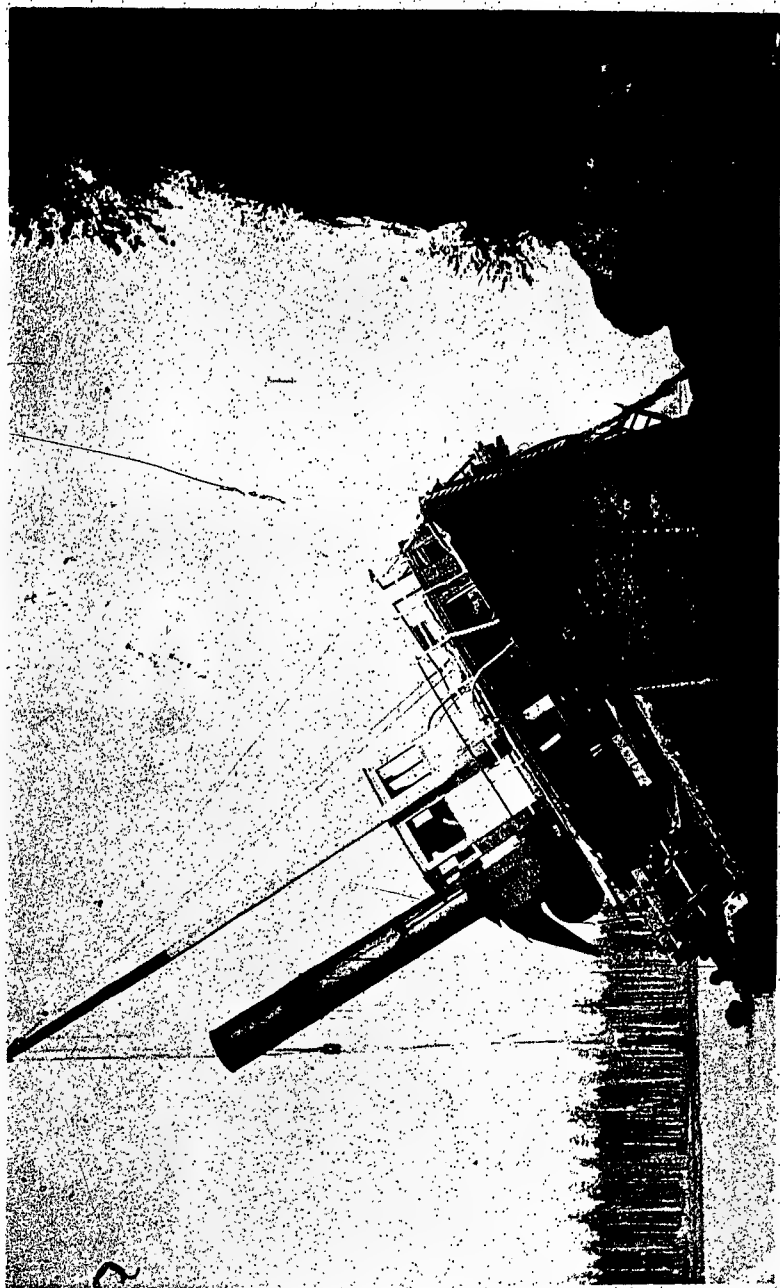
"Burrard Inlet is full of shipping. Its wharves are lined with local passenger steamers, with ships from Portland, Tacoma, Seattle, Victoria, Nanaimo, Alaska, and the like, concentrating at Vancouver the local trade of the Pacific; while out on its deep bosom lie two or three British men-of-war, easily recognisable by their upright masts and grim solidity, even if they were not flying the white banner of

St. George; and between them and the shore are a crowd of yachts. Most of the wealthy merchants living up the North Arm or on English Bay have their smart steam yachts. And the residential and shopping streets are full of handsome carriages, and the business streets are blocked with street railways and waggon and cabs; and there goes up to heaven the mingled echo, joyous and mournful, eager and indolent, of 300,000 of earth's voices to show where the most untiring of commercial nations has at last found the Lions' Gate to the Western Pacific."

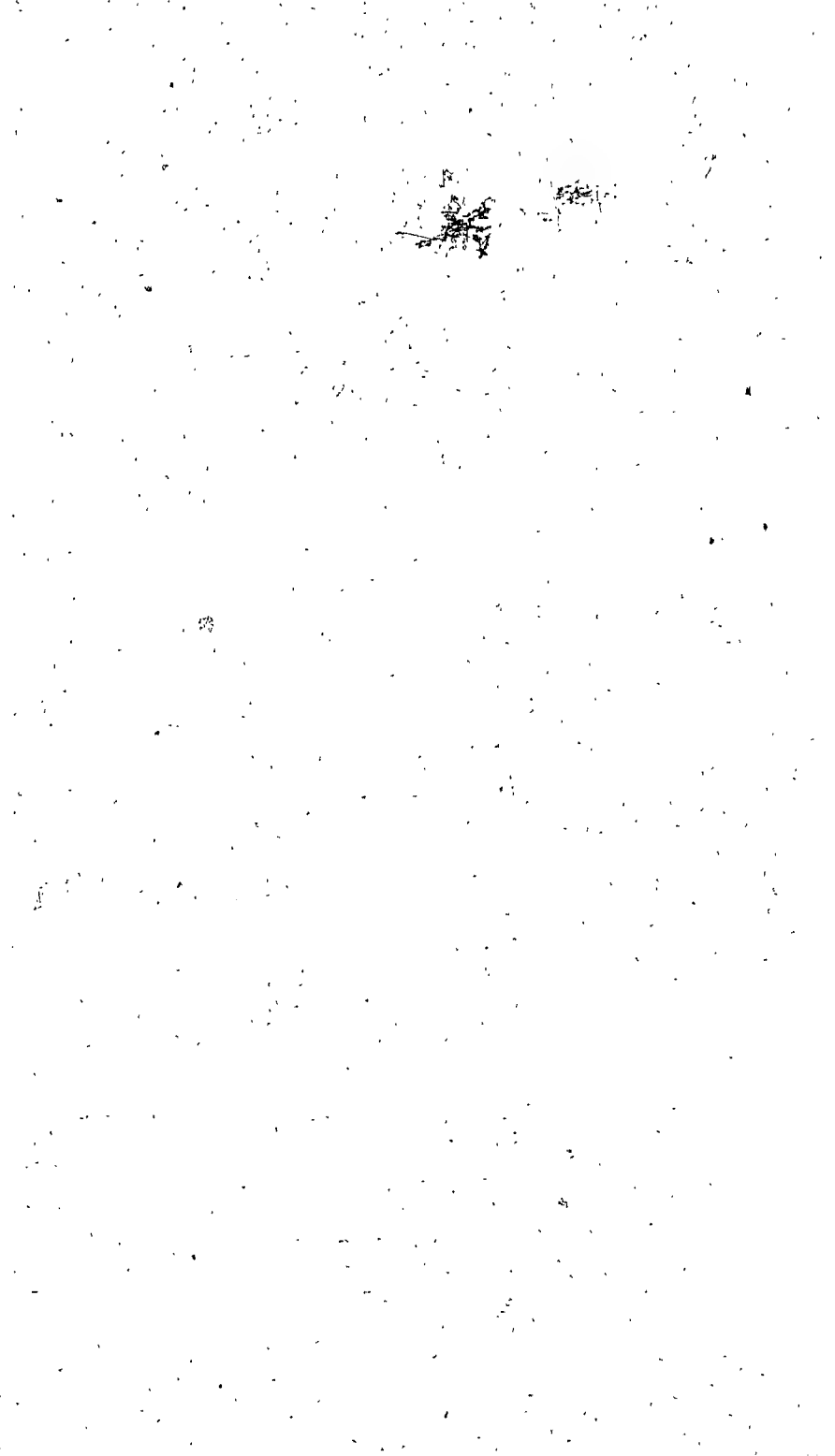
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This seems the best place to quote a very interesting account of the *Beaver*, the pioneer steamer of the Pacific alluded to above, which appeared four or five years ago in the *Vancouver World*, an excellent daily, worthy of a city four times the size.

"Fifty-five years have passed, and a generation of men have come and gone, since the Hudson's Bay Company's steamer *Beaver* floated down the river Thames, through the British Channel, and went out into the open, trackless sea, rounded Cape Horn, clove the placid waters of the Pacific Ocean, and anchored at length, after a passage of a hundred and sixty-three days, at Astoria, then one of the chief towns on the Pacific coast. Built and equipped at a period when the problem of steam marine navigation was about to be solved, is it any wonder that the little steamer which was destined to traverse two



THE BEAVER: THE PIONEER STEAMER OF THE PACIFIC



oceans—one of them scarcely known outside of books of travel—was an object of deep and engrossing interest, from the day that her keel was first laid until the morning that she passed out of sight, amidst the encouraging cheers of thousands gathered on either shore and the answering salvoes of her own guns, on a long voyage to an unknown sea? Titled men and women watched the progress of construction. A duchess broke the traditional bottle of champagne over the bow, and bestowed the name she has ever since proudly worn. The engines and boilers, built by Bolton & Watt (the latter a son of the great Watt), were placed in their proper positions on board; but it was not considered safe to work them on the passage, so she was rigged as a brig and came out under sail. A barque accompanied her as a convoy to assist in case of accident; but the *Beaver* set all canvas, ran out of sight of her 'protector,' and reached the Columbia River twenty-two days ahead. Captain Horne was the name of the first commander of the *Beaver*; he brought her out, and one can well imagine the feeling of pride with which he bestrode the deck of his brave little ship, which carried six guns—nine-pounders. Soon after reaching Astoria the *Beaver* got up steam, and greatly astonished the residents by her performances. She steamed up to Nisqually, then the Hudson's Bay Company's chief station on the Pacific coast. Here Captain McNeil took command of the *Beaver*, and Captain Horne, retiring to one of the Company's posts on the

Columbia River, perished in 1837 in Death's Rapids by the upsetting of a boat. From that period until the steamer passed into the hands of the Imperial Hydrographers the history of the *Beaver* was that of most of the Company's trading vessels. She ran north and south, east and west, collecting furs and carrying goods to and from the stations for many years. It is believed that not a single person who came out in the *Beaver* in 1835 is now alive, and nearly all the Company's officers, with a few exceptions, who received her on her arrival at the Columbia River are gone too."

CHAPTER XXVI.

VICTORIA : THE CITY OF HOMES.

THERE is one prime difference between Victoria and Vancouver—that, while the development of Vancouver has been chiefly by outside capital, the development of Victoria has been carried out with the savings of its citizens. The amount of accumulated wealth in Victoria is astonishing. Until federation it was a free port, and consequently the *entrepôt* of the Pacific coast; and it is such an earthly Paradise that people pursued the unusual course for colonists of remaining where they had made their money. Vancouver's Island is the New Zealand of the North, with a climate which is occasionally intemperate in its humidity, but maintains an unruffled equability of temperate temperature. Here, with your garden running down to some fairy-like cove of the branching harbour, like Sydney Harbour in miniature, you live 6,000 miles from the Irish question, and a solid 3,000 from the manufactories of American politics. It is true that Victoria has a grievance—largely an exotic one, for the “sealers” are often run with American capital, making a catspaw of the British flag. Not that they are not in the right who

maintain that the pelagic seal is "a wild beast of nature," and that an ocean cannot be included in a three miles limit; but even if pelagic sealing were really an act of theft, Victoria is for the most part not the thief, but the fence who does the fitting-out for the raid and disposes of the proceeds. Fine little boats



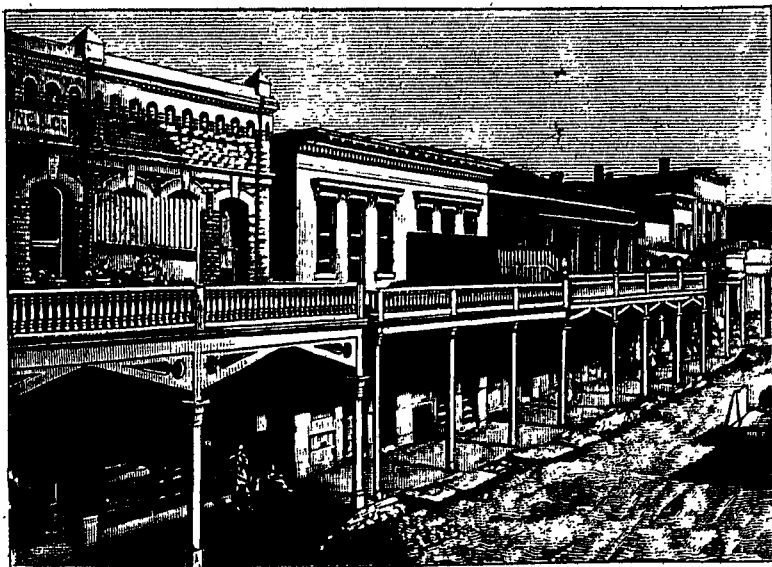
THE HARBOUR OF VICTORIA.

[Notman.]

they are, the sealing schooners, very much the cut of the men-of-war schooners which police the Pacific Islands from Sydney. They defy the tempestuous North Pacific and the United States revenue cutters, which are not cutters at all, but armed steam yachts.

Victoria is the most homely city in Canada in more senses than one. More than any city in Canada, except perhaps Halifax, does it recall the

old home across the Atlantic, by its quiet English ways and its little knots of men with the firm, dignified faces bred of discipline and authority; and it is homely in the other sense of being the city of homes. The Victoria people live very little in terraced streets; whatever their occupations or rank,



"CHINA TOWN," VICTORIA, B.C.

they are apt to have a detached house in an irregular bit of garden. For the working man it is, of course, easy to have a cottage just outside the city, with a cow and a kitchen garden; he has not to face the servant question; he and his family divide the labour inside and out. The clerk, who is, as usual, the worst-off person in the community, though his social position is a pleasant one in new countries, can only achieve a

home by sharing a house and a Chinaman. We knew of several instances where half a dozen bachelors clubbed together in this way, and bore in common the loss by the peculations of the Mongolian.

The highest tribute to the homeliness of Victoria I had from a Yankee steward of a coasting steamer trading from San Francisco to Victoria, who said that he and many of his mates lived in Victoria because they could have real homes there, and because the approach to the docks in Frisco was so infested with "toughs" that they did not like their families coming to meet them there.

Talking of Chinamen, Victoria has one of the best "China towns" out of China. Its chief Joss-House is unequalled in San Francisco, and you are not plagued to buy joss sticks at five times their value. It has long rows of shops stored with samshui, the Chinese rice-spirit; and unsavoury Celestial savouries, such as squashed ducks, whole cables of knotty black sausages, and vile compounds of fat; besides more enterprising emporia in which they sell curios, such as Chinese water-pipes, ladies' shoes, ink palettes, opium scales, and tiny porcelain figures like those made for the girls' festival in Japan, and ply the probable purchaser with tea in the Oriental fashion. The shops themselves, as is the case even in China in the ports, differ very little from European shops in their arrangements. Victoria has a Chinese theatre, of course, and opium dens. As in Australia, much of the hawking of Victoria is done by China-

men, who carry their wares, as "Simpson" used to carry his milk, in the good old days when he could wáter it with impunity, dangling from the ends of a rod balanced on the shoulder. One such I sought to kodak. He fled in horror from the evil eye when I made my request, and was "shot" in the act.



A CHINESE HAWKER, VICTORIA, B.C.

Victoria has an extraordinary wealth of flowers and creepers. From the ruralising habits of its citizens, it is naturally not a city of fine buildings, though it has a handsome Anglican cathedral, occupying one of its finest sites, and a far famous hotel. One of the prides of Victoria is, like Sydney's, its harbour, though a harbour in which big ships will not trust themselves is more ornamental than useful. Its

other pride is the Beacon Hill Park, which is rather like an Australian domain. They might add one or two more—the wigs of their judges (for in Victoria alone in America do judges appear in the full majesty of the law), and the complexions of their women, which are quite English, a thing much envied on the continent of stupendous climates.

Beacon Hill Park has a most lovely view. Standing near its quaint battery, which is of the type kept up for the benefit of artists, one can look straight across the blue Juan de Fuca Straits at the snowy sierra of the Olympian Mountains behind, far down in American territory, lorded over by the noble isolated cone of Mount Baker, which, as long as its name is Baker, will recall the folly of the English lord who handed it over to the United States as American territory, though its bearing the name of an officer of sturdy old Captain Vancouver should have told him that it had been taken possession of by England while still no man's land.

A very homely-looking place is Victoria; its cathedral recalls the garrison church at Southsea, and its women are so English-looking in their dress. The wealthy ones all get their gowns from England—they used to even in the old days, when goods had to come in sailing vessels round the Hope and the Horn. The Governor of British Columbia has his home here, and the city has a capital club—the Union—always full of bronzed and bearded naval officers, and ranchers from the mainland, taking a

holiday. I think our home in Victoria must have been the most unique in the city. We took lodgings with a dear old "Cousin Jacky," who had come out from Cornwall in the year of the Argonauts, and eventually found his way up to the heart of British Columbia in the famous "Cariboo rush," where he



VICTORIA, B.C., SHOWING THE ANGLICAN CATHEDRAL.

[Notman.]

forsook gold mining, as he had forsaken tin mining, for the more profitable rôle of goldfields storekeeper. Great tales he used to tell of the old Cariboo shaving with champagne, bathing in champagne, playing Aunt Sally with full bottles, and what not. It cost about four guineas a bottle by the time it was landed at Cariboo, three or four hundred miles up country; but what did money matter in those days? They

just did it because they wanted to have the fun of spending money, and had not a single rational thing to spend it on. It was a fine time for barmaids; there were plenty of bars in Cariboo, but few maids. It was quite the thing for a miner who had had a good washing to pull out his chamois leather bag and offer a barmaid her choice of the nuggets. "Cousin Jacky" had made a good deal of money, but he preferred to keep lodgings, and to keep them in his shirt sleeves. He did not put his coat on or turn his sleeves down for dinner, which he and his wife always took with the lodgers, though they never cared to eat anything. It was a matter of dignity—free countries have their responsibilities. These compromises with his dignity were matters of hourly occurrence; they kept no servant, so he had to hew the wood and draw the water for his wife, but he did it as a caress and not as a necessity. The fact that they were both about seventy, and he weighed about 300 pounds, did not seem to discount romance. Another compromise was cleaning the pretty girl's boots. He did not know that the whole comedy had already been played at Peninsula. In free countries you have so often to clean your own boots or go to a public cleanery, which has its inconveniences for a lady. So the first morning after we arrived, when he caught her in the act of cleaning her boots, he took the brushes away from her. He explained that the only reason he did it—he would have seen us in Seattle before he would have touched any of ours—

was that, if he had been a gentleman he would have ventured to be in love with her. He made no pretence of being a gentleman. It was the all-men-are-equal theory which tickled his sense. Finding that we "had no style about us," as he expressed it, meaning to be complimentary and imply an absence of affectation (the result of years in the colonies), he took a great liking to us, which was not without its embarrassments, for the more hospitable he grew the thicker he cut your slices of roast beef. He never grew tired of telling us that he was a "forty-niner." One day the pretty girl asked him what it meant, and he replied with pride that he was one of the original miners of '49 who founded the fortunes of California. The reply was crushing, in spite of its innocence and ignorance—"1749 or 1849?" He was a "forty-niner" with a vengeance—the sort of man who shows you old maids' curiosities. His contempt for Canadians was paralysing. Your British Columbian old-timer can stand the Britisher if he does not "put on too much style"; but he thinks the Canadians—by which he means Eastern Canadians—too mean to live. The Canadians retaliate by calling him a shell-back. It is very curious how the British Columbian prefers the Englishman to the Canadian of the Eastern Provinces. The new comers in British Columbia, who are not from the old country, are largely from Brockville and the neighbouring parts of Ontario, from New Brunswick, and of course Montreal.

Esquimault is a few miles out of Victoria, but it has always seemed part and parcel of it to me, except that awful night, when I got poisoned and had to walk home along the forest-bordered road—three miles at dead of night, in thin pumps and silk stockings, splashing through mud and stumbling



CHINESE MEN HOUSEMAIDS, VICTORIA, B.C.

over stones. I had been with a party to the grand naval ball given in the dockyard, and had no choice but to walk home, or to wait another three hours and drive in a jolty 'bus, close enough to give a monkey asafœtida.

Next time I visited Esquimault it was under very different circumstances. It was on a beautiful, sunshiny afternoon, and half Victoria walked the three

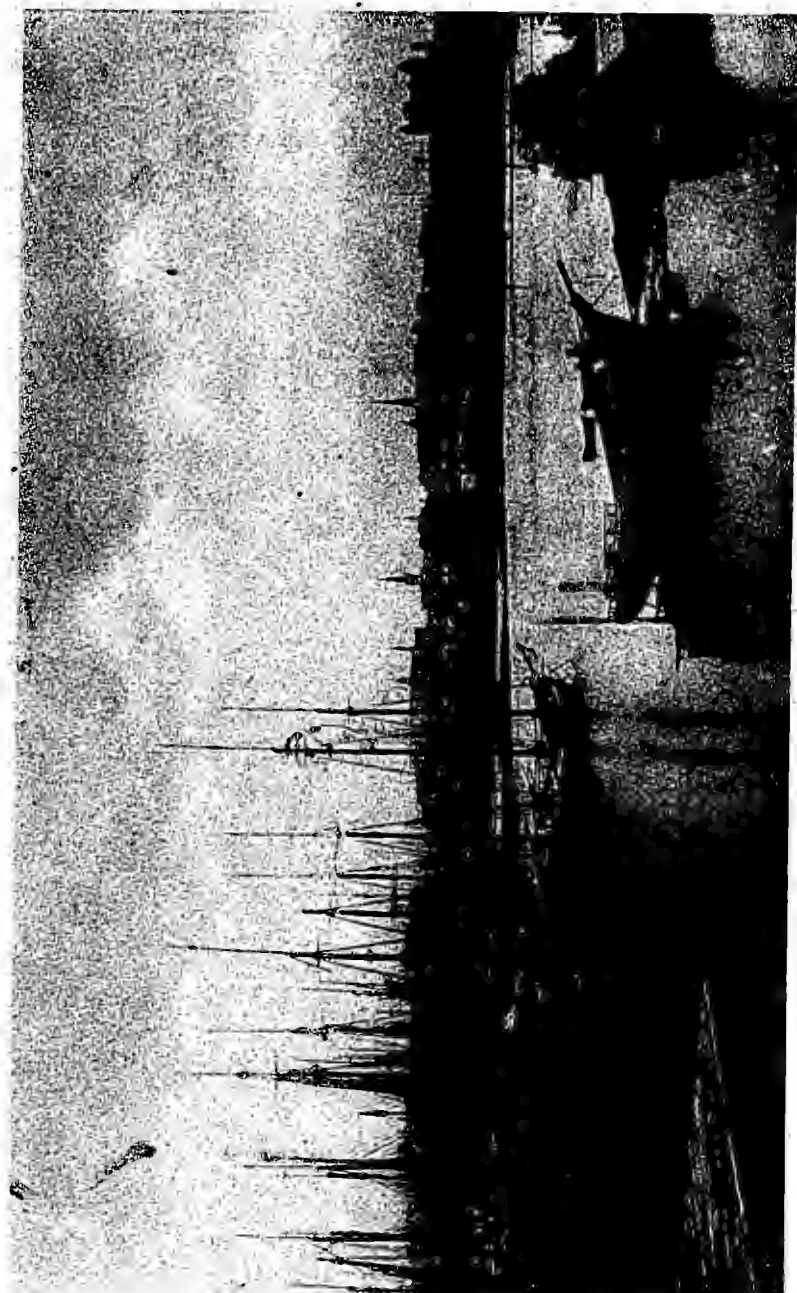
miles (it was a public holiday, and tramways do not run on public holidays in "the city of homes"). There was a *bon bouche* for sightseers, in the shape of a shipwrecked man-of-war, brought into the graving dock by a miracle, half full of water and half capsized, which had happened in this wise. It was not considered sufficiently imposing for the Governor-General, and Commander-in-Chief of Her Majesty's Forces in Canada, to make the few hours' sail from Victoria to Vancouver in the smart little *Islander*, a beautiful sixteen-knots twin-screw boat, built on the Clyde on purpose for this trade; so instead of going in a vessel of light draught, navigated by a man who threaded the tortuous passages of this watery Eden twice every day of the year, he was sentenced to be taken in a big man-of-war, which had probably never done the trip before. Added to this there was fog, and it can fog in Puget's Sound; and a fog between Victoria and Vancouver outperils peril, for there are scores and scores of rocky islands with sinuous straits between. The captain of the *Amphion*, the finest man-of-war on the coast, had the temerity to tell the Admiral that it was not safe doing the passage in such weather. The Admiral is reported to have received the communication in silence, not unmixed with grim satisfaction. Further, the Governor-General's time was of such importance that the ship was to proceed at full speed. Once outside the harbour, the captain, assuming the responsibility, reduced to half speed;

fortunately, for half-way through Plumper's Pass the ship ran on a rock, and heeled and filled so rapidly that most people gave her up for lost. The Government House party prepared to meet their fate with the calm dignity of English aristocrats, but by consummate seamanship the captain contrived to bring his sinking ship to shore. On his arrival he had an amusing passage-at-arms with the press, to whom he, of course, refused to make any statement whatever. This did not prevent a full report of his views, among others accredited to him being the opinion that, if the ship had only been going full speed at the time, it would have been bad for the rock. This naturally led to explanations, indignant disclaimers from the captain, and boasts from the reporter "that for the future naval officers would know what they had to expect if they did not allow themselves to be interviewed. If you can't get truth," he added, "you must be effective at any price." When Victoria heard that the *Amphion* was coming in, sinking, there was a stampede for Esquimaux; I took a photograph of her just as she was entering the dock with her collision mats out.

At night the fog came on again; the Vancouver boat started out at midnight, but the passengers were allowed to go on board any time after eight so as to sup and get to bed comfortably. Just before eight a messenger from the office came up to Cousin Jacky's to say that the boat would not go at all that night, so we went to bed contentedly, only to be

awakened at two or three o'clock in the morning by another messenger from the steamboat's office to say that she would go at four o'clock, because it seemed to be lifting—it did not seem to be lifting in the least to us; the city was wrapped in a thick blanket, so we went to hold a consultation with some other would-be passengers by the boat, who were staying a few doors lower down our street. Nobody had thought of them, so they would have been left behind but for our consultation. We were not a very cheerful crowd who assembled on the deck, one of the party, a famous war correspondent, having already essayed this passage in the *Amphion*. The fog seemed so dangerous that hardly any one went to bed, most people preferring to shiver about the deck and pierce the fog with eager gaze, as if that would help the captain. And the worst of it was that at dawn the mist cleared right away, and we entered Vancouver on the smiling autumn morning, not to be believed when we dwelt on the horrors of the night. The passage between Vancouver and Victoria is exquisitely beautiful; the scenery is the scenery of the famous Thousand Islands of the St. Lawrence, but with noble forests instead of straggling woods, and with a background of lofty mountains several thousand feet high. The steamer dodges in and out among the islands, through beautifully clear water, often passing undisturbed swarms of wild fowl. On our way to Victoria we had the present Commander-in-Chief of the Mediterranean squadron, Sir Michael

Culme-Seymour, for a fellow-passenger, with thirteen noble rams' heads of the great Rocky Mountain sheep, which are the sportsman's most coveted trophies. The mountain goat and the grizzly bear are nothing to them, and wood-buffaloes are outside the range of practical sport. Sir Michael, who was only in British Columbia for a holiday, had been Admiral on the Pacific Station, and was killing three birds with one stone—visiting his late command, seeing the races, and paying a compliment to the Governor-General. He very nearly stopped us going to Japan. Overhearing us talking about it, as we passed the ship we were going in, he remarked, "You must be fond of rough weather," a remark we often thought of afterwards, for we were never able to walk on deck from the time we passed Cape Flattery till we were in sight of Japan, a fourteen-day matter in those times. Off Flattery we fell into the wickedest sea I was ever in. We rolled till we almost rolled over. It was Captain Cook, the father of Australia, who gave it its name. Coming up in 1778 from discovering the Sandwich Islands, says a writer in *Household Words* of 1859, "after a difficult northerly passage he reached the cape forming the southern point of land at the entrance to De Fuca Straits, when an improvement in the weather promised much better speed. He therefore called that point, which is to be rounded by so many adventurers to whom Hope tells her tale, Cape Flattery." The writer goes on to make a



SEALING SCHOONER AT VICTORIA.

prophecy which has been fulfilled: "It is only a step from the island to the mainland of that western shore of British America which was called New Caledonia until within the last few weeks, but which Her Majesty has now named, British Columbia. Two years ago there first came obscure tidings of gold found in this region. Now all the world hears of the great wealth of gold contained in it; and even from California—where gardeners and grooms earn £120 a year and their keep; where a competent shepherd earns £240 a year and his keep; and where bricklayers may earn £10 a week—it is calculated that, during the first six months of the fever for a change to the new Tom Tiddler's ground, not less than 40,000 people will have emigrated to Vancouver's Island and the mainland opposite. Great things are now anticipated. Vancouver's Island, in the North Pacific, is to become the seat of a noble British colony, and of a naval arsenal complete in every detail. If England pleases she may build among the many islands in the sea, between Vancouver's Island and the mainland, a Cronstadt of the Pacific, and fasten with a mighty padlock—if such security be needed—her possessions on the western coast of North America, now regarded as of inestimable value."

This is the picture which old Vancouver, to quote the same writer, gave of the island which was to bear his name, and the little island across the strait protecting "one of the finest harbours in the world":

“Our attention was immediately called to a landscape almost as enchantingly beautiful as the most elegantly finished pleasure grounds in Europe. The summit of this island presented nearly a horizontal surface, interspersed with some inequalities of ground, which produced a beautiful variety on an extensive lawn covered with luxuriant grass, and diversified with an abundance of flowers. To the north-westward was a coppice of pine trees and shrubs of various sorts, that seemed as if it had been planted for the sole purpose of protecting from the north-west winds this delightful meadow, over which were promiscuously scattered a few clumps of trees, that would have puzzled a most ingenious designer of pleasure grounds to have arranged more agreeably. While we stopped to contemplate these several beauties of nature, in a prospect no less pleasing than unexpected, we gathered some gooseberries and roses in a state of considerable forwardness.”

Presently the explorers ascertained that this island protected “one of the finest harbours in the world,” and that on the shores of the harbour was an excellent stream of fine water. Captain Vancouver’s enthusiasm grew as he proceeded. He was simply recording his impressions; there was no thought in his own mind of the swarm of industrious Englishmen that hereafter might settle in those places. On the day following, fine weather and a smooth sea again enhanced the beauty of the scenery. As he could not conceive that the land had been

adorned by the hand of man, the captain "could not possibly believe that any uncultivated country had ever been discovered exhibiting so rich a picture."

"A picture so pleasing," he adds presently, "could not fail to call to our remembrance certain delightful and beloved situations in old England."

He found, in luxuriant growth, strawberries, roses, sweetbriar, gooseberries, raspberries, and currants. They pursued their way, exploring inlets, and discovering more ports. Of man, they saw trace in two poles on a sandy spit, about fifteen feet high, and rudely carved. On the top of each was stuck a human head, recently placed there.

And now, reader, good-bye. I have led you from end to end of the Great Dominion, from where the sunrise is hailed by the most westerly drum-beat of the British Army to where the sunset lingers on the broad white banner of St. George trailing from half a dozen Queen's ships in the pine-girt haven of Esquimault. We started in the golden Chersonese of America, Nova Scotia; we part at the end of the great island which bears the name of Captain Vancouver, who sailed these seas when every British man-of-war down to the tiniest frigate was a knight-errant, riding the waves in search of a foe to break a lance with. To use Keats's fine line,

"Much have we travelled in the realms of gold,"

—through fabled Acadia; through the first Canada, the province of Quebec, for ever romantic with the

deeds wrought and the sufferings borne for the White Flag, by Cartier and his blue-eyed Breton sailors, by the nuns of St. Ursula and Villa Maria, by generations of picturesque seigneurs, culminating in the tragedy of Wolfe and Montcalm; through fair Ontario, with the world's great lakes in her bosom, round the busy heart of the Dominion—Ontario, under her old name of Upper Canada, identified first with the heroism of the United Empire Loyalists, and afterwards, like the older province, with the great victories over overwhelming numbers of Americans; through Manitoba and Assiniboia, whose waving prairies are becoming the granary of the earth; through Alberta, with its turquoise rivers and its glittering crown of Rocky Mountains; and lastly through British Columbia, land of stupendous mountains and stupendous forests, guarding a treasure to which the hoard of the Nibelungs would be a fly-speck, hereafter to fill her two great seaports with a commerce like the commerce of the Great South Land before it fell on evil days. Farther we cannot go, without taking ship across the shining sea first beheld by the Bayard of America, Vasco Nuñez (not stout Cortez),

“ Silent upon a peak in Darien.”

We will part with a prayer for the prosperity of the *Imperium in Imperio*, the great Dominion in the British Empire, which has made out of *Canada*, the Huron word for a village, a title prouder than the

Guicowar,* in which the conquering swineherd of Baroda, with haughty humility, immortalised his origin.

“God save our Canada !
Long live our Canada,
Loyal, though free !
Steering her own stout helm,
No storm shall overwhelm
A realm within a realm
That rules the sea.”

* Swineherd.

APPENDIX.

*AT THE SIGN OF THE SHIP: CANADA TO ENGLAND:
CANADA TO AUSTRALIA: CANADA TO THE FAR
EAST.*

ONLY four or five nations have a larger mercantile marine than Canada, and yet, when I first was at Vancouver, in the fall of 1889, Canada and Australia had as little to do with each other as Australia and Switzerland. I dare say Australia's importation of Swiss watches equalled in value her imports from Canada. Standing on the beautiful shores of English Bay, looking across the Gulf of Georgia into the setting sun, I felt that I really had arrived at the end of the Empire upon which the sun never sets. But even in those days I steadfastly refused to believe that this condition of things could last—that the two principal dependencies of the principal seagoing power, facing each other on the shores of the same ocean, at a distance of only three weeks' sail for a fourteen-knot steamer, should remain as unconnected on the face of the waters, as they were by the telegraph under the waters.

The Deserted Ocean would be a better name for the Pacific than its own. With the exception of a

belt in the centre and the frozen Aleutians in the far north, it is no better off for islands than the Atlantic, and once away from the mainland there is hardly a ship on its surface, except the monthly sugar-supported steamers to Australia, the two lines of steamers running monthly from San Francisco to Japan and China, and the new lines from Vancouver to China and Australia.

A day or two after leaving Yokohama for San Francisco on the S.S. *China* we passed the S.S. *Oceanic* bound for Japan. Our purser said, "You'll hardly believe me, but that's the first time we have ever passed close to a ship away from land in all the ten years I've been on this service."

As one who had lived for years in Australia, I was doubtless struck above the ordinary by the fact of standing on the opposite shore of the ocean with no communication between—the ocean-barrier being typical of the barrier of protection. I saw that there was no great difficulty in the way of surmounting either barrier. I speak as a moderate protectionist and not as a free-trader. I knew that competition had induced far more first-class steamers to trade between England and Australia by the Suez Canal route than could possibly pay, and that the biggest steamers afloat could run right alongside of the wharves of both Vancouver and Sydney. And in commodities, I knew that the main lines of Pacific-Canadian export and Australian export did not compete,—that Australia, for instance, had no soft wood to

speaking of, and imported every plank, sash, and moulding used between Tasmania and New Guinea; that canned salmon was the most popular cheap article of luxury in Australia, which did not in those days import one tin of it from Canada, though it could have consumed more than the whole Canadian output—this being of course because the Transpacific steamers to Australia came from San Francisco, so that Oregon and Alaska salmon did not have to pass through the customs like British Columbian salmon. I saw no reason why the woodware, hardware, and agricultural machinery of Ontario should not altogether displace the same articles from the United States, if admitted free in return for the abolition of import duties on, say, Australian wool or raw sugar.

And on the other hand, I knew that Canada spent annually about a million and a half sterling on these two raw commodities, every penny of which might just as well be spent in Australia; and this and the £300,000 spent on manufactured tobacco, the £100,000 spent on hides and skins, the £50,000 spent on unmanufactured tin, and the large amount spent on wine and meat would all go to Australia, if tariff reciprocities were established; and on some items, such as meat, go in any case as soon as direct communication was established. British Columbians were paying eightpence or ninepence a pound for mutton from Oregon and Washington, while they could buy much superior mutton from Australia at fourpence, according to the calculations of experts. Canada had



THE WHARVES OF VANCOUVER.

[From "Commerce"]

no mutton to speak of; and in British Columbia, at any rate, not nearly enough beef. There were, I had heard, only a couple of million sheep in all Canada, which, in the North-West, might partly be due to the hostility of the Indians, who loathe sheep, and maintain that their horses will never browse on lands where sheep have been.

Canada, too, was beginning to use in large quantities certain commodities which she could only get from Australia, such as "opossum" and "native bear" furs, cheap warm coats being a scarcity since the extinction of the buffalo. At present she was buying these in the world's fur mart, Leipsic; but it could not be doubted that as the consumption increased they would be imported direct through Vancouver.

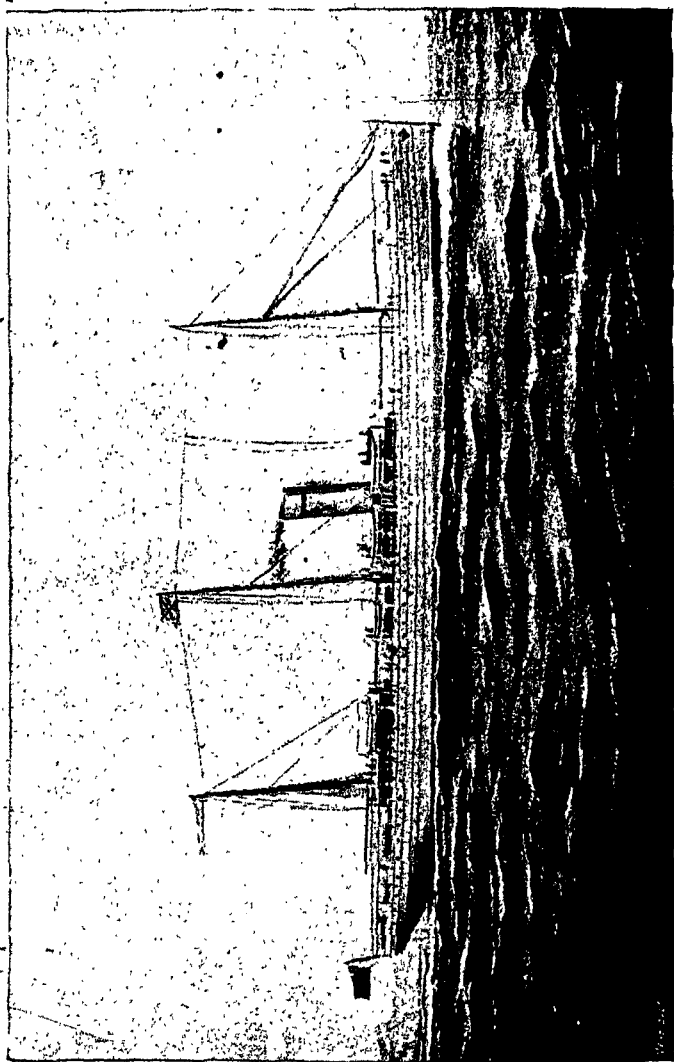
And Vancouver would have to import vast quantities of the impregnable jarrah-wood, for the teredo-haunted waters of Puget Sound and the innumerable inlets to the north of it, to make the necessary wharves and bridges, as settlement increased on this coastline, which measures from 3,000 to 4,000 miles, though it is contained in so few degrees of latitude.

Accordingly, I saw a good many influential people, and wrote much in the leading Canadian papers, pointing out the obvious opening that existed for a Canada-Australian line of steamers, and for reciprocity between the two groups of colonies—believing at the same time that nothing would be

so likely to hasten the confederation of Australia as the establishment of relations with the Dominion of Canada, which would be so much easier to work if there were a central Australian authority instead of half a dozen independent colonies.

A contingency which then seemed very likely to follow the establishment of direct steam communication, and might be very advantageous to the congested Australian banks now, was the opening up of mining and ranching in the Canadian West by Australian capital and experience. No one seemed to me so likely to overcome the natural difficulties in the way of getting at the immense gold deposits of British Columbia as the energetic pioneering Australian who could command some capital and was accustomed to employing it himself. And a squatter who had made money in the burning deserts of the "Never-Never" Country would, while finding a pleasant place for the evening of his life in this land of rivers and lakes and green mountains innumerable, be the right man to introduce proper capital and the scientific Australian methods of sheep-farming into an unexploited country. West of Calgary, he could go on living the free colonial existence in which prosperity constitutes aristocracy, and all the while, unvexed by extremes of heat or cold, be within a fortnight of London, and a week of New York—advantages not to be sneezed at, when he had been exiled nearly a lifetime from large towns.

I own to having expected that the Orient Company would supply the *deus ex machina*. Pioneering seems



THE "MOWERA."

natural for them, and it would have been so easy for them to have utilised on the new line the

steamers "seconded" in the long and expensive fight with the P. and O., which has made Australia as well off for steamers to England as any country on the globe.

But the enterprise came from a different quarter—Messrs. Huddart, Parker, & Co., who, beginning with colliers, won a commanding position in the Australian coasting trade and the trade between Australia and New Zealand. They put on the service not "seconded" steamers, but magnificent new vessels like the *Warrimoo* and *Miowera*, models of modern marine architecture, and specially designed for service in these waters—ships 360 feet long, with a 42-foot beam, and 4,500 horse-power to drive their 3,400 tonnage (net register)—ships capable of going their seventeen knots an hour, which actually maintain an average of fourteen for the whole voyage from Vancouver to Sydney. They are lighted with electricity, and have every modern improvement. They leave Vancouver on the twelfth of every month, for Honolulu in the Sandwich Islands, Suva (Fiji), and Sydney, N.S.W. It is not necessary at this late hour for me to dilate on the advantages of skipping the Suez Canal at midsummer, just when Canada is looking its very loveliest; or to paint the pleasures of a week of land travel through the world's finest scenery, to break a long sea voyage; or to recount the tropical glories of the Pacific islands, of the Hawaian and Fijian groups. The Pacific islands and their Arcadian

life have been inimitably described by Pierre Loti in "Rarahu."

But every one does not know that if one has business in Australia, one can take a return ticket available by way of the Canadian Pacific Railway and any Atlantic steamer to Vancouver, and thence to Australia by Huddart, Parker, & Co.'s steamers; from Australia to Hong Kong by one of the two great lines of tea steamers—the China Merchants, and the Eastern and Australian—and from Hong Kong back to Vancouver by one of the magnificent new Canadian Pacific Railway steamers; or, if one feels more inclined to do so, proceed direct to England by the Peninsular and Oriental, through the Suez Canal; or by the Shaw, Savill, and Albion (New Zealand steamers), round the Cape.

Vancouver is now, of course, a port of the first importance; for besides the coasting trade from San Francisco and Alaska, and the big ports of Puget Sound, it has these two great mail lines, the Huddart-Parker boats which go to Australia every month, and the huge Canadian Pacific Railway boats which go to China and Japan even oftener. There are only a few ships, such as the *Campania* and *Lucania*, which excel the *Empress of India*, the *Empress of China*, and the *Empress of Japan* in size and speed. They are each 485 feet in length and 6,000 tons register. They were launched in the spring of 1891, and have already made some remarkable records on

the Transpacific route, bringing Yokohama within twenty-one days of London, and fourteen days of New York and Boston. They are the only twin-screw steamships on any Pacific line, and they have all the modern improvements and latest appliances known to marine architects, to insure speed, safety, and comfort. The hulls are of steel, with double bottoms extending the full length of the vessel, and are divided into numerous watertight compartments, rendering them practically unsinkable. The engines (10,000 horse power) have developed a speed of over nineteen knots per hour. The saloons, library, and staterooms are marvels of beauty and luxury. They are lighted throughout by electricity, are thoroughly well ventilated, and for comfort equal anything afloat.

There is no greater change conceivable than to pass from the continent, in which Freedom is spread-eagled, to one of these glorious ships with all the smartness and discipline of a man-of-war. And the Royal Navy Reserve officers stand out in all the stronger contrast by moving among the deft, silent, white-robed Oriental servants. Here certainly the far West ends, and the far East, with its sedate and immemorial civilisation, begins.

Mr. Huddart, who is quite a young man, could not rest content with establishing a Canada-Australian line, to which Canada subscribes £25,000 a year, though Australia, which has as much interest in its success, and Great Britain do not subscribe

anything, as far as I know. Since both the Pacific steamers and those of the Canadian Pacific Railway could generally deliver their mails in some days less than they do now, if they had fast Atlantic steamers running in connection with them, he has determined to place on the Atlantic, between Canada and some English port, steamers as fine and fast as any mailship afloat. These will cost him £2,000,000, but he expects a subsidy of £150,000 a year from the Canadian Government; and as he will be able to deliver letters in New York itself several hours quicker than the fastest direct steamers to New York can take them, owing to the shorter distance by sea between England and Canada, he may get a share of the American mails, as well as Royal Naval Reserve money. The new steamers will be ten thousand ton boats and average twenty knots an hour on their voyages. They will run every week, and the present enormous exports from Canada to England, especially those of perishable products, such as eggs, will, of course, increase by leaps and bounds, when they can be landed in England within five days instead of ten or more; and this is a fact of which the political significance must not be lost. For nothing binds Canada to England more indissolubly than the fact that, since the McKinley tariff has deprived her of the American market for raw products, she has found an even larger customer for the same products in England. As Sir John MacDonald remarked: "The more trade is done

with Great Britain, the more independent Canada will be of the United States." The "chilled beef" trade alone may spring up to gigantic dimensions on fast direct Anglo-Canadian steamers, as the frozen New Zealand mutton trade has on the New Zealand lines.

Some idea of the possible extension of commerce when the fast Canada-Atlantic steamers are running may be formed from the single item of tea. From Liverpool to Hong Kong, *via* Quebec and Vancouver, is 11,548 miles; from Liverpool to Hong Kong, *via* New York and San Francisco, is 12,753—1205 miles in favour of northern route; from Liverpool to Yokohama, *via* Quebec and Vancouver, is 9,946 miles; *via* New York and San Francisco, 11,151 miles—1,205 miles in favour of the northern route. Now, in the tea trade, in the sale of the first new teas, a start of a few hours makes so much difference, that it is quite certain that Great Britain, and the countries supplied through her, will transport all the first choice teas of both China and Japan through Vancouver. And as Vancouver is nearer to New York by 109 miles than San Francisco, and by 73 miles nearer than Portland, Ore., which has no Transpacific steamers, and as she is nearer to Boston by 275 miles than San Francisco is—not to mention the 516 miles she saves by sea—the natural channel for the first teas to reach New York and Boston, and the places supplied through them, is also the Vancouver route. Even in 1889, when only the

old steamers were running to Japan and China, 15,000,000 pounds were conveyed to the United States by this route, and 6,000,000 pounds to other destinations. When slower-moving Great Britain awakes, as the United States has begun to, this trade will assume gigantic proportions.

Mails will be delivered regularly, as they are occasionally now, to Vancouver in 10 days, and Yokohama in 21, and Sydney in 31, at most, when the Canada-Atlantic steamers begin to run. Nor can the importance of these steamers in war time be overrated. There are no extremely fast steamers running from England to Canada just now. And yet Canada is the obvious route for transporting mails and urgently needed supplies of munitions and men; for our commerce with the United States would make the keeping open of the short passage across the North Atlantic a prime necessity; and then there would be no danger from an enemy until the Pacific was reached, where, with our coal-stations and our numerous colonies, we ought to be impregnable strong if war-supplies from England were uninterrupted.

Not to mention the advantage of having so many more immensely swift and powerful vessels for converting into cruisers, one must not omit to point out how necessary it is for us to have our fleets trading to Canadian and American ports more nearly balanced, and the amount of British capital invested in Canada and the United States less



SYDNEY HARBOUR.

[From "Commerce."]

ludicrously disproportioned, to prevent Canada being overshadowed by the United States. And this fact ought to draw a heavy subsidy from the British Government, in addition to the £150,000 per annum which the Canadian Government contemplates paying. The service will cost at least £200,000 per annum to maintain.

It must not be forgotten that, with the present Canada-Australian service, Sydney will be reached in thirty-one days, as soon as Mr. Huddart's Canada-Atlantic ships are running; and that, with similar ships to run on the Australian service, this could be shortened by nearly a week. In other words, from England to Australia by British soil and British ships in three weeks and a half.

Mr. Huddart, who is still a young man, and looks even younger with his fair hair and fresh colour, and the clearness of his blue eyes, was interviewed a few months ago. The interviewer asked:

"Do you find the Pacific line increases trade between Canada and Australia?"

"Immensely."

"As both countries chiefly deal in natural products, I should not have thought there was much scope for interchange."

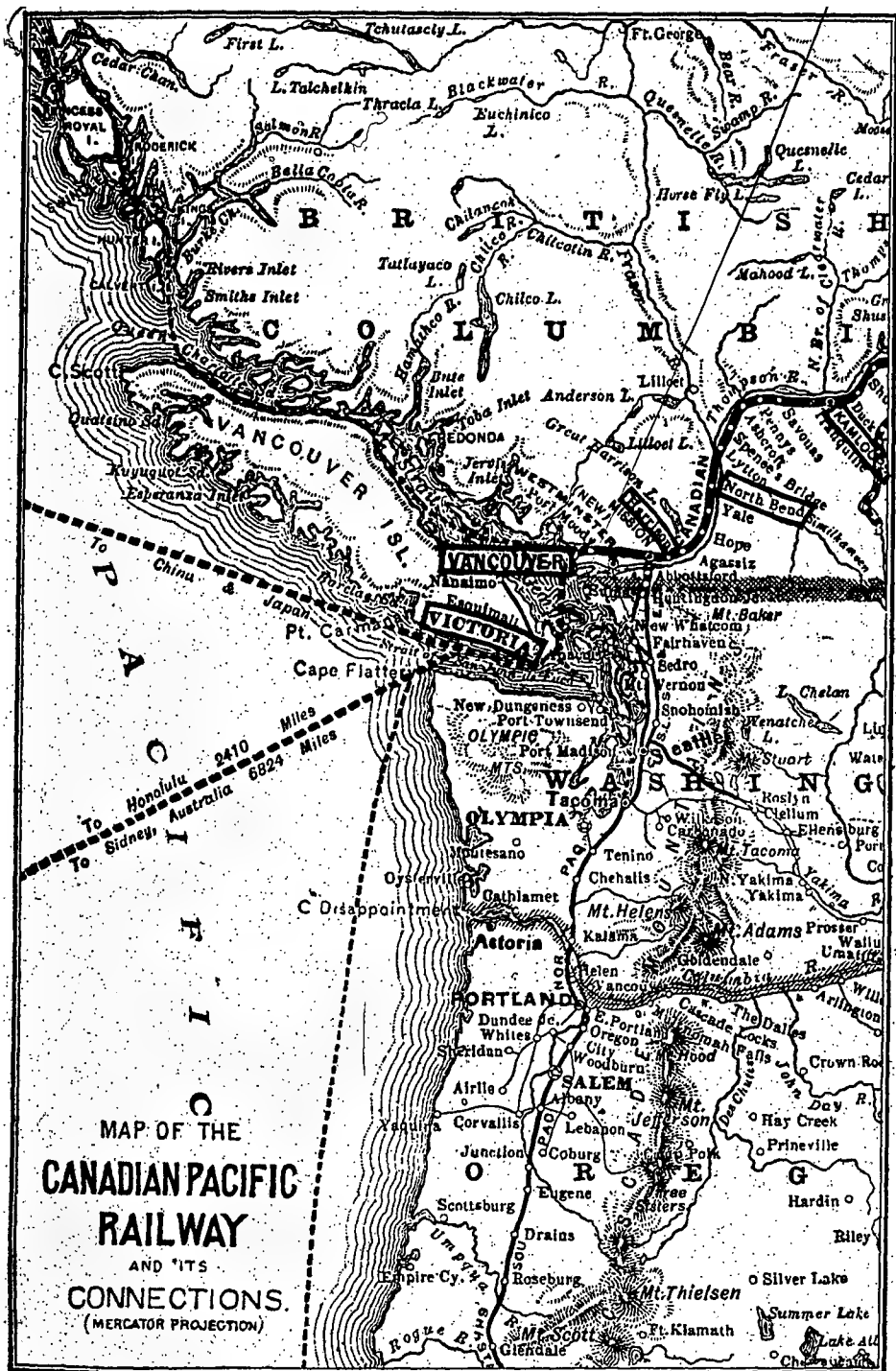
"Well, first of all, you must not lose sight of the reversed seasons. When it is summer with us, it is winter in Canada, and *vice versa*; so we send natural products, as you call them, to her when she is not

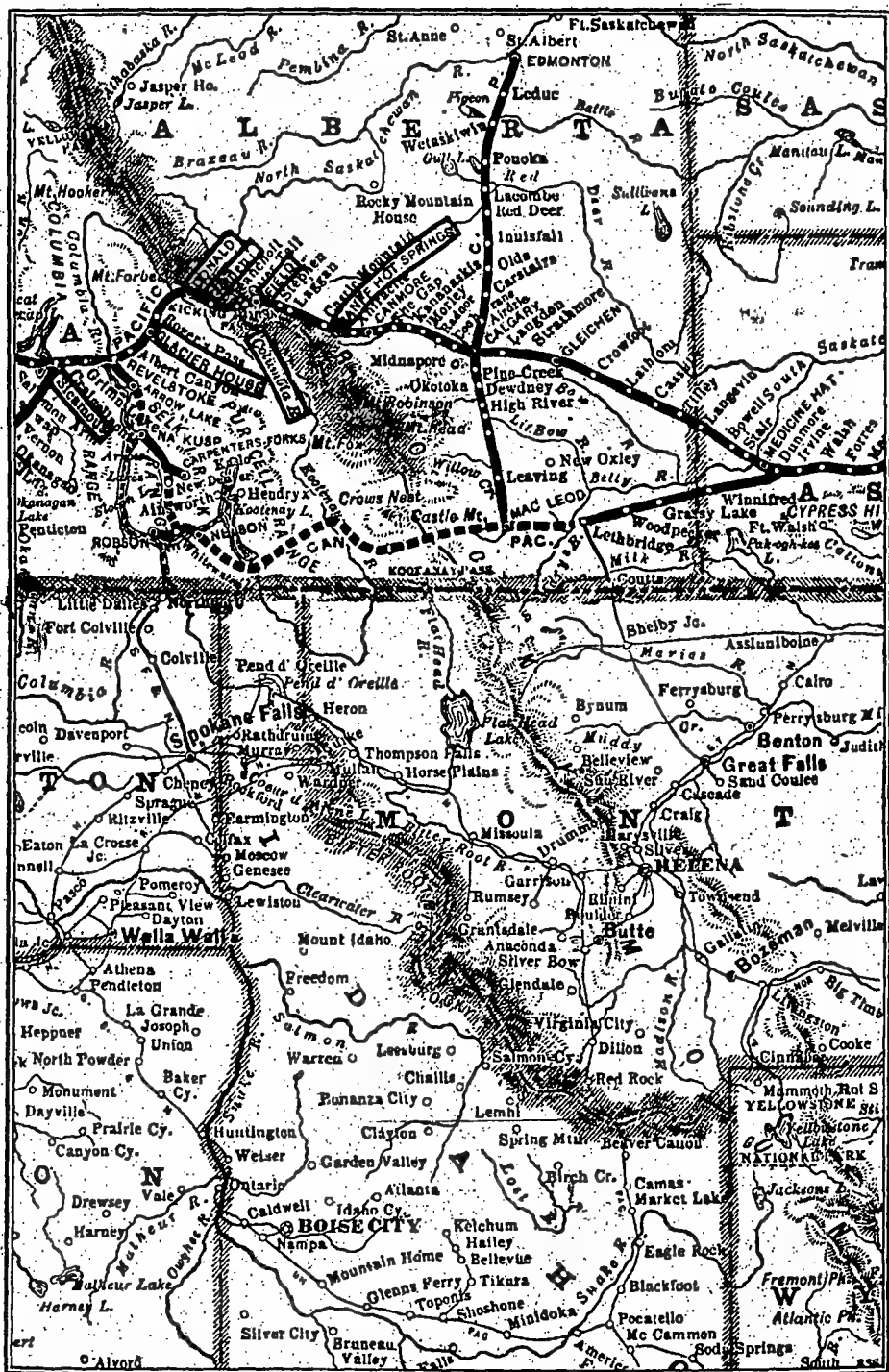
growing her own; and she returns the compliment when we are not growing ours. The first steamer that went to Vancouver from Sydney could have reaped a huge profit by taking potatoes, if we had only known it. We didn't then, but we do now. Then the Canadians, like the Americans, are great fruit eaters. It is quite unusual here to see really good fruit on the tables at even high-class and high-priced hotels and restaurants. In the States and in Canada it is the usual thing; and, I can tell you, over there they wouldn't put up with the fruit you get here, nor put it down either. Now Canada gets most of its fruit from California; but it will soon take more and more from Australia, which is a splendid fruit-growing country, and soon will be a splendid wine country also. Then, you mustn't forget that, in return, there are certain manufactures with which Canada can supply Australia; so you can see there is more scope for exchange than you thought."

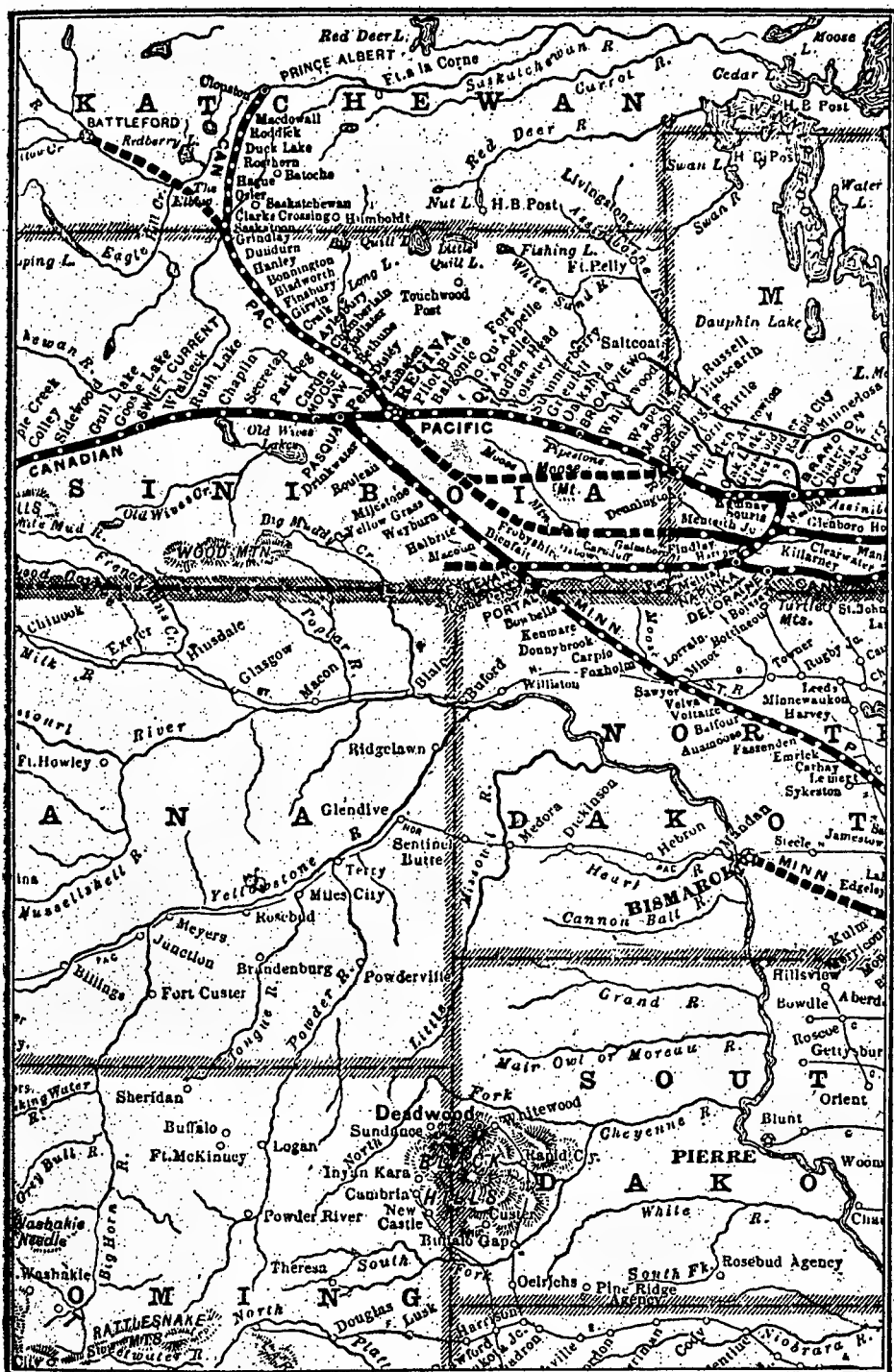
Mr. Huddart's concluding words in that interview are worth quoting and laying to heart. "I can think of none fitter to conclude my book.

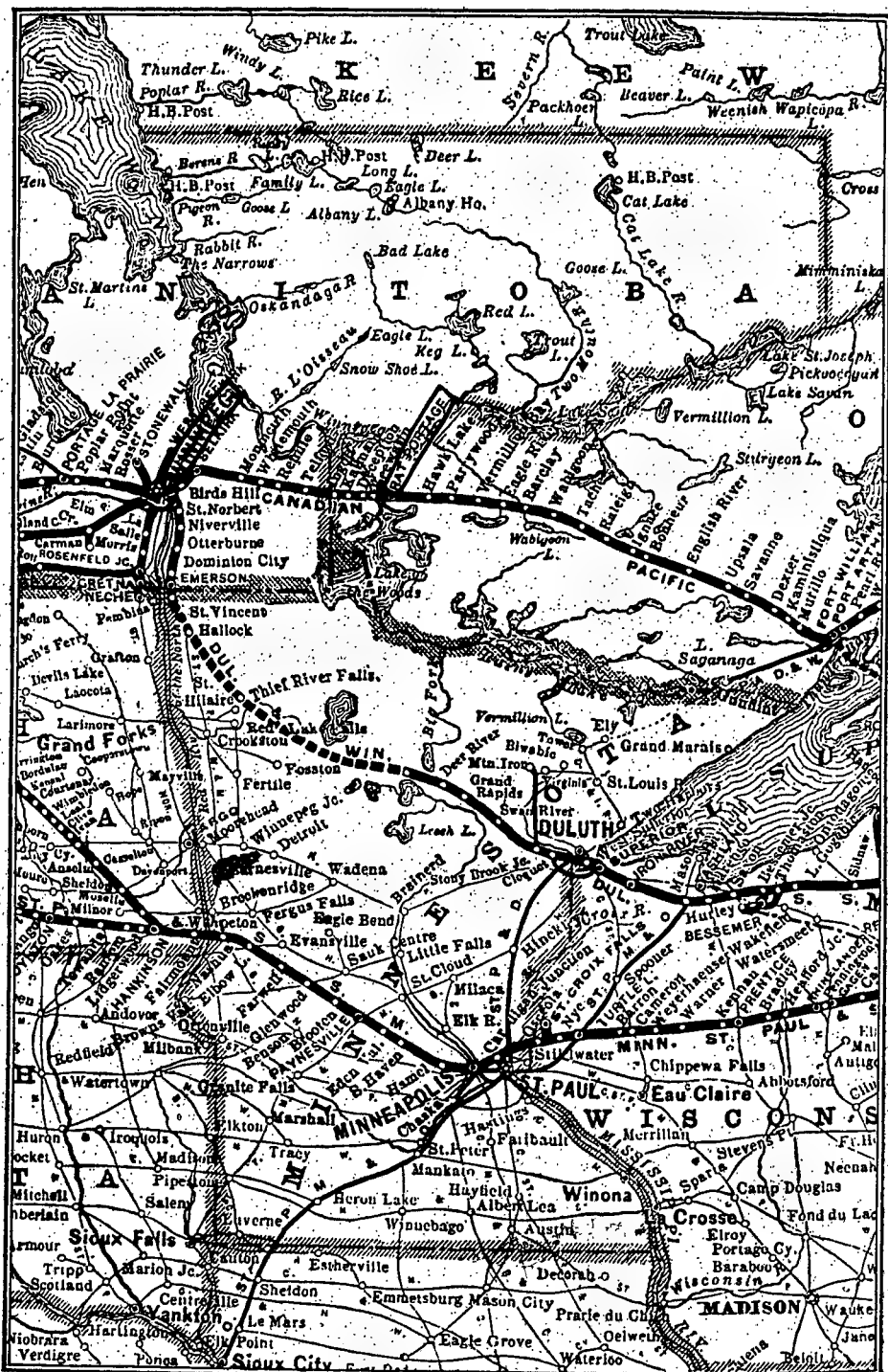
"It is not only the commercial aspect, however, I look at, though, as a business man, I do not affect to despise it, nor to regret that my own prosperity depends upon it. But I think it a grand thing, also, that we shall have communication between the extremities of the empire on British ships, and across purely British territory. 'Blood is

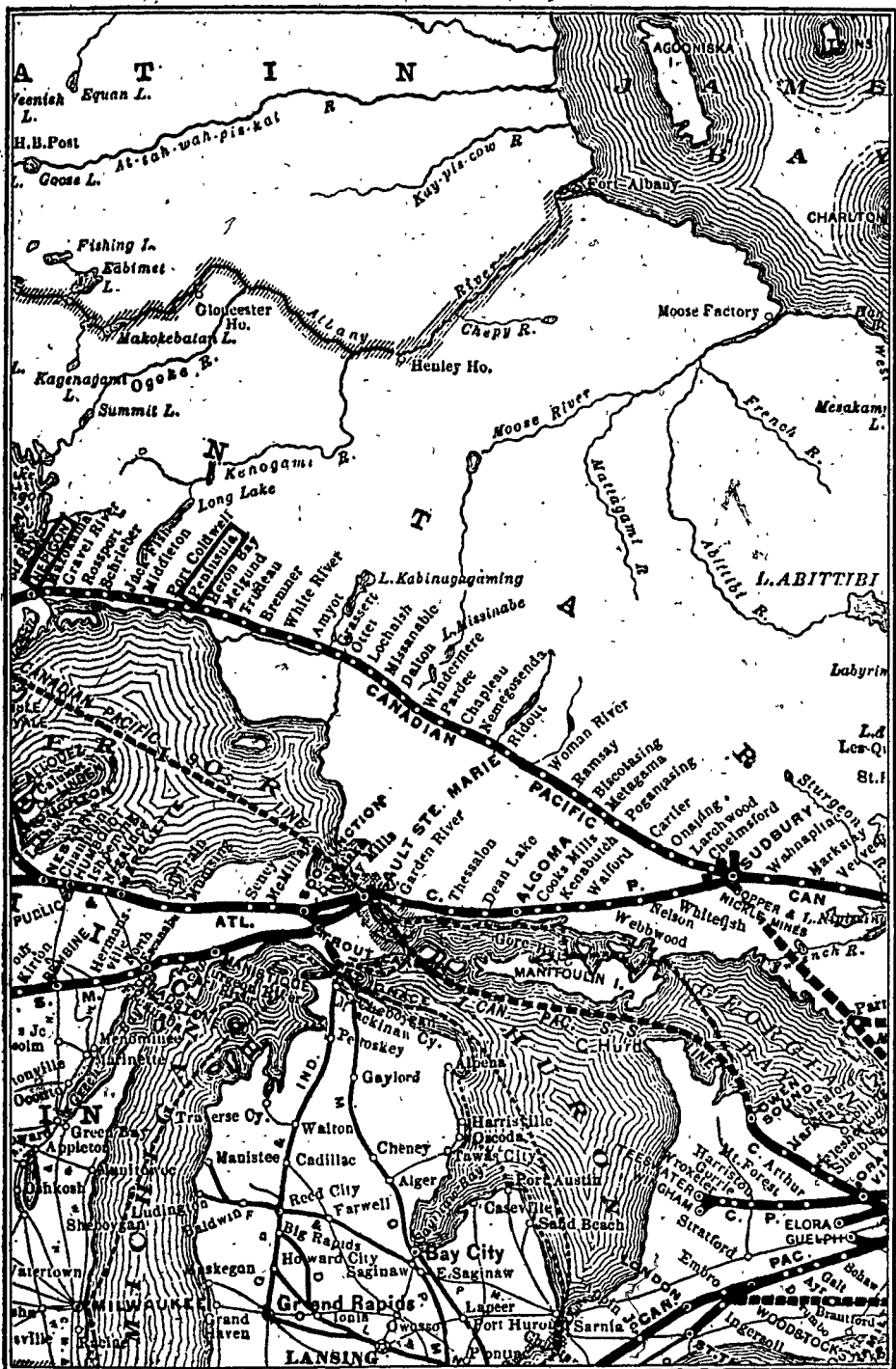
thicker than water.' This improved and Imperial communication will strengthen the ties of kinship and help to unite the empire. I want to see the time when to be an Australian or a Canadian or a New Zealander will be a difference like that between a Yorkshireman and a Northumbrian—neither more nor less."

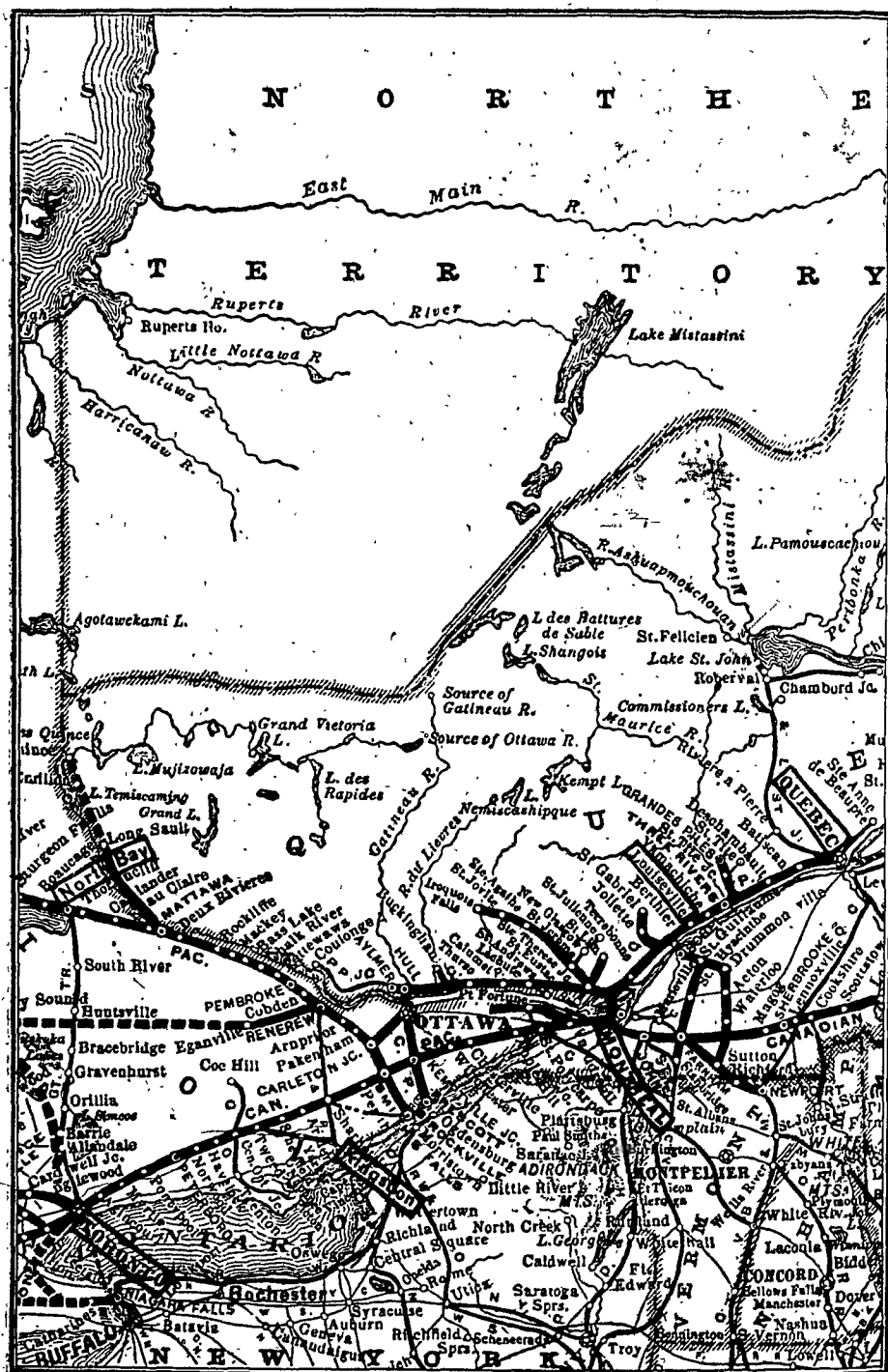




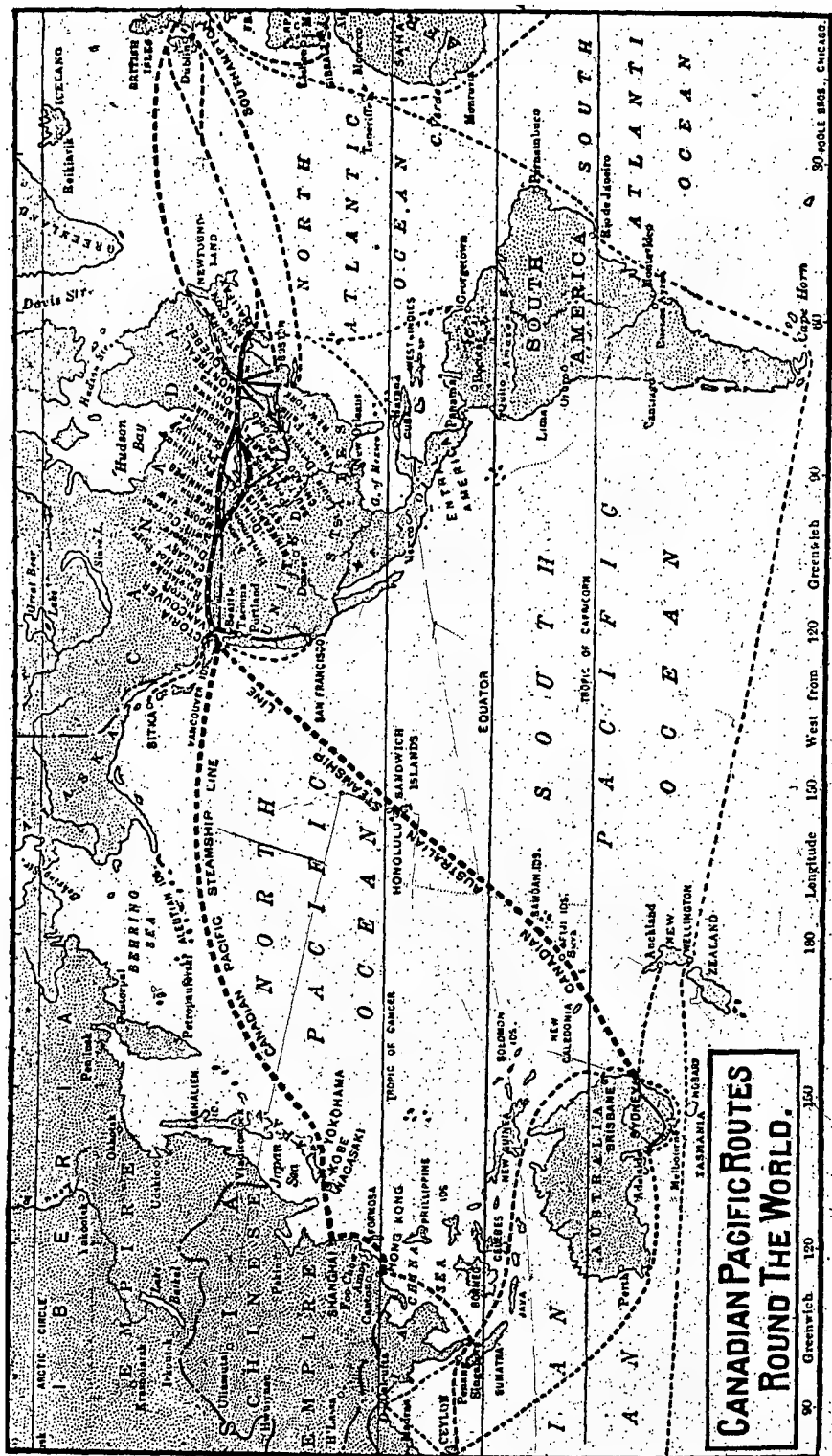












**CANADIAN PACIFIC ROUTES
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